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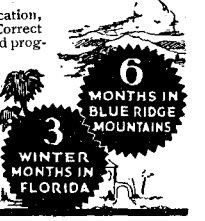

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by
William Lyon Phelps

REVIEWS BY
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BOOKS I LIKE

William Lyon Phelps

THIS month and next I shall make a list, with appropriate comment, of new books that I especially recommend. The reasons for recommending them will appear under their respective titles. And at the end of this article I have added a group of books suitable for Christmas or New Year gifts; with reference to the varying tastes of the recipients and the varying financial conditions of the givers.

Carlyle in Old Age. By David Alec Wilson and David Wilson MacArthur. E. P. Dutton and Co. $3.

This is the sixth and final volume of Wilson's *Life of Carlyle*. The first volume appeared in 1923; between the appearance of the fifth and sixth volumes, Judge Wilson died, and the last volume was written by his nephew, Mr. MacArthur.

Let it be said at once that this is the best biography that has appeared during the twentieth century. So far as I know, it is the most complete biography of any literary man since Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. It will not become a classic like that book, and for three reasons—Boswell himself was a writer of genius; Johnson, although not so great a writer as Carlyle, was more interesting as a personality; and in Boswell's *Life* everything unfavorable to Johnson's character and ability is clearly given, whereas Wilson's *Life of Carlyle* is unflecked by any touch of depreciation. Of the four men, Johnson, Boswell, Carlyle, Wilson, three were Scots; and the flavor is evident.

I have read every word of these six volumes and I have found them amazingly interesting, never monotonous, never dull; even the most trivial details seem vital. Incidentally, the book should be read, not as a corrective to Froude, but as a supplement; for despite all the Wilsonian animosity to Froude, Carlyle is the same man whom I learned to know in Froude's biography.

Apart from Carlyle's genius, the thing that impresses me most in this last volume is his magnificent *health*. I say this after due consideration, for I know how he roared out his bodily ills to the whole world—dyspepsia, insomnia, and so on. But here was a man who, at the age of seventy-nine, went swimming daily in the ocean off Scotland without being aware he was doing anything unusual; he rode horseback long after he was eighty; he never stopped smoking, but had all the tobacco he wanted every day; he had such splendid eyes that he could read all day and all night to the very last; he took long walks every day until the last few months. There was absolutely nothing the matter with his heart, lungs, kidneys, bladder; and he lived to be eighty-five.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by G. B. Hill; edited (revised and enlarged) by L. F. Powell. 4 vols. Oxford University Press. $28.

The finest previous edition of this immortal classic was edited by George Birkbeck Hill in 6 volumes, 1887. For many years, Mr. Powell, taking that edition as a basis, has been working on this one. All that needs to be said is that at last we have the most complete, the most attractive, the most scholarly, the most well-documented edition that has ever appeared—and two more volumes are to follow. It is beautifully printed and I have only one adverse criticism; the volumes should not have been so *heavy*. I hope that in future reprints, of which there are bound to be many, they will lighten the weight without lessening the beauty of the pages. Here is the best edition of one of the best books in the world. And for that large and noble army of martyrs who cannot possibly raise the cash to buy it, let me say that the Oxford Press has also very recently published the whole *Life* (without many notes) in one volume at a low price, with an introduction written by my friend and colleague, Professor C. B. Tinker.

Captain Nicholas. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

This novel is undiluted delectation. I should not call it the author's masterpiece, for I think *The Green Mirror* deserves that eminence; but it is assuredly the most exciting story he has ever written. During the last fifty pages, I was so excited that I was acutely conscious of the beating of my heart. (I have often wondered if it is possible to *hear* the beating of one's heart.) Anyhow, I felt it thump with violence.

This novel is worth a thousand of the Herries outfit. Here is a London family, composed of real people, and all of them vividly interesting. It seems strange that in so realistic a setting, a buccaneer like Captain Nicholas can operate; but I know he does, and I think he could.

It is interesting also to observe that in a time when many persons say there is no difference between right and wrong, Mr. Walpole has shown us there is. Under any standard of morality, Captain Nicholas is evil. He is as malignant as a cancer, with the added ability to destroy more than one person at a time; and with the similarity that in the early stages of his machinations his victims feel no pain.

A Primer for Tomorrow. By Christian Gauss. Scribners. $2.50.

Those who are interested in the present tragic condition of the United States, and incidentally of the whole world, will find much to think about in Dean Gauss's book. Like so many others, he tells us that communism will get us if we don't watch out. About nine books out of ten say that. If we don't do this or that, the result will be communism. I think he rather overrates the prosperity of Russia at this moment; for while it is impossible to find out what is going on over there, the best

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evidence seems to be that our poor, stupid, benighted U. S. A. is still a better place for a civilized man to live in. Mr. Gauss quotes with respect a statement by a young American who heart and soul believes in communism. Now there are really a great many Americans who actually prefer to live in England or in France or in Italy; they like the life there better than the life in their native land. And I can understand that perfectly and sympathize with them, though I would not move away from America for anything in the world; but I know the advantages of those European countries, and their appeal. But Russia? Many of our young people return from Russia in an enthusiastic mood (though not all) but very few wish to live there.

Mr. Gauss has written a thoughtful book, deeply interesting, and that certainly should be read by a very large number of Americans. It is the *vagueness* of the religion offered as the only remedy that makes the close of his book so disappointing; this work is valuable chiefly as a diagnosis.

Lost Horizon. By James Hilton. William Morrow. $2.50.

Mr. Hilton became famous in America on the twenty-third day of July, when appeared that little masterpiece, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Every one should read that and also his other novel, *Lost Horizon,* which is just being reissued in the Hawthornden Prize Edition. It resembles *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* only in its originality and general excellence. It is as different in setting and characters and style as could well be imagined; but it makes a profound impression; the conversations among those austere and remote mountains are full of significance; and the little group of air travellers are a microcosm of human society.

The Unknown God. By Alfred Noyes. Sheed and Ward. $2.

This is an *apologia pro vita sua.* Mr. Noyes tells in a prose marked by simplicity and unaffected sincerity how he went from agnosticism in religion to joyous faith. And even though it is in prose, the language could not have been written by any one except a poet. This does not mean that the reasons for his faith are emotional or that they are given in either a sentimental or a pietistic way; quite otherwise. It is really a closely reasoned progressive mental advance, from one position to an other; and I admire the manner in which the separate steps are set forth. Mr. Noyes deals with some of the greatest problems in philosophy and in theology, but so simply and so clearly that any intelligent reader can follow him with ease. I admire also the modesty and amenity of the book; as free from arrogance as it is from obscurantism. To me it was more exciting than most books of physical adventure.

The Collected Poems of John Galsworthy. Scribners. $2.50.

As *The Unknown God* is written in the prose of a poet, so these collected poems are written in the verse of a novelist. They are interesting because they come from an interesting mind; they are elevating, because they come from a noble character; their primal value is found in the qualities that were revealed in the author's novels and essays. Many of these bits of verse are agreeably "occasional"; *An Accidental Exchange of Hats with John Masefield, In a Copy of Four Forsyte Stories* (which he autographed for charity), *In a Volume of 27 Plays (J.G.),* which was to be sold for the benefit of a hospital; where his intense dislike of pretentiousness was overcome by his stronger sympathy with suffering. The slender volume might be called almost a diary in verse; notes which reveal the author's qualities as an individual.

Simultaneously with the appearance of these collected rhythms, comes the last assembled volume of the final novels dealing with all the Forsytes. These novels began with *The Man of Property* in 1906, and closed last year with *One More River*. This volume of about 900 pages, contains *Maid in Waiting, Flowering Wilderness, Over the River* (One More River) and is called *End of the Chapter*. The frontispiece shows Mr. Galsworthy exactly as I saw him more than once, standing at the front door of his beautiful country house in Sussex, accompanied by his great dog.

Within ten years we have lost Conrad, Hardy, Bennett, Moore, Galsworthy. Among the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" do you know of any young ones who will adequately fill any of these vacancies?

Rachmaninoff's Recollections. Told to Oskar von Reisemann. Macmillan. $3.50.

Every Russian who can possibly earn his living or can live on an unearned income is about a million times better off outside of Russia than in it.

These are "musical memories," however, and not political. Rachmaninoff has been made somewhat unhappy by his versatility; he does three things extremely well; he is a world-famous concert pianist, a few of his compositions are known everywhere, and he was (in Russia) one of the most distinguished of orchestra-conductors. I dare say that if he had always had a sufficient income, he would have confined himself to composition, but who knows? His childhood and boyhood are described in a manner that will interest American readers immensely; and we cannot help being impressed by the way he was received into the Master's home—what a magnificent opportunity! Although he went through the regular courses, it was private instruction that naturally counted the most.

There is this difference between learning to compose music and learning to write books; prose and verse and dramatic composition are usually taught by those who cannot themselves write creatively; whilst music is often taught by masters of the art. The reason is that "English" is regarded as an essential feature in general education; whereas the composition of music is restricted to those who have a particular talent for it.

I think every one who reads this book will admire Rachmaninoff as a man and as an artist; the word that describes him in both capacities is *integrity*. The only fault I have to find is Mr. von Riesemann's continual panegyrics; why not let the career of Rachmaninoff speak for itself?

Stars Fell on Alabama. By Carl Carmer. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

Professor Carmer has added to the folk-lore of the deep South. Having lived in Alabama for years and made the most of his opportunities for observation and investigation, being himself both a scholar and gifted with an acutely journalistic sense of news values, he has certainly made an interesting, not to say a sensational book. It is a revelation of strange localities and stranger dwellers in them, and, although we pass close to them in trains and automobiles, we are as unaware of them as we are of what goes on in north-eastern Greenland.

We can only hope that Europeans who read this work will not believe that it is a picture of life and society in Alabama. I dare say that any student of primitive life and customs could find

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and unearth many unearthly things in almost any state in the Union.

The Scotland of Our Fathers. A Study of Scottish Life in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. D. Appleton-Century Co. $3.50.

Miss Haldane, sister of the late Lord Haldane, has written a number of valuable books, of which perhaps this is the most valuable. I read this immediately after *Stars Fell on Alabama;* and the two places are no more different than the manner of the two persons who describe them. Miss Haldane studiously avoids sensation and over-emphasis and drama and contrasts. This is a sober-minded study of Scottish life in the last century, with appropriate illustrations and maps. Here are representative chapters: How the People Lived, The Church of the People, The Education of the People, Impressions of Scottish Life, How the People Moved About, Workers in the Towns, How the Rural Workers Lived, The Highlands and the Highlanders. She has a genius for under-statement; she hates adjectival exuberance; she is a conservative, truth-loving Scot.

But she does not need to emphasize. If there were any hells on earth worse than the Glasgow slums of the nineteenth century, I do not know where they could have been found. In her soberly restrained account of social conditions, backed up by figures, I find that everything I saw there myself was only too typical, too representative. Those who imagine that unemployment is only a recent woe, should read this book. In 1843 "there were 10,000 men unemployed in Paisley alone who could not get work and could not be allowed to die."

But there are many brighter sides, and no one can read the two-page Epilogue without some hope for the future.

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Reviewed by Louis M. Hacker

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HOLIDAY BOOK SUPPLEMENT

appeared in the English language; it is an indispensable prolegomenon to capitalist economics; it is a philosophical and tactical manual in the science of communist revolution; and it is a brilliant appendix, drawn entirely from American experience, to Marx's *Capital*. Corey's book will be studied, of course, by all persons who have grown convinced that capitalism, as a method of economic production, is now in its decline; but it will have to be read, as well, by all those, regardless of their political affiliation, who want to familiarize themselves with communism's program in the United States.

Corey's thesis is the Marxist one: that at the heart of capitalism is accumulation, whose savings must be invested in capital goods enterprises in order to assure the continuance of the profit system; that this round must inevitably lead to a growing gap between production capacity and effective consumption demand; that with the disappearance of the long-term factors of expansion (the passing of the frontier zone in the United States and the division of the backward areas of the world among imperialist powers) capitalism must go through a series of crises whose downswings appear with increasing frequency and with growing misery for the working populations. The owners of the means of production call upon the political state to help them in their extremity. Out of this union of state capitalism and the profit system will spring fascism, with all its repressive and destructive characteristics, unless the workers unite to salvage the great gains of technology and build on these foundations a socialist state and a classless society.

The bare outline of the Marxist argument, by this time, should be familiar to the intelligent American. Corey has done more than present it, however, for he has stated the case inductively. Utilizing the vast accumulations of government statistics, the author has built up his presentation on the basis of a thoroughgoing examination of American capitalism in operation. (Parenthetically, it might be pointed out that it is difficult to find anywhere, even among academic economists, a better analysis of the parts played by profits, wages, and unemployment in our modern economy.) The result is, Corey ends with Marx, instead of the customary procedure, closing each piece of technical analysis with exactly the right quotation from the writings of the founder of modern scientific socialism.

There are so many extraordinary sides to this book that only a few can be cited in this brief notice: the footnotes, in which the author carries on a continuous warfare with liberal thinkers, are excellent little pieces of polemical writing; the discussion of fascism can leave no longer any doubts as to the truly vicious nature of this movement; the exposition of the American psychological and cultural lag that has prevented the appearance of a mass class-conscious workers' movement (in the chapter The Crisis of the American Dream) is one of the most suggestive pieces of writing of its kind to have appeared. The publication of *The Decline of American Capitalism* in a period when labor's militancy is greater than it ever was before in American history is a sign of the times that even the most obtuse cannot fail to read: radicalism is an American force whose strength is showing itself more and more every day.

COSMIC CRITIC—WITH LIMITS

THE DEATH AND BIRTH OF DAVID MARKAND. By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Reviewed by Evelyn Scott

In conning over *The Death and Birth of David Markand*, which continues the spiritual history suspended when *The Dark Mother* was completed some years ago, one comes upon faults and virtues of writing so paradoxically intermingled that the explanations of the attitudes spontaneous in Mr. Frank's uncritical disciples and his equally uncritical despisers seem to emerge with the text. Mr. Frank can originate poetical generalities as profound as have been uttered by any living man, and an urge to substantiate these generalities turns him periodically away from philosophical criticism and to the novel. Here David Markand, psychologically more explicable to a reader informed on his beginnings elsewhere, is discovered in the representative position of a successful man of business, married to a sympathetic and desirable woman and the father of two children. On the eve of receiving an inheritance which is to liberate David from his job by making his family secure without it, his wife, assuaging her own repressed dissatisfactions, becomes a Roman Catholic; her gesture crystallizes for David his vaguely forming intention to flee his bourgeois milieu and set forth on a symbolic pilgrimage by which he hopes to save what would once have been called his "soul." The book treats episodically of his experiences in the East and in Kansas, of the effects on him of contacts with various women and with men immediately aware of the world in terms of poverty and the class struggle. David's malady has been aimlessness—a common one among those without the deep convictions that become religions, and especially common in a society decaying in hypocritically evaded cynicism. The novel culminates in David's conversion to communism.

Mr. Frank has deep poetic resources, but in that apprehension of specific personalities so requisite for the sound writing of a novel which presumes a realistic basis, he is notably weak. Even as Dreiser, for all his monumental integrity, falls short of himself when sentimentalizing the sexuality of women, Waldo Frank makes of his female figures only indefinite symbols for man's pleasure in his sensual gratification. This defect of understanding is not more tolerable because a humorless reverence for the theme veils, in a sort of glamorous false piety, a series of "affairs" which are not given the articulated significance the author adumbrates as belonging to them.

It is also an old habit of Mr. Frank's mind to assume for the metaphor which is justified when employed for poetic evocation, an unproven parallel in external nature, and to rationalize after such an assumption in a fashion almost incredibly childish in a man genuinely possessed of so many of the qualities important to that spiritual leadership which is his ambition. And the sum of the impression made by the book entire is that the author's dismissal of ancient credos is as shallowly unexamining as Mr. Mencken's expressive rejection of the works of the philosophers. Because Mr. Frank is, in many ways, equipped as a genius, his novels should be read; but that simplest integrity comprehensible to the man in the street he has yet to grasp as a necessity, and not until he does will the greatness to which he may conceivably attain, as artist and cosmic critic of events, be realized.

OUR REAL ANCESTORS

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The most urbane and dispassionate of iconoclasts, he shatters more than one cherished illusion. The Pilgrim Fathers were not the implacably righteous community acclaimed by tradition: a stern religious fanaticism governed their councils, but they ran to drunkenness, lechery, and sharp practice about as much as any other group in this brave new world. The fair and feudal South of the old time did not ever exist, except in political harangues and wistful dreams: nor were all Southerners descended from younger sons of the English nobility. Indeed, very few persons of quality came out to the Virginias; and the founding fathers (up and down the coast) were generally of the same restless social strata. Freedmen and indentured men, convicts under sentence of transportation, adventurous fellows unable to sit still anywhere, and shiftless persons looking for better breaks of luck, occurred as frequently as substantial citizens with exalted ideas of liberty and self-government. Geography, climate, and economics were the great formative influences in the growth of the sections, and the divergence of sectional character. All three tended to the extension, in the South, of the institution of human slavery; and in the South, once the frontier was cleared, life became agrarian. Your pastoralist is ever an individualist, and passionate adherence to the principle of States Rights, in theory and practice, was inevitable. In the North, the same great influences made for industrialism, with concentration of population and centralization of authority. Hence two clear-cut conceptions of government, foredoomed to violent collision. With very little of sympathy or charity or mutual understanding, the lines were drawn, and the new nation went inexorably down the road to the abyss of civil war.

(*Continued on page 15*)

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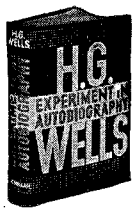

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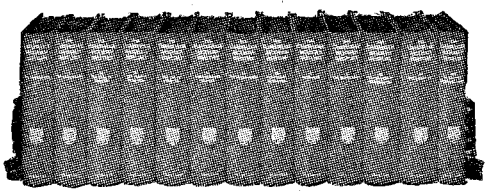

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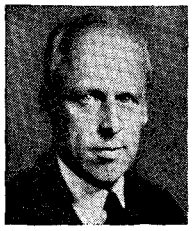

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JOHN W. THOMASON.

FARMERS IN ITALY

FONTAMARA. By Ignazio Silone. Translated from the Italian by Michael Wharf. Smith and Haas. $2.50.

Although Silone's farmers tell the story of their hamlet under Fascism in a manner at once naïve and wise with pessimism, there will be no dismissing his novel as a fairy tale or imaginative satire. In the bareness of its narrative and in its aloof irony it recalls things like *Candide,* but its details are so tipped with the iron of actual experience that no one could go out and just make them up. Fontamara was hardly even a hamlet, but a few people lived there, fought among each other over water for their crops, worked, reverenced the saints, and, in short, managed somehow to feed themselves from day to day with bread and soup. That was before the Blackshirts came to Rome. Nobody knew why things became worse after that. Some conjectured that, since troopers were coming in and raping the women of the town, the country must be at war.

" 'But we are not at war.'

" 'What do you know about it anyway?' General Baldissera interrupted me.

" 'How do you know whether we're at peace or war?'

"This query made a big impression on everybody."

Nobody knew. But taxes kept rising, restrictions increased, and Innocenzo the Bailiff got fatter; the farmers were less and less content to let things rest with God. Their insurrectionist leader, a fine strong brainy peasant, had given them up in despair and gone to Rome to make money; but his experiences resulted in a newer and more austere idealism. He suffered arrest, torture, and death in order that a more practised revolutionary might stay at large and unite his townspeople. The Fontamarans printed and circulated their demands, rising at last and bringing in the troops who in turn killed or drove them out. Silone's story comes from three of those who escaped. It is mostly between their simple lines that you see the picture—dumb suffering, bewilderment, growing anger, death—and the rough outline of two or three characters. The lines themselves have a spare knotty vigor; they lay down their fact and you won't forget it, but they do not have that tight weave of sights, impressions, overlapping experiences, etc., which makes a novel a place you have lived in for a few hours. From the way the book is written, the life of Fontamara is a remote thing: and yet its workings are so implicit in everything around us that its tragedy is inevitable, all its issues clear. It is the sort of thing that ties in completely with our present consciousness: more than a well-told legend, it is both an epitaph and a warning.

OTIS FERGUSON.

JOHN LIVES AGAIN

MY SHADOW AS I PASS. By Sybil Bolitho. Viking Press. $2.50.

There are books so personal, so much a part of their author's very being, that the reader of them feels himself an intruder on hallowed ground. Sybil Bolitho's story of the love of John and Helen, not so much fashioned as torn from the heart of her own experience, is one of them. It is not for the rude hands of contemporary criticism, however proudly it might survive their touch. Hood's lines, in paraphrase, come to mind:—"Take it up tenderly, lift it with care." No more than we can dispassionately examine the tragedy of a dear friend's life, to discover whether the elements thereof are mixed in artistic and Aristotelian proportions, can a sensitive reviewer subject this passionate avowal to the cold scrutiny of his trade. For the story of John and Helen is, in all essentials, the story of William Bolitho (Ryall), author of *Twelve Against the Gods,* and of Sybil who loved and married him; loved him in life, and, if that were possible, better after death. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways." Even as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sybil Bolitho counts many ways; and few women have raised such a memorial to their love as this book of lacerated and lacerating, yet bravely singing prose.

With John dead, with her whole world dead, Sybil set out to find again the man who had made her world alive. *My Shadow As I Pass* is the story of this quest, this *recherche du temps perdu.* And the quest succeeds. Moment by moment, preciously snatched from oblivion by the miracle of memory, the past is recaptured. John lives again, in the being of his love; and gives her back to life. "And raising her eyes, she sees him. His is the face of the world. He is the rising sun: he is distant and near. In the wind that circles the city and the surge of the open sea. Nothing has gone, nothing is lost. Part of undying life: as long as this ball of fire spins round, and after!"

And William Bolitho lives still, even as John.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

STRANGER TO HIMSELF

NO MAN IS SINGLE. By Stuart Hawkins. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

The book has little to do with the single versus the married state. Rather the title implies that no human being's career is single in its consequences. Where one closely associated life sees beauty in the act of our central character, another shudders with revulsion. An unpremeditated gesture made by a forthright man is to one love, to another hate.

This is the story of Aspen Trumbull, a talented American boy born in 1880, his strivings to become an artist, and his mounting success, cut short by his death. But more important than Aspen himself are the three reflections from his light. We see him three times over, often it is in the identical episode, the identical words that are spoken. But how differently they sound to his banker father, to Hannah his strong and charming help-mate wife, to Hélène a Frenchwoman whom he loved in his boyhood and for whom he has room in his heart always, not at the expense of love for his wife. The story watches Aspen through his own eyes, and through the eyes of Banks Trumbull, and Hannah, and Hélène. It cuts deeper to show what a thought did to another's thought, what an act did to another's motive. And all with simplicity.

Banks Trumbull, rich, unbending, a pillar of New York in the 1890's, who built his business to give to his son, is so well drawn that one feels only pity for his loneliness when he disinherits, not so much his son as his son's art. He is not the villain in the piece. He is only an unfortunate old man who must be as he is.

By three slants at everyday happenings to four people, the way they love, the rooms they live in, the work they do, one is brought again to the old feeling that every man is alone, and a stranger even to himself; that every man is a thousand men; that beauty and sadness lie buried in the irrational turnings of life's wheel.

ELLIOTT MERRICK.

A LIFE OF VAN GOGH

LUST FOR LIFE. By Irving Stone. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

The mad and harrowing life of the painter Van Gogh, traced from uneasy boyhood to eventual suicide, forms the material of Irving Stone's novel, *Lust for Life.* Told almost entirely through conversation and small incident, it gives a picture of a man damned from the start, whose experiences as art dealer, teacher, book-seller, divinity student, and evangelist got him nowhere, and whose life as a painter got him only a little further than that, so far as his own satisfactions were concerned. Generally half-starved, hanging on from day to day till the "salary" paid him by his young brother Theo should arrive, falling in love with every sort of woman, alternately fascinating and disgusting every one with whom he came in contact, he progressed inevitably toward insanity and suicide, after a series of experiences that would have killed a weaker man long since.

There is scarcely a man's life which would not be good material for a novel, and the life of a mad painter seems better fiction-material than most; yet it is surely a pity that Irving Stone chose to write the results of his Van Gogh researches in fictional form. In spite of some good scenes, the book has an artificial and unconvincing quality. Compelled to stick fairly closely to truth, the author has denied himself the novelist's opportunity to make his main character sympathetic; and determined to write fiction, he has given up the biogra-

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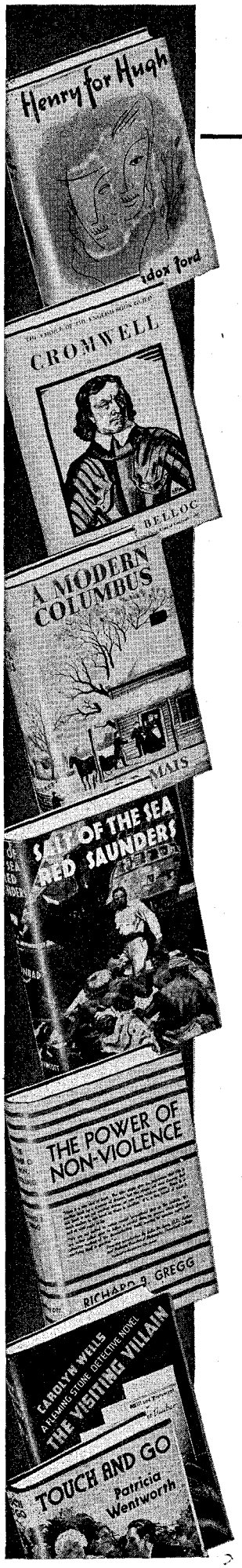

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HOLIDAY BOOK SUPPLEMENT

pher's right to interpret that character in the light of later reason and understanding. Instead, Irving Stone has built up his story through a continuous stream of conversations, which he had to invent; and has tried to give it life by filling in all the details, and by interpolating such scenes as the Maya love-episode—which is pure fantasy and rather like a rotten spot in an apple.

What Van Gogh needs now is a strong and revealing biographer, who will not be tempted to render his tragic experiences in fictional paraphrase, nor name them *Lust for Life*.

BERNICE KENYON.

MORTGAGES AND LEAVES

NOW IN NOVEMBER. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. $2.

Miss Johnson's novel presents a world in which loveliness and economics are indissoluble. Marget Haldmarne, going about the Haldmarne farm, knows that the color, shape, hidden life she sees, can all be taken away from her by a petty, legal scribble. The retention of a beauty that pierces and heals depends on a mortgage.

Now in November has the neatness of Jane Austen, but it is grim in a fashion the English lady found no reason for being. The Haldmarne family are placed plumply and completely on an earth made up simultaneously of bills to pay, a possible God, borrowed mules, hunger, and emotions as indescribable as any coy and elusive planet. Arnold Haldmarne spends his life in that omnipresent human occupation of worrying; he feverishly tries to make his farm something else than a mortgage-saddled affair. His hard work and worry are unavailing. So are his wife's faith and uncomplainingness. Meanwhile, three Haldmarne daughters are growing. Kerrin is insanely moody. Merle is a natural enemy of the thoughts that twist one inside. Marget observes: a negro farmer who loses everything; the leaves; owls; herself. And she sees herself in love with Grant Koven, helping her father on the farm. But Grant is hopelessly given to Merle, who, in her turn, sees him just as entertaining. Both earth and people seem askew.

Indeed, the center of the novel is a beautiful and sane hopelessness; a hopelessness that doesn't enervate you. Miss Johnson is gloomy in a style of probing exquisiteness. Her novel doesn't bulge, as most rural fiction has a way of doing. Her sentences are like the complicated, rhythmical taps of a delicate hammer; and sometimes these taps beat out a music and meaning that unquestionably kindle and lighten. (For instance, see the writing on page 113. The second sentence of the second paragraph is one of the mighty American sentences that I know.) In general, an awareness of economics—*Now in November* can be called a proletarian novel without straining words—made one with an awareness of eternal colors, changes, and sounds, make the novel unusually meaningful for 1934. What is more, later years, in all their harshness, may wish to remember it.

ELI SIEGEL.

TWELVE YEARS AFTER

WE ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE. By Bernard DeVoto. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

Bernard DeVoto came out of Utah to Harvard. He received his degree and later remained to instruct the boys in rugged writing and point out Pareto; he has been doing this for seven years.

Mr. DeVoto's fourth novel (he is also the author of two frontier histories) attempts to combine the ingenuous west with the puritan influence of New England. He has produced a "Not to Eat Not for Love," ten years out of college, but it is more than an addition to the Harvard saga.

He describes the effects of the war hangover on a generation that once was young. The story is that of a group of college friends and their circle and takes place during the boom year of 1927, about twelve years after graduation. The war has killed one, ruined another, changed others; one has returned to the west as a teacher; one is a liberal editor who gives up his job; the others are Bostonians of the most traditional variety. They have friends, wives, and mistresses who neatly intersect. Julian, the leader of undergraduate days, is dead. He was the strongest. His memory appears too often.

Mr. DeVoto's imagery and description are valid and sometimes very excellent. His satire is often not delicate. The characters are too sentimental (even the theoretically *hard* ones), and it is strange that all the women are the active lovers who, without fail, do the courting: even Libby, who appears to resemble the heroine of Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* and Hester, that most precocious débutante.

There are many exquisitely written scenes; there is much bad James Joyce. Occasional remarks probe the secret of the twenties when physicians became theologians. Boston is justified. Groton is exalted. Ted, the only important male who is not a blueblood, is first weak, then cheap. At least Mr. DeVoto demonstrates "The Beacon Street belief that the English are the circumcized."

C. L. SULZBERGER.

SYMBOLIC HORSES

FLORIAN, THE EMPEROR'S STALLION. By Felix Salten. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

Felix Salten has an exquisite understanding of the feelings of animals, but he is surprisingly inept in getting at the emotions of men. *Bambi* remains his most perfect book because the human being is present only as a sort of supernatural shadow. In *Florian, the Emperor's Stallion,* Salten makes a magnificent white horse the symbol of the fading glory of the Hapsburgs. The nobility of the beast is magnified, but the royal human dwindles beside it.

The book is a potpourri of regal pageantry and royal personalities. The pageantry is fascinating: the details about the Spanish Riding School and the Royal Mews are quaint and glittering; the descriptions of the arrival of the Czar and the procession on Corpus Christi have the splendor of mediæval illuminations. But the intimate glimpses of the exalted Franz Josef and the disgruntled Archduke Ferdinand are trivial and rather tiresome. The author handles his nostalgia shrewdly but not always with artistic effect.

The story of the beautiful stallion—his antique descent, his birth and training, his love for his groom and for the small terrier, Bosco—is delightful. It is told in a bright and leisurely manner, although the author's careful phrasing is coarsened a little in this translation. Salten, however, has in no way created another *Bambi*. He has become so entranced with the spectacle of old Vienna that he neglects those subtleties of the animal mind that he has the power to interpret so sensitively. His Florian is an impressive but essentially decorative creature. He really belongs in a coat of arms.

DOROTHEA PERKINS.

IOWANS

THE FOLKS. By Ruth Suckow. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.

If the seven hundred-odd pages of Miss Suckow's novel seem to represent an unwarranted expansion of a story that might conceivably have been set forth with more concision, she has still not so far expanded it that it loses the design and basic economy that may be found in even the largest canvases. If at times her narrative becomes, through the instrumentality of a prose that is rarely distinguished, a bit tiresome, it never impresses the reader as being merely inflated for the sake of achieving a "big book." Her story is substantial and it is moving; she has handled a large group of widely assorted characters—some more successfully vital than others—with an enviable sureness that carries them from point to point with logic and verisimilitude. And while she has at all times an emotional attitude toward her own creations, and can infect the reader with her own emotion, this emotion rarely degenerates into sentimentality or the special pleading that might easily have arisen from a desire to act as mouthpiece for the sort of characters who provide her material.

These characters form the bulk of the American population: Iowans, in this instance, the tag-end of the pioneer tradition, settled in irritating complacency at their little tasks, raising their children, gossiping about their neighbors, with rarely a spark of anything more than normal intelligence, with never a vestige of any sort of sensitivity that is not directly bound down to the petty, the inconsequential, the humdrum. In the first three hundred pages of her book Miss Suckow has drawn them with masterly precision, and so closely from the life that she alone must take the responsibility if her narrative is consequently as dull as her characters. Her satire is mild and sympathetic, and therefore they never become the hilariously amusing puppets Mr. Lewis has so dexterously manipulated.

But when she has ceased to be one of the folks herself, and follows the fortunes of the various Ferguson children who finally escaped from Belmond, Miss Suckow's story rises from the necessarily circumscribed provinciality of its early pages, and strikes a deeper vein. Margaret, who changed her name to Margot, will remain a character long to be remembered, not merely for the almost classical design of her particular story, but for those elements of deep humanity that may be found from Belmond to Hongkong.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

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IN A DEAD MAN'S SHOES

HENRY FOR HUGH. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

The people of Southern France, according to Ford Madox Ford, "have to live among wonders or they die. The biggest *rascasse;* unbelievable tunny; infallible sporting guns; men of indomitable courage; women of infinite seductions. . . ." Henry Martin Aluin Smith is introduced to us as he reclines upon the terrace of the Villa Nike. In a burglar-proof strong room within the villa are a Phidian Venus, an El Greco, two Cézannes, the tiara of the Empress Eugénie, Ibsen's first draft of "The Master Builder," and a pair of scissors reputed to have belonged to Cleopatra. These treasures, up until a few weeks previous, had been the property of Hugh Monckton Allard Smith, an Englishman of fabulous wealth. But Hugh is dead and Henry, by a strange complication of circumstances, has been forced to take his place: to stand in a dead man's shoes, to think his thoughts. Henry in a sense becomes Hugh. One reads the book and is concerned with Henry's plight and its consequences. One closes it and realizes that it is the setting rather than the events that will always remain in the memory: as if one had preceded or followed Henry and Eudoxie across the terraces or down the cypress-bordered walks,—for this writer, more than any other I know, has the gift for communicating his scene to his reader. Henry, Eudoxie, Jeanne Becquerel, even English old Aunt Elizabeth, moving in the bright Mediterranean sun, beside a sea "as blue as the lid of a sardine box," seem to emanate from, to belong to, the country in the same way that Hardy's characters grow out of a moor. But, whereas Hardy has written of slow-growing loves and hates, Mr. Ford here deals with the heat, the fervidness, the exaggerations, the prejudices engendered by the south. One is glad when Henry and Eudoxie—who is "like an avenging and fierce figure from a Greek legend"—escape into Italy where "the sunlight is infinitely whiter and the shadow more black."

A novel by Ford Madox Ford is a major literary event. He is the most accomplished craftsman of fiction now writing in English. It has been his difficult ambition to write novels in which every word shall contribute to the action. There is no slack in this, his latest narrative. The transitions are lightning quick and so sure as to be almost breath-taking. *Henry for Hugh* will hold the interest even of the reader of detective stories; at the same time, it will be deemed a model of style and form by the most critical.

CAROLINE GORDON.

NEW ENGLAND CAPTIVES

THE COLD JOURNEY. By Grace Zaring Stone. Morrow. $2.50.

With *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* Grace Zaring Stone achieved a high place in contemporary literature and with certain critics, mostly feminine, became almost a cult. Their enthusiasm is justified by this new novel which is a fine performance both artistically and as a revelation of the contrasting human elements which were brought together in North America. The story is simply that of a little band of New Englanders captured by French and Indians and taken to Canada, where some are ransomed and some, attracted by the warmth and color of the Catholic way of life, remain. Characters are sharply individualized and portrayed with sympathetic insight. The minister, Mr. Chapman; the girl, Captive; the beautiful Mrs. Lygon; the little Jesuit, Father Julien, and the indomitable Mrs. Peckworth who slays her Indian captor in order to regain her child, are living and unforgettable. The author's fidelity to fact gives the novel an especial interest from the historical point of view.

If Miss Stone has avoided some of the grimness, bitterness, and horror which must have attended the assault on the outpost and the long and painful journey, she has nevertheless done a rarer thing in these days by combining warmth, sympathy, and integrity to make a distinguished novel.

ALFRED DASHIELL.

JEWS IN NEW JERSEY

THOSE WHO PERISH. By Edward Dahlberg. John Day & Co. $2.

Those Who Perish—a social worker, her paramour who is the director of a New Jersey community center, and a declassed drummer—belong to a Jewish middle class "world that has had its day." Implicitly introducing his own revolutionary viewpoint, Mr. Dahlberg focuses this triple tragedy through a dramatization of the repercussions of both German Fascism and the depression on a New Jersey Jewish community. His novel is moving, eloquent, and, in the characterization of the drummer, enhanced by a note of tender pathos. In addition, there is a satire of the hypocrisy and ignorance of Jewish Babbitts, effectively conceived but verging very close to caricature. The writing is done with surprising economy—the novel is short—and with a liberal sprinkling of imagery, sometimes brilliant, sometimes irrelevant, producing some unevenness in the prose. This, however, does not seriously disturb the basic effects of the book, particularly the final scene which is one of the most powerful Dahlberg has yet written. *Those Who Perish* is a novel which deserves both wide and intelligent attention.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

AFRICA

BLACK GOD. By D. Manners-Sutton. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

Black God is a highly colored, ingenious story of the Africa of fiction. All the usual stage props are skilfully used; magic, witchcraft, hocus pocus of the most varied kind is generously set forth. To a person who like myself knows and loves the Africa of fact all this is bound to be distasteful. I see no more reason for inventing a mass of lurid fairy stories about the Congo than about Kansas City. But if that is what you like you will enjoy *Black God*.

Among the miracles—one to a page—invented for your delectation you will find pottery made of clay mixed with human genitals which causes mortal illness in the white woman who buys it; men turned into leopards; babies raised from the dead; trees that talk; visions seen in the blood of dead roosters hung upside down—to name but a few of them: and added to this black magic are also murders, rapes, suicides, tortures, and hints at even darker doings (which remain nameless) —also one to a page.

Outside of this sensationalism there are some interesting passages. Miss Manners-Sutton often writes exceedingly well. Her pen portraits of white people in Africa are subtle, charming, remarkably well done; her descriptions of landscape, weather, and physical mood and aspect of the land admirable. I personally deplore the habit with which writers of this kind year after year, decade after decade, make ancient Egyptians, Biblical characters, Hindus, American red men in pageants, and Africans all speak in the same pompous jargon. I do not believe they all speak in the same way or that this is the way. Nor do I believe that Africans who live in their own psychological world—a world so different from ours that it is almost a different dimension, philosophize and use terminologies as trite and western as Miss Manners-Sutton puts in the mouths of her Congo blacks.

But this is the carping of a person who knows Africa. To those who do not, the book doubtless offers far greater attractions.

GRACE FLANDRAU.

THE POLISH JEW

SALVATION. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This is the moving story of Jechiel, a Jew whose God was the God of love and beauty. Born and more or less left to bring himself up in a little Polish village, some hundred years ago, he could not, despite earnest effort, understand the ways of those wise and revered teachers among the Jews, whose God was the God of the Law, and who set themselves apart from the poor and suffering in order to study and perfect themselves in the Law. Those men left their families to get on as they might; they cut themselves off from beauty and love: but Jechiel loved his God with joy, and loved his fellow men.

Asch has traced the career of a noble spirit, and has portrayed it against a background of Polish village life in the last century: a background painted with full understanding of Jew and Gentile, of their beliefs and spiritual limitations. Here is the Polish Jew, with that tradition, that dogma, that superstition, that folklore, that self-righteousness which make him and his way of life so difficult for others to understand; and here is the Goy, objectively and sympathetically shown, clearly a great influence in shaping the life of the Jew.

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(*Continued on page 23*)

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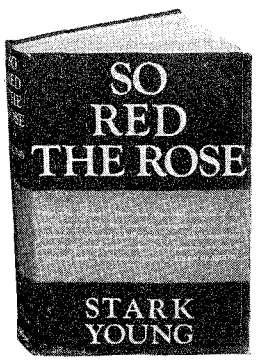

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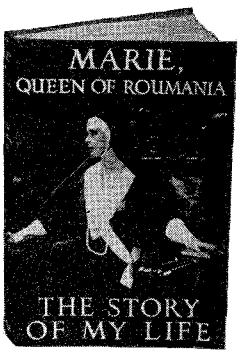

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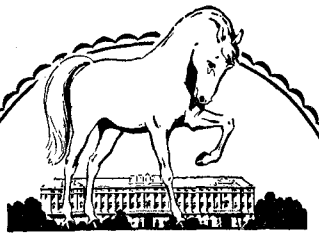

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Books for Your Library

(Continued from page 19)

ful that the background of the Polish Jew has changed very greatly, either.

The translation by the Muirs does full justice to the impressive narrative of the author.

SAMUEL A. NOCK.

WAR—PROFITS AND IDEALS

THE HOUSE AND THE SEA. By Johan Bojer. D. Appleton Century Co. $2.50.

When he is dealing with the not too agonizing problem of what people who are already in heaven think of those who are still on earth, as in that little masterpiece, "Kari Aasen In Heaven," Johan Bojer can make his gift for delicate irony and whimsy work its way into something original and pleasing. But unfortunately, he has tried the same irony and the same whimsy in this novel on a theme too intense and too powerful for it to succeed, with the result that he seems to be lagging behind his ideas. The ideas are magnificent if not very original—into the swashing, buccaneering, speculating, money-mad Norway of the war-years, exploiting its neutrality to the full, cornering the market in ships, he projects an ironic figure, the idealist lawyer Ivar Pram. Pram is poor and wants to become rich, and so Pram becomes swallowed up in the turmoil, too. What Bojer seems to be saying to us as we follow Pram's rise and fall is that the ancient parable of the tempter and the tempted was never so true as when men must live by death. For Pram can live only if the torpedoes hit their mark, destroy ships and create a market for new ones. The life of the world is death, and Pram knows it, fearing the Armistice, tormenting himself with the memories of his ideals, and turning hysterically and torturedly to find some sign of peace in the world, only to fall dishonored and ruined.

ALFRED KAZIN.

SANDRIK, BY OLGA TCHIRIKOVA. *Dodd, Mead.* $2.—This is a book for mothers—the account of a young Russian mother whose son is born in exile, and brought up through the first years of his life in many different places frequented by refugees, in Greece, France, and finally the Riviera. It is sensitively and humanly told, and contains a short introduction by Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia, who was a personal friend of the author.

(Continued on page 26)

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Books for Your Library

(*Continued from page 23*)

THE SHORT STORY

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1934. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE. By William Saroyan. Random House. $2.50.

THE MAKER OF SIGNS. By Whit Burnett. Smith & Haas. $2.50.

Mr. Saroyan, whose short stories have lifted him to something approaching fame in less than a year, can learn a lot from Mr. O'Brien's introductory remarks about "the danger of a new kind of standardization." His work, while showing an amazing flair for rhetorical dexterity, runs mainly to a formula, which, although his own, becomes rather dull with repetition. Some of his pieces are not stories at all, but precociously subjective essays that belittle the same writers from whom he has most often derived inspiration. ". . . If I felt inclined," he writes in a typical vein, "I could write like John Dos Passos, William Faulkner or James Joyce." Mr. Saroyan admits a few lines following that if put to the test, he "couldn't do the trick," but nevertheless he has tried.

The O'Brien selections are considerably above the level of the past several years, but as in the past the standards of originality and excellence are upheld by writers like Mr. Faulkner, William March, and Langston Hughes, with some assistance from Upton Terrell, Dorothy McCleary, and Alan Marshall, and there are the usual puzzling inclusions and omissions that always draw the wrath of partisans of this or that writer.

Mr. Burnett's stories offer a wide variance of theme and locale, but he is at his best when writing in the American idiom. His European sketches do not quite come off. Like Mr. Saroyan, whom he "discovered," Mr. Burnett betrays several influences, notably of Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, and there is one story called "Three Thousand Times a Day" that is startlingly similar to George Milburn's story of the neophyte reporter, "A Position on the Staff."

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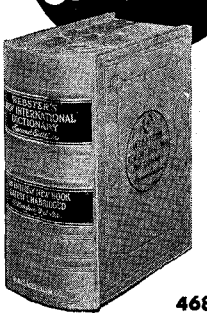

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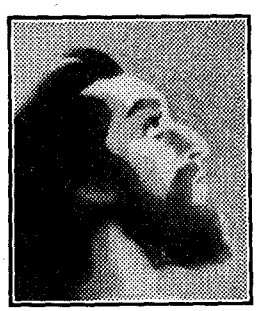

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Dusk in the Grove, by Samuel Rogers. *Atlantic Monthly Press.* $2.50.—A Prize Novel, yet readable. The story of an American family and their several summers, in years widely separated, at a Rhode Island resort. The children grow up, there are tragedies, times change, the summer home on the island is finally sold and all that is left is a bittersweet nostalgia. A brooding novel, excellently characterized, a bit over-sentimental, but good reading.

Phantom Crown, by Bertita Harding. *Bobbs Merrill.* $3.50.—The story of Maximilian and Carlotta of Mexico told by the daughter of an Hungarian lady whose family had known the ill-fated Mexican Emperor in the empire that never wanted him and finally killed him. It is not a new story, but it bears retelling and Mrs. Harding handles her subject remarkably well. Her four leading characters Napoleon III, Eugenie, Maximilian, and his tragic Empress are boldly drawn, and if the author gets too close to their secret thoughts at times to make the book a first-class biography, it remains a moving, richly colored, and absorbing story.

Dew on the Grass, by Eiluned Lewis. *Macmillan.* $2.—This volume, introduced by a letter from Charles Morgan, is a somewhat wistful and nostalgic account of the lives of a group of young English children, whose world extended only a little way beyond the nursery door, but was as full of wonders as the outer world to which they were still strangers.

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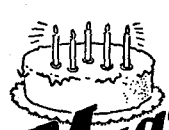

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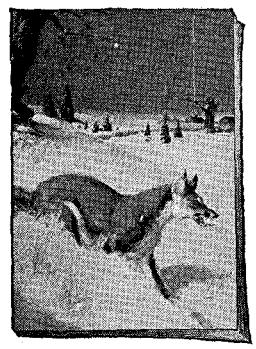

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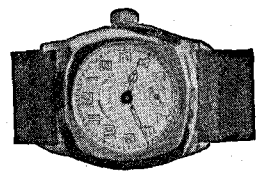

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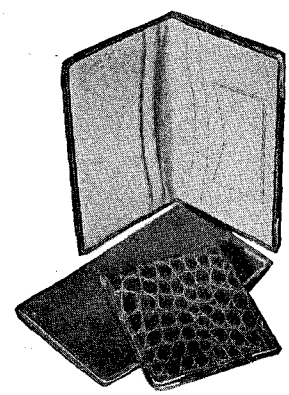

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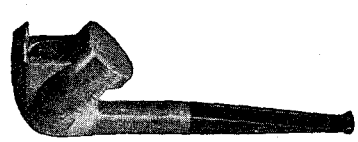

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

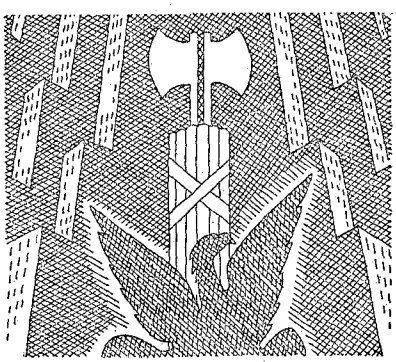
VOL. XCVI NOVEMBER, 1934 NO. 5

Business and Government:

Toward a Common Ground

By A. A. Berle, Jr.

The times call for thinking beyond the usual orthodox lines. Mr. Berle, lawyer, economist, City Chamberlain of New York, points out the changing relationship of business and government, referring especially to the problems of relief and expanding markets. He indicates two possible developments which may take place in the near future



NEARLY a century ago a German-Jewish exile lived in London. His friends considered him rather a bore, and he spent an intolerable amount of time in long and prosy discussions upon economics. He was working along two lines. One was an attempt at an economic analysis of industrial life as he saw it. The other was a revised technic of revolution. His name was Karl Marx.

It is merely political misfortune that his political writing was brilliant, inflammatory, the kind of thing that lent itself to easy drama, while his economics was hard reading. The revolutionary part of his activities (he did not live to see his literary success along that line) so far overshadowed the economics of his argument that some really first-rate economic thinking was buried under a mess of political talk. If we had been able to disentangle Marx the economist from Marx the prophet of a revolution which never quite came off anywhere, my feeling is that a good deal of trouble would have been saved. I rather guess that banking, finance, and business generally might have handled its affairs with considerably more care; and that some of the difficulties we now meet might have been avoided. For the heart of the Marxian argument on the economic side has never been answered. Most people, I think, would dismiss his solution through Communism as naïve; and his thumping invitation to a class war is probably the best way of not solving anything anywhere. But his economics requires some looking at.

Briefly, he made the point that the increase of large-scale production would mean that productive activity would run ahead of the ability to distribute the product. In other words, factories run by a relatively few men would be able to manufacture goods sufficient to supply a very great many people; finally, they would produce a surplus. This foreshadowed the development which Mr. Stuart Chase has brilliantly described as "the economy of abundance." It does not mean that at any particular time there are more goods than could be used by somebody. It simply means that at any given time there are more goods than can be bought by anybody; or at least, that the plant is there to produce more goods than can be bought. This distinction has to be noted carefully. A good many figures have recently been produced to show that the United States has a surplus; meaning that we either have or can make more shirts, shoes, rubber tires and suits of clothes than the country has ever consumed. Side by side with these are set figures showing that if all our people lived a reasonably comfortable life (they never have), it would require more shirts and shoes and suits of clothes than we can produce to supply the needs. Both sets of figures seem to be true. But a business man knows the difference between a market —meaning a set of customers who need his goods and

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can pay for them, and what we may call a need for his product—meaning a whole lot of people who would like to have his product but cannot afford to pay for it. We can fairly say that in terms of purchasing power (the economic term is "effective demand") we have reached the surplus stage. We can fairly say that in terms of need we are a good way behind it.

The second point in the Marxian thesis was that as finance grew there would be a tremendous increase of invested capital in one form or another. This would draw interest; and, particularly if wealth were concentrated, the income would not be spent, but would be compounded. Every few years or so the compounding of interest and the attempt to force it into production for which there was no effective demand would mean that business would slow down; there would be a panic; a lot of our investments would be wiped out, and we should start over again. This, of course, is the history of the American business cycle, which contemplates a panic every decade or so. These, Marx thought, would become increasingly severe, until finally the readjustments involved in the recurrent panics or depressions would put an intolerable strain on government and the social order. Then, according to Marx, the whole structure would topple over. This is a very simplified version of what Marx called "the theory of crises."

At this point Marx leaves off being an economist and starts to be a politician and a philosopher. The quicker the structure toppled over, the happier he would be; and to make perfectly sure of it, he spent a fair proportion of the rest of his time arguing for a class war and providing a kit of propaganda to be used by the under dog in that war. As propaganda goes, it was a pretty good job, because a century later it is still being used. From the point of view of America in the year of grace 1934, of course, it seems a trifle foolish. In Europe the ruling classes claimed their rulership by some kind of direct fiat. The tradition was that of the feudal system, in which the ruling group claimed their position of superiority by direct grant from the Lord Almighty—that is, by divine right; or later, by direct connection with the king; and it was either treason or irreligious heresy to suggest anything else. If you were going to make any change in the scheme of things, the only way it could be done was by getting up a revolution; denying that the Lord Almighty had anything to do with it, or perhaps denying that he existed at all; insisting that the king or the state was merely a convenient fiction to cloak the predatory activities of a few individuals; and so on. And there was enough in European history to give color to that, so that the class war, in Europe, had something of a basis.

America, of course, presents an exactly opposite picture. We split off from the theory of divine right either of kings or classes some three centuries ago—that is, about the time the country was settled. Our so-called "ruling class" in this country is so fluid as to be beyond the possibility of identification. The old rule, three generations from shirt-sleeve to shirt-sleeve, is still working. An old friend of mine in New York recalls when William K. Vanderbilt worked as hired man for her father; and I have myself endeavored to find jobs for grandchildren of contemporaneous fortunes. In the past ten years, a very great number of people have come in, come down and gone out; while the ruling classes, so-called, are still an extremely limited group, they are anything but an exclusive group. To try to impose on that situation the idea of a European class war, is merely absurd. The American radical is quite as much a slave to phrases as is the bluest of Tories. He is attached to the idea of a class war sentimentally, in just about the same way that the California real-estate man is attached to the idea that California has the only livable climate of the world. That is the reason, I think, why the idea of a class war has never made any progress to speak of in the United States, and probably never will.

But dismissing the revolutionary-radical phase from the picture does not take care of our economics; and that argument has to be met coldly and scientifically, and without prejudice.

II

It has been plain to every careful student of affairs since 1932 that at some point in the development of things we should have to meet and face some very real issues. I do not count the difficulties of 1933 in this category. The bank holiday, when the currency and credit system broke down, was in the true sense an emergency, rather than a crisis. It was a bad jam, and a dangerous one; but it could be pulled out by the use of a series of financial and other devices which would put the running gear of the national economy once more in shape to move. The difficulties which led to that emergency (without taking into account, among other things, the wholesale dishonesty and chicanery which had unfortunately become rampant) were still with us. We had, in a word, found the time during which the forces could be appraised, and some serious thinking could be done. We could also begin the long and difficult business of forging a set of administrative and governmental tools which ultimately might prove useful in dealing with the major questions. But the direction of a national economy is a job which is not done over-night under the stress of a bank holiday; it can only be done in a fair, free, and (if possible) calm and non-political national debate.

Business emerged from the bank holiday somewhat better than it had been in the few months previous to it;

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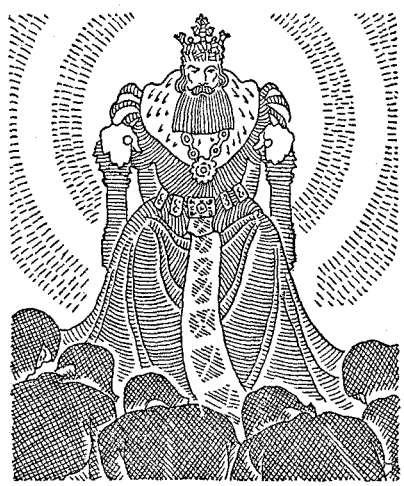
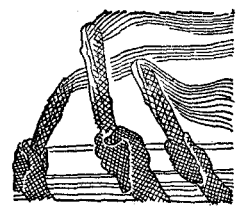


and it has on the whole held some part of that gain. It has been worried ever since, just as it was worried before. It is worth while to examine for a moment the various assigned causes of the worry.

A very wide contact with a very great many business men has given me the privilege of perhaps a fair cross-section of their sentiment. In too few cases was the thinking fundamental, because business men are dealing primarily with the affairs of the day, and do not pretend to be philosophers. Then there is always the search, both in business and, for that matter, everywhere else, for some immediate cause to which you can pin the immediate troubles of the day. So, there was fear that the world would come to an end because of an embargo on gold shipments; yet the embargo on gold shipments produced little if any effect, except to strengthen the banking system. There was fear that the passage of the Securities Act would close the capital markets; and yet pretty much every one knew that there were likely to be few if any capital issues of any importance for a good while to come. In fact, revision of the Securities Act so that a number of leading counsel in New York have advised their clients that flotation under it is perfectly practical, has produced little effect. There was fear that bank-deposit insurance would lead to an unsound structure. In practice it seems to have brought a great area of banks within some kind of approximately uniform control, to the general advantage of every one. There was fear that the wage policies of the NRA would bankrupt a great group of business men; and yet (rightly or wrongly) the fact seems to be that the really strong and reputable business units could handle the situation quite well, and that the marginal units probably suffered most. Later there was fear of the stock-regulation act, now the National Securities Exchange Act, the theory apparently being that it is necessary to run a tremendous gambling hell in order to run the country—a theory which has absolutely no scientific justification whatever, though a boiling stock market may contribute something to a national psychology. Finally, as individual bogies disappeared, there was a general fear that the profit system somehow or other was in danger; and in that final reduction the argument now stands.



Of course there has been nothing in the government program thus far which even remotely tends to deny the profit system. I am not at the moment undertaking to discuss whether this is right or wrong, but merely to note the fact. And yet, curiously, we have more precedent for upsetting the profit system in this country than for almost any single thing. Our local systems of taxation are almost invariably based on land; and in this, the premier industry of the United States (for real estate, building, and housing are very nearly that) municipalities and states for a century have felt themselves perfectly free to levy taxes which made profits impossible or which were levies on capital. No one ever accused the governments of the city of Chicago, or New York, or Philadelphia, of trying to upset the profit system because their announced policy was to collect their taxes from land, quite irrespective of whether the result left the landowner a margin of profit or not. The federal government has probably gone farther than any government in the world to protect a profit economy, largely by making credit available either to the individuals who had none or to institutions, so that the credit could be pumped out; and by providing mechanisms so that a tide of debt would not engulf the individual business man. Such experiments as have been made in price control were made with a view to preserving rather than preventing a profit; their gradual abandonment has been due, not to the fact that they permitted a profit, but that they did not achieve the result. The fact of the matter would seem to be that there was anything but hostility to the profit motive; and the real line of criticism is more that in various cases the government has gone too far in endeavoring to keep people in the business game than perhaps was economically justified.

What has happened—and this comes very close to the heart of the whole situation—has been the endeavor of the government to see that the little people were taken care of and that under cover of this care there should be an increase in effective demand. This means, in plain English, that people who need goods should also have, so far as possible, some ability to buy those goods and pay for them. In other words, the attempt has been to provide a market; the hope has been that, with a market provided, business would be able to move ahead. If this involved establishing something like a minimum wage, or endeavoring to make sure that for a purchaser with money there was not immediately substituted a machine process which tended to cause a larger part of the gross intake to filter into interest charges than into wages, the government must plead guilty, for it certainly endeavored to do exactly that. But the object, among other things, was to endeavor to provide a profitable market; and in reaching those policies, the government was in general agreement with the leading business thought of the country.

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III

And now we come to the real dilemma. All economics, as all government, is varied by certain considerations of common humanity which no man ignores privately and no government can ignore publicly. We have, approximately, ten million people out of work, some four million people having returned to work during the past year and a half. To these are added a generation of youngsters now coming of age. If we were robots instead of men, and if government were run in a laboratory instead of a human world, you might say that the thing to do was to kill off or massacre or starve these ten million people, and the youngsters coming of age, as rapidly as you could, and get the problem off your hands. Surprisingly enough, I have even heard that advocated by one or two people who ought to know better. Of course, no government not composed of savages could tolerate the idea for a moment. If it did, Marx's idea of a class war would be justified up to the hilt. During the time when these ten million workers, or more accurately the seven million of them who are normally employed (there are always three million who, for one reason or another, never find their place in the system), are out of work, the government simply has to meet the situation with a relief program.

What is more significant, these seven million people and their families, together with perhaps seven million more people who are living at the subsistence line, constitute the great prize for American business. They are the people who, if made effective as consumers and purchasing agents, would provide the greatest market in the world for American products. A business man is of necessity looking for customers; and if he can see in this group not a difficulty to be disposed of, but a potential market which he can serve, he then captures the real vision of the line on which national development has to proceed. If there were another California to settle, or if we could, let us say, attempt the conquest of Africa, he might leave this problem and solve the difficulty by searching for dreams of empire and imperial markets. As we happen not to be imperialistic, and as our own country is already fairly well settled, we have to look at our own business sanely, carefully, and consider what we can do with the men and materials at hand. The combination of the necessity that human beings in need be taken care of, with the business ideal that they shall be made once more productive elements in civilization and, among other things, effective consumers, presents in double aspect the problem we really have to face, if the present scheme of things is to go forward.

As usual with economic problems, this country (which is no different in that respect from most other countries) has declined to face it until it crops up in some form which cannot be dodged. That form is already before us. It is the problem of taxation and government credit.

We start with the assumption that some ten million people and their families have to be cared for in one way or another. This means, in substance, that they have to be provided with food and shelter and clothes; and with other goods sufficient to allow them to maintain life upon something like reasonable standards. Within the line of the accepted system, the only method so far known has been for the government to provide the money through taxes or borrowings; and either distribute the money directly, or use it to buy goods and distribute them. But you can borrow only for a limited length of time. Ultimately it must come down to taxation—if not this year, then next; and the more careful a government is of its credit, the sooner it will come to taxation. At this point business once more has to take a position.

It can either settle down to the necessity of paying taxes—they are likely to be heavy—or to some kind of change in the social order of things. And this is a grim choice which simply has to be made. Whatever fears it can indulge, based on this, that or the other bogey of the moment, it cannot decline to meet the relief and tax issue squarely.

An interesting by-play in this, perhaps the major issue, has been fought out in the city of New York. I do not think New York City is typical, chiefly because it is strongly governed by an unusually able and courageous man, Fiorello LaGuardia, who takes the measures he thinks necessary regardless of political effect, and by sheer force of argument and logic endeavors to make the political situation follow the necessities, rather than trying to conceal necessities in terms of political formulas. Meeting precisely this issue—and on the eve of an election, at that—he stood squarely for taxation; declined to endanger the credit of his city further; and invited suggestions as to how it could be done. Plainly, the only reservoir of taxation from which anything like the revenue desired could be raised came either from the incomes of the very little people or from the business operations of the relatively larger groups. He had to choose between the two. Since the desire of every business man is to increase his business, to take away some fifty millions from the income of the less favored consuming classes would simply be to limit business. To take it directly from the relatively large business groups, while perhaps a hardship, would affect the city economy far less adversely; and there is still something to be said for the proposition that taxes ought to be paid by people who can pay them rather than by people who cannot. The responsible business groups were unhappy about the move; but they considered it, and presently, faced with the grim logic of the situation, a considerable group of them acquiesced. Some at least could see that as

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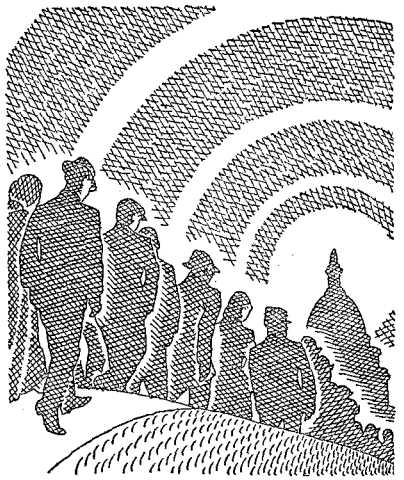
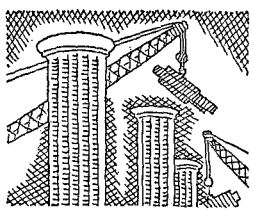
between losing a customer and losing part of the profits it was better to do the latter; and that as between having a stable city finance and a bankrupt city government, the former was the obvious necessity. But there was enough political repercussion to scare off a less resolute man than a LaGuardia; and LaGuardias in local governments are few and far between. I could not help thinking, as I saw men who ought to have known better insisting that the city should borrow (which it had no business to do) or diminish its customers' market (which would have been disastrous for business itself), that here were the real agitators for a new social order. If I were a revolutionary (as I am not) I would trade a whole boat-load of Communists for a few groups who apparently were thus unwilling to meet realities.



For, bluntly, in national government there is always an alternative. This is the alternative of inflation by fiat money. It is always momentarily the easiest way out. Faced with the necessity to do something on the one side and with a refusal of the business groups to meet the issue on the other, the course of a politically weak government is almost invariably to steer gently but firmly toward paper money. Of course nothing is accomplished by this. After a relatively brief course, the cycle comes to its climax and the same problem emerges, considerably magnified at the end of the road. The cycle is always the same. An attempt is first made to strain the national credit beyond the estimate placed on it by its own people. Then borrowing becomes impossible; then one device after another is invoked to create paper money; finally, as costs rise more rapidly than the printing-presses can work, you are back to earth with a thump, with the same need, and the same problem. Granted that a government is reasonably honest and reasonably effective, a business man has infinitely more to fear if he is not taxed than if he is. He has infinitely less to lose, in the long run, under strict taxation.



Were this all, the tale could be swiftly told. Unfortunately, it is not. Taxation, when it gets beyond a certain point of necessity tends to act as a limiting factor both in production and in distribution of goods. Perhaps some day a highly scientific program will be worked out, so that taxation does not have this effect; but it has yet to be evolved. A sales tax, for example, yields revenue, but it increases prices and it tends to diminish the ability of any buyer to buy as much goods as he did before. Yet business is looking for customers! An income tax has far less of this effect; for the larger the income, the less likely its owner is to spend it. He is more likely to be re-investing a part of it and compounding his fortune. But there are limits both to the number of large incomes and to the amount which can be collected from that source. Further, unless there is a very hearty co-operation on the part of the propertied classes, evasion will be practised; and the cry is once more raised, "Business is afraid; the incentive to do business is being taken away." Of course the cry is not true, or more accurately, the incentive to do business is far more likely to be taken away if the tax is not imposed than if it is; but in terms of that mysterious magic called "confidence" the effect may be to slow up the machinery exactly when you would like to accelerate it. With taxation there is always the possibility of economy; but economy in terms of cutting down the salaries of employees and of not employing men likewise tends to limit the purchasing power or effective demand of the community.

This is why the classic formula—first economize, then tax, so that your bills are paid, and thus keep your credit in good standing—is by no means so simple today as it was when Alexander Hamilton used the formula in 1790. It was this situation, and precisely this, that Marx seems to have foreseen a century ago. What if the limits of the classic formula of national economy and national finance were one day reached? What if no form of taxation could be devised which would not limit effective demand, and accordingly production, rather than increase it? What if the political machinery was such that men declined to make the sacrifices necessary to maintain this formula? What if the groups who most needed assistance could not or would not diminish their standard of living any further within the frame of things as they were? What if the propertied groups either would not or could not pay the necessary taxes? What if, in a word, the classic formula which calls for economy, a balanced budget, severe taxation, and sound credit, no longer produced the result which the population demands?

IV

Now here, it seems to me, is where American business can make a contribution which will be at once distinctive and constructive. It is, as it seems to me, the common ground toward which government and business, peculiarly in America, and generally speaking throughout the world, must necessarily move.

The frame of government and governmental finance is, as we have seen, limited. Its credit will go about so far. There is not a rigid limit. In times of war a wave

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of patriotism will permit expansion of the national credit not usually possible in peace time; but even under the stress of a tremendous war psychology, there is a limit and it can be reached. Taxation is limited; if it goes beyond a certain point it tends to defeat itself. But through all this, productive capacity is, if not unlimited, at least so far in excess of the immediate demands on it that it is perfectly capable of coping with the issue. This is not to say that we have a productivity in excess of what we would need to produce a comfortable standard of living for every one. The more recent surveys on that point seem to indicate that if we assume a reasonable standard of living our productive capacity falls somewhat short. It is not necessary to settle the point here. The group of students who claim that there is no surplus of productivity over need, and the group who insist that there is more surplus productivity than there is facility for distributing the product, really do not clash. For it is undeniable that there is a tremendous reservoir of productivity immediately at hand which has not yet been tapped; and until it is fairly at work perhaps the argument as to whether we could use still more may be postponed. The known factor in the situation is that we need goods and services; that we have the materials, the men, and the plant to produce them; that we are not using this margin of production; and that the difficulty is with distribution. That gap has to be filled with some form of additional social organization. In other words, if we did not have to think within the frame of finance, but could think in terms of merely meeting the situation with goods, we should be on the road to a solution.

Let us see how this might look.

Suppose the needs of the people now drawing relief from various agencies were accurately estimated. Suppose they were estimated not in terms of cash, but in terms of goods; there would be needed, first, food, then shelter, then clothes, then accessories. Suppose in place of taxes in terms of money, the productive agencies of the country were asked to pay taxes in terms of goods. Instead of taking money away from a plant and then using it to buy its goods, you could simply have a call on a certain amount of its product if needed. You would find that some part of the problem at least had disappeared. This is, of course, merely an appeal to the oldest form of taxation known in the United States—the payment of taxes in kind. In the village in which I was brought up, men were quite accustomed to pay a part of their dues to the town by working on the roads; and in older times they used to pay these taxes with part of their crops. In the west that system is not unknown even today. It was recognized that there was a very real hardship in asking a man to produce something and find a customer, and go to all the expense of selling, and then take a credit risk, and then collect his money, and then pay out against a tax bill. He not only had to produce—which he generally could do, but he also had to find a market—which might or might not be there. In terms of the factory of today, it would mean that the so-called selling expense (an unconscionably large part of most business men's budget) was eliminated. Based on his direct costs, he could run his plant a few days more in a year and get the result with infinitely less difficulty and infinitely less cash outlay, and for that matter, infinitely less interference with his profits, than if he is told either that he must divide the profit on the goods he can sell, or must by increased pressure try to produce and sell an additional quantity of goods. He may not do the latter, and the result is more likely to be that his profits will be cut into; whereas he can produce to any given quantity. Roughly speaking, a 10-per-cent or 15-per-cent added use of the productivity of the country would permit handling the situation we have now without strain on the national credit and without undue recourse to taxation. Not that taxation in terms of cash would ever be avoided by this means; merely, it could be kept within bounds, so that it would not seriously upset the national economy.

It is obvious that this kind of suggestion can at once be attacked as an interference with the "profit system." Of course any taxation in any form is more or less open to the same attack; but business men are always unhappy when it is suggested that they produce and deliver goods which do not pass through the normal wholesale and retail marketing arrangements. I do not think that this is wholly reasonable. It seems to me that this is more an attachment to a habit than close thinking; but let us examine it for what it is.

So far as the profit system goes, there can be no profit at the expense of a relief line. This is not always apparent at first, but it becomes so very rapidly. There are, for example, textile plants which believe that they have made money in the year 1934 on orders from the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. An honest taxation program for the year 1935 would show that the bill for relief will be far greater than the profit on the relief administration's purchases. It is possible, of course, that a really hard-boiled business man might argue that he, through lobbying activities in Washington or by some other process, could pass that tax on to some one else, so that he escaped while other men paid the check; but while this would work in the short run, in the long pull he would lose customers. A profit at the expense of the community, in a time like this, does not last very long, no matter what you do about it. Too many other people are engaged in exactly the same process; and if any considerable part of them are successful, the profit cancels itself out, either against a tax bill, or against lost business.

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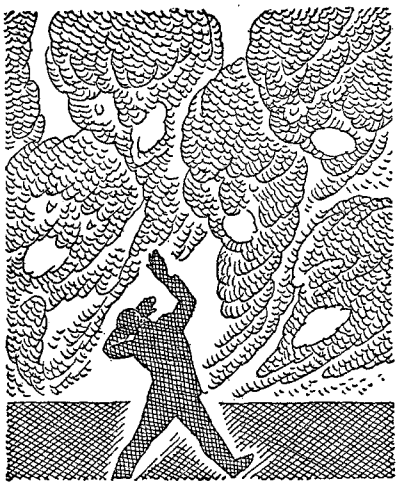
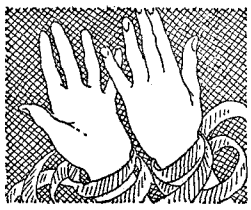


The other fear is more legitimate. The business man is always (and properly) afraid that he will meet competition in his regular market from goods which were either manufactured (relatively) without cost by unemployed workmen, or taken, without apparent cost to the government, through some process of taxing in kind. That is why if any tax in kind is ever considered it would have to be optional with the business man to pay in cash if he chooses. If on the whole he can do better by paying his tax in cash (he would find, I believe, that over any period of time he could not), he should certainly have every opportunity and encouragement to do so, and God bless him.

The job of distribution of goods on any such basis as this is peculiarly a business man's job. If there is anything in the world which American business does know how to do, it is to produce effectively, and to transport. A business group knows more about that operation than any government in the world; and it ought to be able to command this, the most necessary of all talents, to deal with the situation as we have it presented today. It is business in terms of government, doing what has to be done for the common good, and if properly administered, to the mutual advantage of every one. The difficulties indeed in any such plan are very largely difficulties of organization. Governments have never been surprisingly good at organization; they always go through phases like that which both we and Great Britain went through during the war. You recollect that both in Washington and in London the organization reached a terrible phase of red tape and difficulty, which finally cleared up as the job was learned and as practical people were drawn in to see that the practical necessities were handled by well-understood methods. We might, just for once in the history of the world, realize that that phase existed, and get our practical men at work first, instead of later, saving an infinite amount of grief in the process. Curiously enough, the outlines of an organization which probably could do a job of this kind to the queen's taste already exist in the code authorities of the NRA. They may not be brilliant at fixing prices; they have their troubles with chisellers; some of them are not too disinterested in dealing with their weaker brethren. But at the practical and necessary art of seeing that a given amount of goods is produced and is put where it ought to go at the time when it ought to be there, probably no better group could be assembled in the United States.

In like manner, this would solve another difficulty which is collateral to the main problem we have been discussing. There is a very real danger that localities will be submerged in an avalanche of Washington regulations. We have not yet learned the art of doing things with extreme simplicity and extreme certainty; and of reducing governmental processes to law accompanied by common sense, rather than involving them in bureaucratic messes. The answer of course is to throw the problem of local organization as far back toward the individual town or county or city as possible.

If, for instance, a town in the factory district in New England, or the silk district in Pennsylvania, or the coal district in West Virginia, had access to a pool of supplies from which it could—if necessary—construct relief housing, and draw food and clothing, we could say in substance, "Develop your own methods and your own standards. We hope that your technic will be good; and that your standards will be splendid. We recognize, however, that each community tackles its problems in its own way and perhaps the more individual ways, the better for the country. Give us your estimates. Let us see what we can do toward filling them; and if the community really wants relief in terms of a Hooverville, then a Hooverville it shall be, until you can educate your people that that is no way of handling a relief problem. If, on the other hand, you have organization and imagination and can see that your relief communities are intelligently taken care of and that human living and human life are really preserved, all the better." Knoxville, Tenn., will not want to do the same thing as Pittsfield, Mass. But both Knoxville and Pittsfield know their own people and what they want a great deal better than any one in Washington ever can or will. In terms of total production and finance, Knoxville and Pittsfield, like New York, Chicago, and pretty much every other town, are only parts in a heaving national sea. That is the result of the industrial system and of integrated production, and there is now no escape. But in terms of life and what business ought to do, and how they take care of themselves, Knoxville is still Knoxville; New York is still New York; and no one in his right mind wants particularly to impose a uniform arrangement on both. In that respect the objective must be in assisting communities to find themselves rather than to lose themselves.



V

The only other possibility lies in a totally different handling of the credit methods heretofore used in connection with capital expenditures.

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There is general agreement that the lack of employment just now is due in large measure to lack of activity in terms of capital goods. People are no longer constructing railroads, or steam plants, or high tension power lines, or the like. Part of this is due to difficulty in financing, but a still larger part is due to the fact that there is no present profitable market for the output of such plants when constructed. A good deal has been said to support the theory that mere obsolescence, if repaired, would supply a very large capital market indeed; but this takes for granted the assumption that the plant, when renovated and when repaired, would find outlet for its products. In fact, American business activity has had two justifications. One of them is the supply of the daily consumptive needs of the country. The other has been the development of a very large country and a very large industrial plant, with almost unheard-of speed. Since the pace of that development must now slow down materially, there are great lines of activity which will run for some years at least at a reduced pace, unless they can be turned to relatively non-profit enterprises such as public works. New York City alone, for instance, could use probably two hundred millions' worth of such public works without getting beyond the visible demands made upon it. The same is true of almost every large city in the country. The difficulty lies in the fact that a city which might undertake this kind of development cannot finance it; and even if it could, a really careful city or state government will consider whether the mounting tide of interest and maintenance charges will not lay up future difficulties. We may face the fact squarely: there is ample use for capital goods, again against need; but it is not the kind of use which makes possible payment of interest charges.

At this point the average financier becomes uneasy. The fiat-money people have a simple answer for this. If you start a printing-press, you have the money and you have no interest to pay. The trouble with this suggestion is that you do not really have the money. You only think you have; a little later it develops that the money is not worth anything, and the illusion is over.

Yet is the illusion quite as phantasmagoric? When a commercial transaction takes place, and a merchant goes to a bank for a loan, the bank literally "makes" the money with which the loan is made. Specifically, it sets up a credit on its books. It has not the money in its till. That is why bank deposits increase when borrowings are heaviest; the increase is in the amount of credit set up by the bank against the merchant's note. This form of bank credit, as every student of monetary theory knows, has substantially the same effect in the United States that money has in countries which work wholly on a currency basis. To make the analogy still more complete, certain of these notes can be taken around to the Federal Reserve bank and "rediscounted," which means among other things that the Federal Reserve bank may literally print, create, and distribute federal-reserve notes, which circulate to all intents and purposes as though they were legal tender, thereby literally increasing, temporarily, the supply of money. Or, in the alternative, it may in its turn set up a credit on its books to the account of the rediscounting bank, which may use checks on the Federal Reserve bank.

But in financing of capital goods no similar machinery exists. You do not, ordinarily, borrow at the bank to construct a plant. To some extent this has been done in times past; and the effect has been precisely to generate the bank credit or "money" which makes the operation go. The inducement to the bank to go through this operation is the right to collect interest upon the loan when made—that is to say, upon the credit set up.

Were it possible to have a rediscount bank in public hands which had a similar privilege for capital finance, another approach to the problem we have been discussing might be worked out. The bank, or system of banks, would have to have the same privilege granted to commercial banks, of creating credit; and would have to have a rediscount privilege through some central system analogous to the Federal Reserve system. They would, however, have to be in shape to collect no interest, or only a nominal interest charge; which means, in substance, that they would have to be run on a basis of no profit. And their credit-creating facilities could be used *only* for capital financing whose immediate and only effect was to create activity. A bank which could rediscount indefinitely against mere capital values would soon be issuing currency much like the *assignats* during the French Revolution, which were theoretically secured by land, and which became worthless. But a bank which created credit only for the purpose of new construction or the like, could within limits create credit against promise to repay, just as the commercial bank does. The tempo and rhythm of this repayment would be far longer than the usual thirty, sixty or ninety day commercial paper which serves as the real foundation for the great bulk of our currency now.

Could this be worked out without danger to the existing credit-and-currency system? I think it could, though it involves acceptance of ideas novel at least in American finance. It would involve, for example, the idea of a bank run not for profit; and of a public institution wholly divorced from politics. It would involve the working out of terms upon which a loan could be amortized, the amortization charge taking, in substance, the place of the interest charge and reducing the credit outstanding. It would involve cooperation between any such system of banks and the Federal Reserve bank, so that if ever the volume of credit created by any such system threatened unduly to expand the credit

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or currency machinery, there would be immediate action by both institutions to hold the process in check. There is possibility of inflation; but it is not fiat money inflation. For that matter, there is a possibility of inflation now; and we had it from 1926 to 1929. It is, in fact, credit inflation with which the banking and economic fraternity are perfectly well acquainted in the field of mercantile and short term transactions, but which has never been developed in terms of capital activity or public works. The precise difference between inflation of credit and fiat money inflation lay in the double check. In terms of credit, the result of the credit creation can be insisted on as a condition of creating credit; and the process of repayment may be invoked to contract the credit once it is outstanding.

Fiat money, once out, is beyond control. While the fiat credit we are now familiar with can likewise reach an uncontrollable point, the technic of keeping it within bounds is tolerably well understood. We are far abler to take care of an unwieldy reserve of bank credit than we are of an unwieldy reserve of currency; and it is perhaps easier to evolve this additional margin of social organization, which today appears to be necessary, in terms of credit than in terms of currency.

What is usually called "inflation" is not a simple process. It is not even a uniform process. Doctor Alexander Sachs has pointed out that while inflation in a country which is undergoing rapid development and which has a great demand for capital goods (for instance, France after the war, when they were rebuilding the devastated area) produces a veritable whirlwind of rising prices, increased debt and ultimate collapse, the same process in a stagnating country merely debases the currency and increases prices, but it produces no activity whatever. When the activity is the thing most desired, a process by which credit could be pumped toward and only toward the activity, would be exceedingly useful, provided (and this of course is the great caveat), the system equally provided for withdrawal or contraction of that credit when the activity has got under way.

Once more the reversion must be to business men. The real barrier against inflation under the present banking system, and every banking system we have ever had, has lain in the self-control of bankers. We have buttressed this by motives of one sort and another; and by a banking tradition which is still none too well developed; but that human and business equation has been the means by which our currency-credit system has worked itself out. If we now attempt to work out capital credit, we must again have recourse to the good sense of business men in determining the real line of expansion and contraction.

VI

This essay has merely endeavored to outline in the briefest possible manner a major problem in American economics. It may be that a more orthodox solution will be found possible. As yet none has been presented; and the actualities are real enough. But when one speaks of orthodox economic solutions, I am reminded of the argument made in the Massachusetts Legislature by the attorney for the canal company which ran between Boston and Lowell, in opposition to the granting of a charter to a railroad company to make the same run. Such charters, he argued, were not orthodox. The railroad expected to be able to run at thirty miles an hour; and God had plainly determined that human beings were not intended to hurtle through space in any such irreligious and irreverent way as that. Whether economic expedients are orthodox or not depends very largely on whether they can be manipulated into serviceable use, and whether, in using them, the discipline and self-control of the country are adequate to the responsibilities which they impose. This is a very large requirement. It depends chiefly on the ability of business men in finance and industry to think a situation through, accept necessary conclusions, and coordinate their own activities with the results which a present-day government must necessarily achieve if the social order is to survive at all.

THUNDERING HOOFS

By Louisa Boyd Graham

THIS is the road—down this road he is riding
Straight to my hem, under the brassy skies.
How I have stared along the white dust, hiding
My trembling mouth and chastening my eyes!

This then is he, in strange symbolic vesture,
Whose quest is a pale fire on his way.
Frail fingers, gather strength to meet his gesture,
Salute the pennon of the perilous day.

How far those shores seem where cool stars are steering
Above untroubled thresholds, quiet roofs;
How far from me, who poise in tumult hearing
Only the thunder of approaching hoofs.

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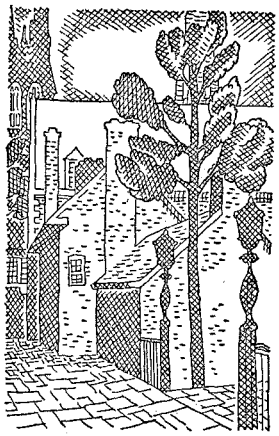
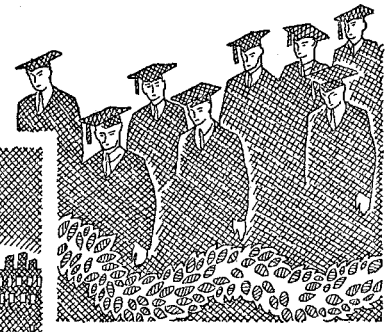
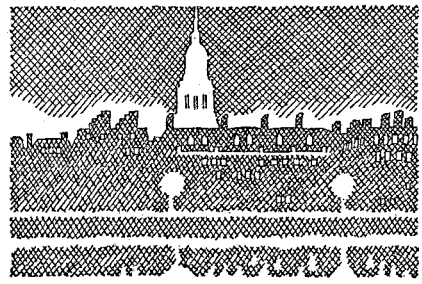


Schools Can Learn to Educate

By John R. Tunis

The second of two articles on the forthcoming report sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation on the relationship of secondary and higher education. In the first article Mr. Tunis showed how the credit system worked. Here he shows how the Cumulative Record Card aids in the problem of high-school guidance





TWENTY years ago we never asked the question; or indeed had we asked it, we would never have doubted the answer. Even ten years ago, even during the period up to the crash, the question was seldom faced. Altogether too seldom for the good of all concerned. Should my boy go to college? Why, naturally. Of course.

"We are saving for our son's education." How noble that sounds, especially coming from a man or woman who has few if any advantages. And how often one hears that in this country. What could be finer than the unselfish desire of parents to give to their children opportunities they themselves did not have?

Formerly it was possible, even easy, in many middle-class homes to send a boy or girl through four years of college. Times have changed. The middle class which here as in no other nation sent its children by the thousands to higher institutions of learning (last year there were over a million undergraduates alone in American universities and colleges) is today forced to do away with non-essentials, and one of the first things to be thrown overboard is the four years of college formerly regarded so necessary for its offspring. Maybe it is a good thing. Every one has seen first-class human material ruined by four years in college. A lad repairs the contact of the electric bell at home and instantly his parents pick him out as an electrical engineer. He later goes to college and a first-class garage mechanic is ruined. Endless sacrifices are made that good tradesmen may be unfitted for their natural occupation. But there has been no final, trustworthy answer to the question, Should my boy go to college?

Progress toward the real answer is being furnished by the Pennsylvania Study, an organization sponsored by the State Department of Public Instruction, the Pennsylvania Association of College Presidents, and the Carnegie Foundation, who supplied funds for the work and assigned Doctor William S. Learned of its staff to direct it. The Study has lasted over a period of six years, has gone into the whole problem of the relation between secondary and higher education, its defects and remedies. Interesting is the evidence it suggests as a partial answer to the question which annually troubles so many boys and girls in high school, their parents, and college examining boards.

Its intention was in no way to separate the sheep from the goats or the clever from the unintelligent, but to find out if possible some way of recognizing those who would really benefit from four years of instruction in a higher institution of learning, who would extract lasting profit from such experience. Other important considerations were also involved: What constitutes the best basic preparation for college work and for life? How may pupils best pass from school to college? In this article however we are primarily interested in their attempt to answer the main question, Which boy and which girl should go to college?

II

Years ago, and not so many years ago, either, the concept of education in this country was an exposure of every one to the same educational procedure, the grinding of every one through the same educational mill. The work of the Study is part of an attempt to devise and apply a practical process whereby mass education may be transformed into particular education. It proceeds from the belief that a really democratic education would provide opportunity for each child to develop according to his special qualifications, instead of trying to fit them all to the same mold, no matter what their tastes, inclination, or abilities.

In the past, college admission boards—that is, the authorities in charge of the admission of candidates

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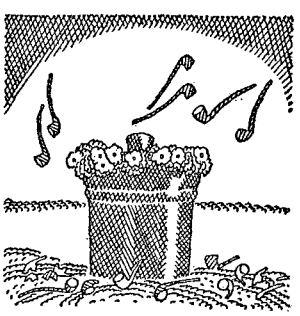
for a degree in various colleges—have relied upon two things to determine the fitness of applicants for an education. In deciding whether to admit or reject a boy or girl, they have depended chiefly on high school grades, reports and statistics; in fact, 90 per cent of all admissions to American colleges have been by certificate based on school records. In a small proportion of the cases a second method, that of examination, has been used. Now one of the first things done by the Pennsylvania Study was to test the efficiency and soundness of high school marks and reports in this connection. Tests given by the Study show the inadequacy of school grades for college admission purposes.

This is due to variability in standards of graded pupils in different high schools throughout the State. One such institution of high scholastic standards might have few honor pupils, yet its low-grade pupils would rank above the honor pupils of other schools nearby whose requirements were less severe. Thus in four schools tested by the Study in English, School No. 1 had only a single pupil out of 200 who received an A grade. On the other hand those obtaining B and C grades, 144 in all, averaged higher scores in the test than pupils receiving A grades in the three other schools tested. Put in another way, an A grade in Schools 2, 3, and 4, was worth less than a C grade in the best school. In one case the average of all C pupils was above that of all A pupils *in the same school*. This was due to the fact that after sectioning the class on the basis of tested ability, the principal had entrusted the clever sections to a young and vigorous teacher who rarely gave A's, and the other section to a sympathetic veteran who always "marked on effort," and therefore seldom gave anything but high marks.



Now, since admission to college by certificate is so general, high school grades assume a great importance. Upon them the college authorities depend largely in forming their opinions as to the suitability of a candidate for further instruction. Yet with such variability as this, it will be seen that high school marks are often of little value. In order to avoid this dependence on grades, a new type of measurement was resorted to and a record was introduced that would enable the school and college authorities to have at hand the comprehensive story of a pupil's intellectual life over a period of several years, in terms which are independent of a teacher's opinion and are comparable on the same standard from school to school. For the purposes of recording the measurements over a period of years, the Cumulative Record Card devised by the American Council on Education was adapted for uses of the Study.

The tests given cannot be fully described here for lack of space; they are already familiar in many good schools. It is enough to say that they present the knowledge required in such a manner that a pupil's score is in approximate proportion to his mastery of the material, and he is compared, not with a small group, but with many hundreds of others of similar age and training. The tests are difficult to "cram" for, and, when properly given, they are a good measure of knowledge that is likely to stick. There is reason to believe that the cure for variable teachers' grades is not a record of them, however extensive, but the use of objective tests. Enough such tests spread over enough years and accurately recorded is the first proposal of the Study. Careful observation of the child's behavior year by year both in school and in non-school activities is the second.

In 1928, 12,000 high school students in the seventh grade of the public schools of Pittsburgh, Allentown, Johnstown, Altoona, Reading, Lancaster, and certain smaller districts were tested by those in charge of the Study. The largest school system co-operating was that of Pittsburgh, with a seventh-grade school population of 3903, while the smallest was that of Greenfield Township School at Claysburg with 28. These tests were repeated annually for six years and the results were recorded on these specially arranged cards "for the purpose of revealing objectively the nature and consistency of the pupil's educational progress." It is fairly obvious that scores of this nature secured over a period of years are likely to be more trustworthy than the variable marks given by an average high school teacher in an average high school.

In this feature of the cumulative record therefore—for the record contains much more information than this—those in charge of the Study hope to find clear indications for a solution of the problem so troublesome at the present moment, the problem of further educational facilities for the high school graduate. They point out two advantages of such a record. First, it enables the reader at a glance to appreciate the quality, amount, and consistency of a pupil's intellectual progress over a period of years before he actually applies for admission to college. Second, it discloses not merely the usual marks given by the teacher, but also year after year his scores on certain standardized objective tests given under the direction of the Study, scores which show exactly where he stands in comparison with thousands of other boys and girls of the same age or amount of training. Moreover, its application goes far outside the Study in the work of the Educational Records Bureau and other organizations.

With this cumulative record at their disposal, it is hoped that the college authorities, instead of being obliged as hitherto to rely wholly on high school grades which often mean nothing, or on single entrance exami-

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nations which reveal all too little of the pupil's true worth and nothing of his previous ability to benefit by various sorts of instruction, may now have in detail a significant record over a period of years. For in the cumulative record are data which will make it possible to form a balanced judgment on the pupil's extra-curricular experiences, his educational plans, his vocational preferences, his accomplishments outside school, what work he has done if any during summers, his health or lack of it, besides the detailed and graphic picture of his classroom work, his teacher's ratings, and his scores in these standardized tests given by the Study. From this information, the college authorities should be in a better position to form an accurate estimate as to whether or not he is capable of benefiting by four years of college, and if so whether in an institution of the older type or one with new "divisional" organization.

III

One of the most important disclosures of the periodical tests given to high school students was the number of minds capable of consistently brilliant scores in these comprehensive tests, minds which their institutions at the same time were willing to brand with failure or low ratings. In describing the cumulative record, it may be interesting to take such a case which was made up from a miscellaneous assortment of records found in the files of a large city high school before the beginning of the Pennsylvania Study. Every one knows boys and girls who are not benefited by college; but there is the other side of the picture—the applicant refused admission who would have been a first-rate student and would have done well in any higher institution of learning had the cumulative evidence of such a record been presented and accepted. Such a boy was John Morton Smith.

This boy's cumulative record card is shown herewith. The main feature is the gridiron near the top on which is recorded over a period of years the experimental achievement measures of the pupil in various school subjects. This cumulative record, giving for the first time accurate measure of the boy's work throughout his entire school history, is a new departure in gauging the capabilities of the pupil.

At the top, just above the gridiron, the years are indicated. Below them in order are the grade attended, his intelligence quotient each year as found by standardized tests, and next the boy's age. Directly thereunder is the gridiron, by no means as complicated as it appears.

To the left are certain scales which need not detain us in this brief explanation. A glance across the page shows by position the boy's scores in any subject, not merely in one year, but throughout his entire high school course. These lines represent his work in each subject over six years, the black dots stand for his scores in the new-type tests such as we have described above, while the white ones in 1927 represent his grade in the familiar old-type college entrance examination given at the end of his sixth and last year in high school.

Thus you can follow the pupil's progress all through school and see exactly how he fared each year. Notice the heavy line running across the page in the center of the gridiron near C. This shows the average achievement for persons of the same age or training, enables you to visualize instantly the pupil's standing in relation to hundreds of other boys of his class all over the country. You will also observe that his height, weight, and handwriting are measured in comparison with his contemporaries.

Below the gridiron are charted the boy's extra-curricular activities—most of them self-explanatory. You will see that although he early participated somewhat in athletics, these sports gradually disappear in favor of solitary hiking (H). In non-athletic activities he was on the debating team and interested in dramatics, but eventually became chiefly absorbed in what is set down as journalism (J). On inquiry this proved to be almost solely the reviewing of books for school and other papers. His interests are evidently in reading and in writing. Let us see what happened when he took his examinations for entrance to college as shown by the white circles in the column headed 1927. The chart shows that he was ranked in English among the lowest sixth. The principal of his school, a new man who accepted the verdict of the mathematics teacher, estimated the boy's intelligence as below average, and in a brief interview the college admissions officer could make nothing out of the shy, excitable lad. In other words, he did not, according to those best fitted to judge, come within that nebulous class called "college material." But this cumulative record, which was made up by interested persons after the boy failed to pass his college entrance examinations, was not available at that time. There one finds a vastly different story. The boy had ten intelligence tests between 1922 and 1927, in none of them, as you see by the chart, falling below the top six per cent. In all school subjects he was above average except in geometry, and in most of them far above. His handwriting was poor, explaining, perhaps, the low marks he had received in his entrance examinations; certainly they were badly written. Notice his extra-curricular activities. As charted, they show that he had read Shakespeare complete, that when twelve years of age he had brought to his English teacher unsolicited an essay on "Shakespeare in Politics." He had studied French voluntarily for two summers entirely on his own, had translated three short French comedies into English, and had written a book of 200 pages on geography in French literature.

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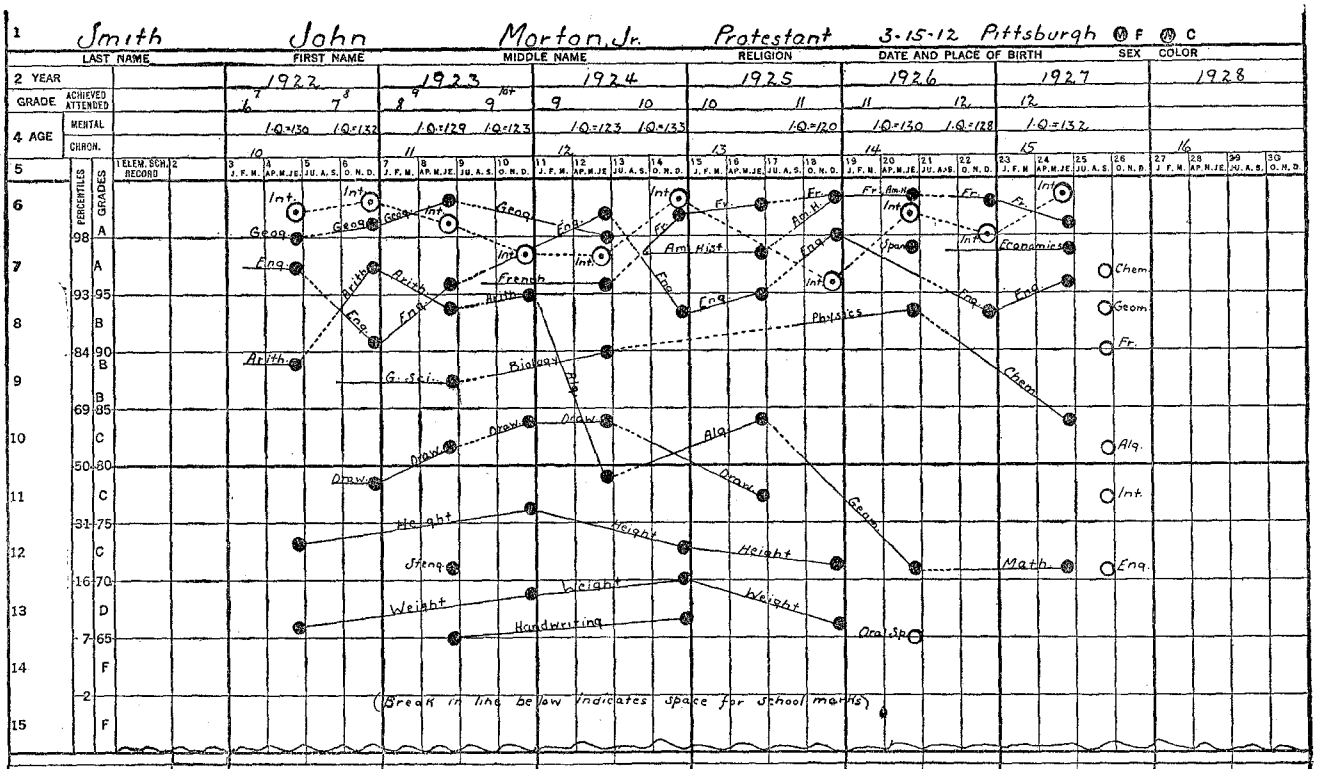
1 Smith John Morton, Jr. Protestant 3-15-12 Pittsburgh M F W C
LAST NAME FIRST NAME MIDDLE NAME RELIGION DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH SEX COLOR
2 YEAR 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928
GRADE ACHIEVED ATTENDED
4 AGE MENTAL CHRON.
IQ=130 IQ=132 IQ=129 IQ=123 IQ=123 IQ=133 IQ=120 IQ=130 IQ=128 IQ=132
5 TELEM. SCH. RECORD
PERCENTILES GRADES
6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
Int. Geog. Eng. Arith. Draw. Weight Handwriting French G. Sci. Biology Alg. Am. Hist. Fr. Physics Chem. Econ. Span. Geom. Math. Oral Sp.
(Break in line below indicates space for school marks)
29 YEAR 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928
30 AGE 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
31 NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES
1924: Read Shakespeare Complete Essay on Shakespeare in Outline
1925: Read Complete Alg. Getas, Molière, Racine in French
1926: Translated 3 French Comedies into English Learned Spanish
1927: Wrote book 200 pages on Geog. in French Literature
32 CLUBS, OFFICES
33 EXTRA CURRICULUM EXPERIENCES ATHLETIC: H. B | F. H. B | Ten. B. H | H | H
34 HOURS A WEEK
35 NON-ATHLETIC: Dr. | Dr. Deb. J | Dr. J | J | J
36 HOURS A WEEK
37 VOCATIONAL EXPERIENCES TYPE AND
38 DURATION
39 WEEKLY PAY
40 HOURS A WEEK
1922: Book Store Messenger, 3 mos., $3.00
1923: Book Store Clerk, 3 mos., $10 - $15
1924: Law Office Boy, 3 mos., $20.00
1925: Newspaper Office Boy, 3 mos., $20.00
1926: Newspaper Reporter, 3 mos., $25.00
45 EDUCATIONAL PLANS L. A. | L. A. | L. A. | L. A. | L. A.
46 EDUCATIONAL SUGGESTIONS L. A. | L. A. | L. A. | L. A. | L. A.
47 VOCATIONAL AND PROFESSIONAL PREFERENCES Writer | Writer | Law | Journalism | Writer
48 INTERESTS REPORTED Eng. Lit. | Eng. Lit. | Fr. Lit. | Hist. | Sp. Lit.
49 PHYSICAL DISABILITIES Astigm. C
50 HEALTH
51 MENTAL HEALTH Introvert
52 SOCIAL ADJUSTMENTS AND HOME CONDITIONS Very shy | Very shy | Avoids Company | Avoids Company
53 COMMUTING TIME HOURS A WEEK

KEY TO ABOVE:
- ◉ — standard achievement tests
- ○ — college entrance examinations
- ⊙ — intelligence or aptitude tests
- F. — football
- H. — hiking
- B. — baseball
- J. — journalism
- Dr. — dramatics
- Deb. — debating
- L. A. — liberal arts

The items listed below were not filled out on this particular card and were therefore omitted:

41 Support of Self and Dependents
42 Loans and Scholarships
43 Study Conditions and Hours of Study a Week
44 Summer Experience

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Taking into consideration the combined data on the card, it appears that the college admissions officer refused a pupil whose mind should have been classed with the best 5 per cent of college risks. Merely because he wrote badly in entrance examinations, because he was too shy to show to advantage in a three-minute interview with a total stranger, he was refused admission to college. The Study reports on this boy as follows: "Studied as a whole, this record gives indubitable indication of a mentality that may be close to genius. The separate items taken alone count for little but the sweep of evidence across even six years of this boy's life is unmistakable, and should place the subject among those whom education handles with utmost care. It is doubtless an extreme instance, but if a case so obvious as this can be so badly bungled in our administrative procedure, it seems likely that the average child must be a frequent sufferer."

IV

Other records show results fully as much at variance with reality as the foregoing.

Eddie Z., when eleven and one-half, made a perfect score in an Otis Intelligence Test. This is the equivalent of a mental age of nineteen and one-half. Likewise, on a long series of achievement tests, he had consistently given a performance well above the average of the group. Yet his school record as given by his teachers shows the picture of an unstable, erratic, and mediocre pupil. The discrepancy between these achievement test ratings and his high school grades was investigated, and it was found that he did poorly in high school examinations. His writing was poor, hard to read, and he was listed by his teachers as "immature, childish, and a general nuisance in class." Yet this boy on his own initiative had written, according to his English teacher, an additional chapter of Silas Marner which was quite in George Eliot's style. His algebra master admitted him to be good at solving problems when he would apply himself, and in Latin, although he was said to be careless and to lack concentration, he had stood high in a test of ninth-grade pupils. In all probability had he been left to the mercies of his teachers he would never have been recommended for admission to college and an injustice done to a really first-class mind. But his real abilities were discovered early in his high school course and there was time to give him adequate guidance and assistance.

The record card, if properly used, can not only prevent the wrong intelligence from going to college, but it can adapt that intelligence to a medium to which it is suited. A boy in a liberal arts high school made consistently good grades in his regular work. He was fine-looking, popular, a leader in all school activities. A battery of tests given by the Study including one in intelligence and English showed him in the lowest quarter in each and below average in arithmetic. He was found by the tests to have, however, unusual mechanical ability, was put in shop classes in a technical high school, where he did exceedingly well and was graduated with honors. He would never have been able to stay in college, but thanks to the early use of the record card he was placed in an environment in which his real abilities could develop.

Another boy failed consistently in the majority of his courses in high school over a period of years, but in tests given by the Study stood in the top 10 per cent among thousands of pupils of his own age and grade throughout the country. The results so obtained although recorded were placed in the files and never used. At the beginning of his senior high school the discrepancy was noticed and investigated. It appeared that this boy, who was sullen and inattentive in class, lived in an unpleasant home atmosphere. He did a great deal of outside reading but received no help or encouragement from his parents. The teacher obtained the co-operation of his parents, with better understanding built up the boy's morale, assisted him with his outside reading, and saw that he obtained credit for this work. The boy's marks rose rapidly, he maintained a high level during the rest of his course, and was admitted, on the basis of the evidence contained in the cumulative record, to a large Eastern college.

Cases like this simply imply that there are many other instances where college material is or has been sidetracked in the same way. It is plain that as a basis on which to make decisions regarding the wisdom of a pupil's spending four years in a higher institution of learning a charted analysis of this kind with accurate measures covering many years is superior to the guesswork methods which to date have been so largely in use.

Obviously the authorities of the Pennsylvania Study do not presume to suggest that in its present form this cumulative record is the last word in deciding which minds will benefit by a college experience. It will doubtless be much improved both in comprehensiveness and accuracy as the schools and colleges learn to use it. But that such records are a step in the right direction, that they are a vast improvement on older methods, is evident to any one who studies them and the work being done with them. For they have an individualizing quality hitherto lacking in making decisions of this kind, they reveal subtle individual differences and distinctions that up to the present have been hidden and unobtainable. A chart carefully filled and kept up to date from year to year as a boy passes through high school and reaches college age, would largely remedy the present lack of dependable information necessary to enable

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university authorities to accept or reject a pupil not only to his but to their best advantage.

V

One unfortunate effect of the American credit system in education—that system whereby one secures a certain number of points or credits for courses taken and passed—has been to exaggerate the importance of the school and underestimate that of the individual as the essential factor in learning. By giving credit only for work done in a classroom, the idea has been developed that one can learn nothing worth while—that is, worth credit—outside. The cumulative record as used by the Study, when taken in connection with such tests as have been applied, offers a good opportunity for inducing quite a different attitude. By this record is shown the pupil's achievements not only within, but without the school, in what subjects, if any, he has become interested on his own initiative, what he studied and followed and just how much of this knowledge so acquired has been absorbed.

Until recently any such work done on the initiative of the pupil went for naught insofar as the college authorities were concerned, even when it had a direct bearing upon his studies in school. But with evidence of this nature, the substantial products of a boy's own intellectual curiosity, presented to them, they will possess a better and more accurate picture of the student's abilities, his likes and leanings, as well as the contents of his mind. Several examples given by the Study are interesting.

A girl with one year of French behind her made a trip to Mexico one summer, there became interested in Spanish, and, thanks to the initiative of the school, was given a test in that language when she returned. She achieved a normal score for pupils late in second-year Spanish! This encouraged her to continue studying by herself and, being tested yearly by the school, she was finally graduated with an additional language. The examinations in this subject showed her to be on a par with college freshmen although she never attended a single class in Spanish.

A boy from a bookish home was bored with tenth-grade English. The department head discovered from his cumulative record his series of high-test scores in this subject, excused him from classroom work, and laid out a course of advanced reading for the boy over a period of one year. The following October in a test in literature, the pupil placed well up among college freshmen.

A biology teacher saw half a dozen boys doing exceptional work and proposed an advanced textbook for summer reading with the opportunity of measuring themselves the next fall by new-type examinations sponsored by the Pennsylvania Study. Three of the number increased their average over 50 per cent. The teacher then promptly introduced them to chemistry in connection with their physics and they later entered college with advanced standing in science.

No one supposes, least of all those in charge of the Study, that the cumulative record, notwithstanding its advance over previous methods in charting the intellectual growth of students, is a perfect solution for this most difficult problem ever facing education—the problem of guidance. But it is hoped this procedure will furnish the college authorities with a better picture of the candidate for admission, that it will also stimulate the pupil's intellectual effort by showing him a true estimate of his achievements, with special reference to those things which, under school supervision, he has been able to do on his own initiative; instead of giving the college authorities a record which is simply a register of the required curricular activities, a register not infrequently issued by the school for purposes of self-protection.

Imagine the pleasure of a high school principal, of the boy's teachers and of those in whose charge he happens to be, at discovering by means of this record that an apparently listless and uninterested boy is in reality a gifted youngster who merely needs directing along certain lines. Imagine the pleasure of the college authorities when such a boy's intellectual achievements are presented to them in black and white so unmistakably as to prove that his is a mind adapted to the education they are in a position to furnish. Imagine also the pleasure of the parent who sees for the first time his secret conviction about his child confirmed on paper—when, that is, it is confirmed.

The Pennsylvania Study has sought not to create unpleasant distinctions, to stigmatize those who are not suited to four years in college, but rather to help them to avoid wasting their time and the funds of their parents who more often than not can ill afford such expenditure. For the lad who is suited to college and what the college can give, the high school is the nursery. There he must be trained, watched, and studied. A true and complete chart of his intellectual activities while there becomes one of the main reliances of any admission procedure. Not only for the purpose of determining whether he should go to college, but also that other question equally important—what sort of an institution he should attend.

"There is in these records," says an early report of the Study, "a type of pupil that is unquestionably 'college-minded,' which stands out at once. When tested without previous warning he shows clearly and repeatedly that *ideas* are his field. When presented they stick and grow in his mind. There seems to be no question that justice to the individual and profit to the state can be rendered in modern education only by the elaboration and refinement of some such procedure as has been here introduced."

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VI

For many years admission to college in the United States degenerated into a kind of game. The candidate, coached by the teachers in school, attempted to get the ball across the goal line; that is, to pass the examination set up by the college authorities. Naturally any educational value that might be uppermost in a student's mind often receded in importance before the pressure of admission technic. The idea was not to play the game well, but to win, to put the ball across for a score. When the candidate passed, he won; when he failed, he lost.

Those in charge of the Study hope and expect that with the new procedure this attitude may change. The school is no longer a competitor coaching its pupil against the college, no longer a coach trying to get boys past the barrier presented by entrance examinations; but a partner working with the college in co-operation to try to shape the educational experience of the boy. This is to be done in several ways: by an earlier identification of college material through information furnished by the pupil's record, and by treating this material in a slightly different manner from those who in all probability will not profit by attending a university.

On the strength of information from the cumulative records, it is proposed to segregate those likely to benefit from later work in college and to give them a special curriculum with that end in view. The idea is not to shorten high school curricula, but rather, for specially able minds, to anticipate much of the purely secondary work now done in the early years of college, thus enabling them to begin the freer work of the upper college or university immediately upon entrance. To accomplish this, of course, the higher institutions will have to co-operate, as many are already doing, by separating their secondary work from that of university character. It is hoped that the placing together of minds of certain caliber will of itself stimulate the independent activity of which such pupils are capable and lead to an enrichment otherwise difficult to obtain.

Furthermore it may have another effect. It may make sure that those who start college will finish. Frequent investigation has shown that from one-fourth to one-half of those who begin college work fail to complete even the second year. All of them had "satisfactorily" completed the school course and should have been able to continue. Either they were unable to estimate the meaning of college work in relation to their powers, or the college failed to guide, inspire, and hold their attention. In either case there is reason to hope that an earlier and more accurate analysis of pupil abilities will do much to relieve conditions of this sort.

To tell exactly who should or who should not go to college is an arduous and difficult undertaking. Nor can it be stated dogmatically that one type of mind or one kind of individual would benefit by four years in a higher institution of learning. Possibly there should be colleges of a very different sort for those who do not now succeed in the institutions familiar to us. Education is not an exact science like mathematics; indeed it is not a science at all. It is an art, a very imperfect art, one that always will be imperfect. We can seek to improve it, but owing to the surprises regarding students and scholars, in college and in later life, we can with difficulty lay down precise laws regarding who shall and shall not have such advantages. The present admission tests are far from satisfactory; all educators admit this frankly and are trying to find something better. In their attempts the Pennsylvania Study is assisting.

But though the Study can assist greatly, though high schools and colleges must and do co-operate with energy and good faith, the pupil and especially the parents of the pupil have great responsibility. Will they accept these responsibilities? Every parent is going to be delighted to hear that his son or daughter has been picked to pass into a special class with a view to preparing for XYZ University. How about the father of the lad next door whose son in the same school was not so chosen? Will he accept the verdict of the authorities that his boy is unsuited for college? Will he be ready to take the results of the cumulative record at their face value and to be governed by those who have the boy in charge and have studied his mentality? That is indeed a question. The fetish of a college education, the belief that every one, regardless of his qualification, has a right to four years in a higher institution of learning may be difficult to break down, hard times, slumps, and depressions notwithstanding.

Neither the college authorities in Pennsylvania nor yet those who have directed the work of the Study since 1928 expect to find the exact solution to the difficult problem that confronts the educational world. Human beings can never be measured to fractions of a centimeter. Mistakes have been made, probably always will be made while men are fallible and forced to make decisions about their fellow men. What those in charge of the Study do hope is that they may emphasize with fresh evidence the principle upon which a satisfactory and trustworthy transfer from school to college can be effected. And that they may promote a more trustworthy technic of guidance for the future of your son, which, as they put it, "may make our present efforts in educational guidance appear like wandering through a fog."

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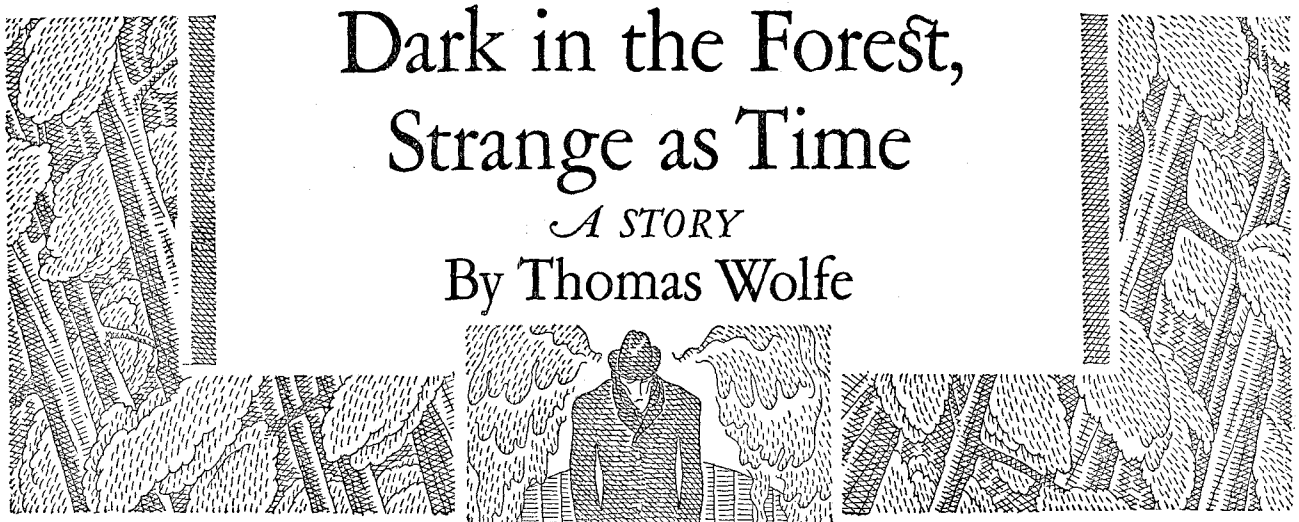
Dark in the Forest, Strange as Time

A STORY

By Thomas Wolfe



SOME years ago, among the people standing on one of the platforms of the Munich railway station, beside the Swiss express, which was almost ready to depart, there were a woman and a man—a woman so lovely that the memory of her would forever haunt the mind of him who saw her, and a man on whose dark face the legend of a strange and fatal meeting was already visible.

The woman, who was about thirty-five years old, was at the flawless summit of a mature and radiant beauty. She was a glorious creature, packed to the last red ripeness of her lip with life and health, a miracle of loveliness in whom all the elements of beauty had combined with such exquisite proportion and so rhythmical a balance that even as one looked at her he could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes, so magically did her beauty melt into a thousand forms of loveliness, so magically did it change and yet remain itself.

Thus, although not over tall, she seemed at times to command a superb and queenly height, then to be almost demurely small and cosy as she pressed close to her companion. Again, her lovely figure seemed never to have lost the lithe slenderness of girlhood, yet it was full, lavish, undulant with all the voluptuous maturity of womanhood, and every movement she made was full of seductive grace.

The woman was fashionably, smartly, and expensively dressed; her little toque-like hat fitted snugly down over a crown of coppery reddish hair and shaded her eyes which had a smoke-blue and depthless quality that could darken almost into black, and change with every swiftest shade of feeling that passed across her face. She was talking to the man in low and tender tones, smiling a vague voluptuous smile as she looked at him. She spoke eagerly, earnestly, gleefully to him, and from time to time burst into a little laugh that came welling low, rich, sensual, and tender from her throat.

As they walked up and down the platform talking, the woman thrust her small gloved hand through the arm of his heavy overcoat and snuggled close to him, sometimes nestling her lovely head, which was as proud and graceful as a flower, against his arm. Again they would pause, and look steadfastly at each other for a moment. Now she spoke to him with playful reproof, chided him, shook him tenderly by the arms, pulled the heavy furred lapels of his expensive overcoat together, and wagged a small gloved finger at him warningly.

And all the time the man looked at her, saying little, but devouring her with large dark eyes that were burning steadily with the fires of death, and that seemed to feed on her physically, with an insatiate and voracious tenderness of love. He was a Jew, his figure immensely tall, cadaverous, and so wasted by disease that it was lost, engulfed, forgotten in the heavy and expensive garments that he wore.

His thin white face, which was wasted almost to a fleshless integument of bone and skin, converged to an immense hooked nose, so that his face was not so much a face as a great beak of death, lit by two blazing and voracious eyes and colored on the flanks with two burning flags of red. Yet, with all its ugliness of disease and emaciation it was a curiously memorable and moving face, a visage somehow nobly tragic with the badge of death.

But now the time had come for parting. The guards were shouting warnings to the passengers, all up and down the platform there were swift serried movements, hurried eddyings among the groups of friends. One saw people embracing, kissing, clasping hands, crying, laughing, shouting, going back for one hard swift kiss, and then mounting hastily into their compartments. And one heard in a strange tongue the vows, oaths, promises, the jests and swift allusions, that were secret

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and precious to each group and that sent them off at once in roars of laughter, the words of farewell that are the same the whole world over:

"Otto! Otto! . . . Have you got what I gave you? . . . Feel! Is it still there?" He felt, it was still there: fits of laughter.

"Will you see Else?"

"How's that? Can't hear"—shouting, cupping hand to ear, and turning head sideways with a puzzled look.

"I—say—will—you—see—Else?" fairly roared out between cupped palms above the tumult of the crowd.

"Yes. I think so. We expect to meet them at St. Moritz."

"Tell her she's got to write."

"Hey? I can't hear you." Same pantomime as before.

"I—say—tell—her—she's got—to write"—another roar.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" Nodding quickly, smiling, "I'll tell her."

"—or I'll be mad at her!"

"What? Can't hear you for all this noise"—same business as before.

"I—say—tell—her—I'll—be—mad—if she—doesn't—write" roared out again deliberately at the top of his lungs.

Here, a man who had been whispering slyly to a woman, who was trembling with smothered laughter, now turned with grinning face to shout something at the departing friend, but was checked by the woman who seized him by the arm and with a face reddened by laughter, gasped hysterically.

"No! No!"

But the man, still grinning, cupped his hands around his mouth and roared:

"Tell Uncle Walter he has got to wear his——"

"How's that? Can't hear!"—cupping ear and turning head to one side as before.

"I—say," the man began to roar deliberately.

"No! No! No! Sh-h!" the woman gasped frantically, tugging at his arm.

"—to—tell—Uncle Walter—he—must—wear—his woolen ——"

"No! No! No!—Heinrich! . . . Sh-h!" the woman shrieked.

"—The—heavy—ones—Aunt—Bertha embroidered with his—initials!" the man went on relentlessly.

Here the whole crowd roared, and the women screamed with laughter, shrieking protests, and saying:

"Sh-h! Sh-h!" loudly.

"Ja—I'll tell him!" the grinning passenger yelled back at him as soon as they had grown somewhat quieter. "Maybe—he hasn't—got—'em—any—more," he shouted as a happy afterthought. "Maybe—one—of—the—fräuleins—down—there—" he gasped and choked with laughter.

"Otto!" the women shrieked. "Sh-h!"

"Maybe—one—of—the—fräuleins—got them—away—from"—he began to gasp with laughter.

"O-o-o-t-to! . . . Shame on you—Sh-h!" the women screamed.

"Souvenir—from—old—München," roared back his fellow wit, and the whole group was convulsed again. When they had recovered somewhat one of the men began in a wheezing and faltering tone, as he wiped at his streaming eyes:

"Tell—Else"—here his voice broke off in a feeble squeak, and he had to pause to wipe his eyes again.

"What?"—the grinning passenger yelled back at him.

"Tell—Else," he began again more strongly, "that Aunt—Bertha—oh! my God!" he groaned weakly again, faltered, wiped at his streaming eyes, and was reduced to palsied silence.

"What?—What?" shouted the grinning passenger sharply, clapping his hand to his attentive ear. "Tell Else what?"

"Tell—Else—Aunt—Bertha—is—sending—her—recipe—for—layer—cake," the man fairly screamed now as if he would get it out at any cost before his impending and total collapse. The effect of that apparently meaningless reference to Aunt Bertha's layer cake was astonishing: nothing that had gone before could approach the spasmodic effect it had upon this little group of friends. They were instantly reduced to a shuddering paralysis of laughter, they staggered drunkenly about, clasped one another feebly for support, tears streamed in torrents from their swollen eyes, and from their wide-open mouths there came occasionally feeble wisps of sound, strangled gasps, faint screams from the women, a panting palsied fit of mirth from which they finally emerged into a kind of hiccoughing recovery.

What it was—the total implication of that apparently banal reference which had thrown them all into such a convulsive fit of merriment—no stranger could ever know, but its effect upon the other people was infectious; they looked towards the group of friends, and grinned, laughed, and shook their heads at one another. And so it went all up and down the line. Here were people grave, gay, sad, serious, young, old, calm, casual, and excited; here were people bent on business and people bent on pleasure; here people sharing by every act, word, and gesture the excitement, joy, and hope which the voyage wakened in them, and people who looked wearily and indifferently about them, settled themselves in their seats and took no further interest in the events of the departure—but everywhere it was the same.

People were speaking the universal language of departure that varies not at all the whole world over—that language which is often banal, trivial, and even useless, but on this account curiously moving, since it

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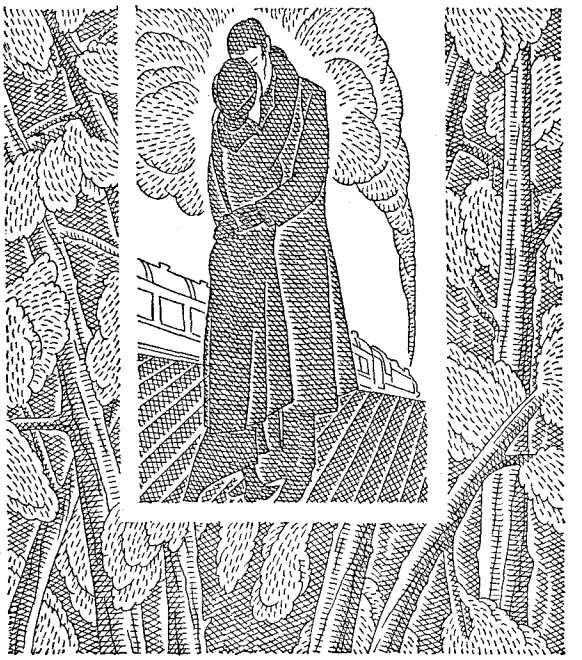

serves to hide a deeper emotion in the hearts of men, to fill the vacancy that is in their hearts at the thought of parting, to act as a shield, a concealing mask to their true feeling.

And because of this there was for the youth, the stranger, and the alien who saw and heard these things, a thrilling and poignant quality in the ceremony of the train's departure. As he saw and heard these familiar words and actions—words and actions that beneath the barrier of an alien tongue were identical to those he had seen and known all his life, among his own people—he felt suddenly, as he had never felt before, the overwhelming loneliness of familiarity, the sense of the human identity that so strangely unites all the people in the world, and that is rooted in the structure of man's life, far below the tongue he speaks, the race of which he is a member.

But now that the time had come for parting, the woman and the dying man said nothing. Clasped arm to arm they looked at each other with a stare of burning and voracious tenderness. They embraced, her arms clasped him, her living and voluptuous body drew toward him, her red lips clung to his mouth as if she could never let him go. Finally, she fairly tore herself away from him, gave him a desperate little push with her hands, and said, "Go, go! It's time!"

Then the scarecrow turned and swiftly climbed into the train, a guard came by and brutally slammed the door behind him, the train began to move slowly out of the station. And all the time the man was leaning from a window in the corridor looking at her, and the woman was walking along beside the train, trying to keep him in sight as long as she could. Now the train gathered motion, the woman's pace slowed, she stopped, her eyes wet, her lips murmuring words no one could hear, and as he vanished from her sight she cried, "Auf Wiedersehn!" and put her hand up to her lips and kissed it to him.

For a moment longer the younger man, who was to be this spectre's brief companion of the journey, stood looking out the corridor window down the platform toward the great arched station sheds, seeming to look after the group of people departing up the platform, but really seeing nothing but the tall, lovely figure of the woman as she walked slowly away, head bent, with a long, deliberate stride of incomparable grace, voluptuous undulance. Once she paused to look back again, then turned and walked slowly as before.

Suddenly she stopped. Some one out of the throng of people on the platform had approached her. It was a young man. The woman paused in a startled manner, lifted one gloved hand in protest, started to go on, and the next moment they were locked in a savage embrace devouring each other with passionate kisses.

When the traveller returned to his seat, the dying man who had already come into the compartment from the corridor and had fallen back into the cushions of his seat, breathing hoarsely, was growing calmer, less exhausted. For a moment the younger man looked intently at the beak-like face, the closed weary eyes, wondering if this dying man had seen that meeting on the station platform, and what knowledge such as this could now mean to him. But that mask of death was enigmatic, unrevealing; the youth found nothing there that he could read. A faint and strangely luminous smile was playing at the edges of the man's thin mouth, and his burning eyes were now open, but far and sunken and seemed to be looking from an unspeakable depth at something that was far away. In a moment, in a profound and tender tone, he said:

"That was my wife. Now in the winter I must go alone, for that is best. But in the spring when I am better she will come to me."

All through the wintry afternoon the great train rushed down across Bavaria. Swiftly and powerfully it gathered motion, it left the last scattered outposts of the city behind it, and swift as dreams the train was rushing out across the level plain surrounding Munich.

The day was gray, the sky impenetrable and somewhat heavy, and yet filled with a strong, clean Alpine vigor, with that odorless and yet exultant energy of cold mountain air. Within an hour the train had entered Alpine country, now there were hills, valleys, the immediate sense of soaring ranges, and the dark enchantment of the forests of Germany, those forests which are something more than trees—which are a spell, a magic, and a sorcery, filling the hearts of men, and particularly those strangers who have some racial

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kinship with that land, with a dark music, a haunting memory, never wholly to be captured.

It is an overwhelming feeling of immediate and impending discovery, such as men might have who come for the first time to their father's country. It is like coming to that unknown land for which our spirits long so passionately in youth, which is the dark side of our soul, the strange brother and the complement of the land we have known in our childhood. And it is revealed to us instantly the moment that we see it with a powerful emotion of perfect recognition and disbelief, with that dream-like reality of strangeness and familiarity which dreams and all enchantment have.

What is it? What is this wild fierce joy and sorrow swelling in our hearts? What is this memory that we cannot phrase, this instant recognition for which we have no words? We cannot say. We have no way to give it utterance, no ordered evidence to give it proof, and scornful pride can mock us for a superstitious folly. Yet we will know the dark land at the very moment that we come to it, and though we have no tongue, no proof, no utterance for what we feel, we have what we have, we know what we know, we are what we are.

And what are we? We are the lonely, naked men, the lost Americans. Immense and lonely skies bend over us, and ten thousand men are marching in our blood. Where does it come from—the sense of strangeness, instant recognition, the dream-haunted, almost captured memory? Where does it come from, the constant hunger and the rending lust, and the music, dark and solemn, elfin, magic, sounding through the wood? How is it that this boy, who is American, has known this strange land from the first moment that he saw it?

How is it that from his first night in a German town he has understood the tongue he never heard before, has spoken instantly, saying all he wished to say, in a strange language which he could not speak, speaking a weird argot which was neither his nor theirs, of which he was not even conscious, so much did it seem to be the spirit of a language, not the words, he spoke, and instantly, in this fashion, understood by every one with whom he talked?

No. He could not prove it, yet he knew that it was there, buried deep in the old swarm-haunted brain and blood of man, the utter knowledge of this land and of his father's people. He had felt it all, the tragic and insoluble admixture of the race. He knew the terrible fusion of the brute and of the spirit. He knew the nameless fear of the old barbaric forest, the circle of brutal and barbaric figures gathered round him in their somber and unearthly ring, the sense of drowning in the blind forest horrors of barbaric time. He carried all within himself, the slow gluttony and lust of the unsated swine, as well as all the haunting, strange, and powerful music of the soul.

He knew the hatred and revulsion from the never-sated beast—the beast with the swine-face and the quenchless thirst, the never-ending hunger, the thick, slow, rending hand that fumbled with a brutal, smouldering, and unsated lust. And he hated that great beast with the hate of hell and murder because he felt and knew it in himself and was himself the prey of its rending, quenchless, and obscene desires. Rivers of wine to drink, a whole roast oxen turning on the spit, and through the forest murk, the roaring wall of huge beast-bodies and barbaric sound about him, the lavish flesh of the great blonde women, in brutal orgy of the all-devouring, never-sated maw of the great belly, without end or surfeit—all was mixed into his blood, his life, his spirit.

It had been given to him somehow from the dark time-horror of the ancient forest together with all that was soaring, glorious, haunting, strange and beautiful: the husky horn-notes sounding faint and elfin through the forests, the infinite strange weavings, dense mutations of the old swarm-haunted and Germanic soul of man. How cruel, baffling, strange, and sorrowful was the enigma of the race: the power and strength of the incorruptible and soaring spirit rising from the huge corrupted beast with such a radiant purity, and the powerful enchantments of grand music, noble poetry, so sorrowfully and unalterably woven and inwrought with all the blind brute hunger of the belly and the beast.

It was all his, and all contained in his one life. And it could, he knew, never be distilled out of him, no more than one can secrete from his flesh his father's blood, the ancient and immutable weavings of dark time. And for this reason, as he now looked out the window of the train at that haunting and lonely Alpine land of snow and dark enchanted forest he felt the sense of familiar recognition instantly, the feeling that he had always known this place, that it was home. And something dark, wild, jubilant, and strange was exulting, swelling in his spirit like a grand and haunting music heard in dreams.

And now, a friendly acquaintance having been established, the spectre, with the insatiate, possessive curiosity of his race, began to ply his companion with innumerable questions concerning his life, his home, his profession, the journey he was making, the reason for that journey. The young man answered readily, and without annoyance. He knew that he was being pumped unmercifully, but the dying man's whispering voice was so persuasive, friendly, gentle, his manner so courteous, kind, and insinuating, his smile so luminous and winning, touched with a faint and yet agreeable expression of weariness, that the questions almost seemed to answer themselves.

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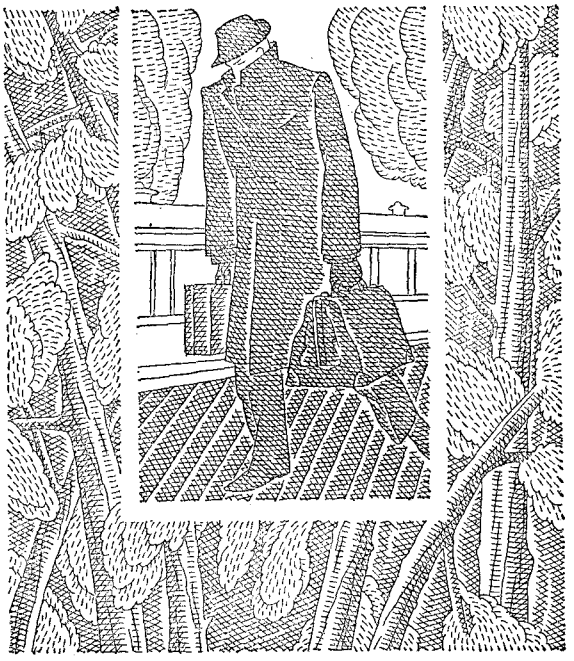

The young man was an American, was he not? . . . Yes. And how long had he been abroad—two months? Three months? No? Almost a year! So long as that! Then he liked Europe, yes? It was his first trip? No? His fourth? —The spectre lifted his eyebrows in expressive astonishment, and yet his sensitive thin mouth was touched all the time by his faint, wearily cynical smile.

Finally, the boy was pumped dry: The spectre knew all about him. Then for a moment he sat staring at the youth with his faint, luminous, subtly mocking, and yet kindly smile. At last, wearily, patiently, and with the calm finality of experience and death, he said:

"You are very young. Yes. Now you vant to see it all, to haf it all—but you haf nothing. Zat is right—yes?" he said with his persuasive smile. "Zat will all change. Some day you vill vant only a little—maybe, den, you haf a little—" and he flashed his luminous, winning smile again. "And dat iss better—Yes?" He smiled again, and then said wearily, "I know. I know. Myself I haf gone everyvere like you. I haf tried to see eferyt'ing—and I haf had nothing. Now I go no more. Eferyvere it iss de same," he said wearily, looking out the window, with a dismissing gesture of his thin white hand. "Fields, hills, mountains, rifers, cities, peoples —You vish to know about zem all. One field, one hill, one rifer," the man whispered, "zat iss enough!"

He closed his eyes for a moment: when he spoke again his whisper was almost inaudible—"One life, one place, one time."

Darkness came, and the lights in the compartment were turned on. Again that whisper of waning life made its insistent, gentle, and implacable demand upon the youth. This time it asked that the light in the compartment be extinguished, while the spectre stretched himself out upon the seat to rest. The younger man consented willingly and even gladly: his own journey was near its end and outside, the moon, which had risen early, was shining down upon the Alpine forests and snows with a strange, brilliant, and haunting magic which gave to the darkness in the compartment some of its own ghostly and mysterious light.

The spectre lay quietly stretched out on the cushions of the seat, his eyes closed, his wasted face, on which the two bright flags of burning red now shone with vermilion hue, strange and ghastly in the magic light, as the beak of some great bird. The man scarcely seemed to breathe: no sound or movement of life was perceptible in the compartment except the pounding of the wheels, the leathery stretching and creaking sound of the car, and all that strange-familiar and evocative symphony of sounds a train makes—that huge symphonic monotone which is itself the sound of silence and forever.

For some time held in that spell of magic light and time, the youth sat staring out the window at the enchanted world of white and black that swept grandly and strangely past in the haunting and phantasmal radiance of the moon. Finally he got up, went out into the corridor, closing the door carefully behind him, and walked back down the narrow passageway through car after car of the rocketing train until he came to the dining car.

Here all was brilliance, movement, luxury, sensual warmth and gaiety. All the life of the train now seemed to be concentrated in this place. The waiters, surefooted and deft, were moving swiftly down the aisle of the rocketing car, pausing at each table to serve people from the great platters of well-cooked food which they carried on trays. Behind them the *sommelier* was pulling corks from tall frosty bottles of Rhine wine: he would hold the bottle between his knees as he pulled, the cork would come out with an exhilarating pop, and he would drop the cork then into a little basket.

At one table a seductive and beautiful woman was eating with a jaded-looking old man. At another a huge and powerful-looking German, with a wing collar, a shaven skull, a great swine face and a forehead of noble and lonely thought, was staring with a concentrated look of bestial gluttony at the tray of meat from which the waiter served him. He was speaking in a guttural and lustful tone, saying, "Ja! . . . Gut! . . . und etwas von diesem hier auch. . . ."

The scene was one of richness, power and luxury, evoking as it did the feeling of travel in a crack European express which is different from the feeling one has when he rides on an American train. In America, the train gives one a feeling of wild and lonely joy, a sense of the savage, unfenced, and illimitable wilderness of the country through which the train is rushing, a wordless

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and unutterable hope as one thinks of the enchanted city towards which he is speeding; the unknown and fabulous promise of the life he is to find there.

In Europe, the feeling of joy and pleasure is more actual, ever present. The luxurious trains, the rich furnishings, the deep maroons, dark blues, the fresh, well-groomed vivid colors of the cars, the good food and the sparkling, heady wine, and the worldly, wealthy, cosmopolitan look of the travellers—all of this fills one with a powerful sensual joy, a sense of expectancy about to be realized. In a few hours' time one goes from country to country, through centuries of history, a world of crowded culture, and whole nations swarming with people, from one famous pleasure-city to another.

And instead of the wild joy and nameless hope one feels as he looks out the window of an American train and sees the lonely, savage, and illimitable earth that strokes past calmly and imperturbably like the visage of time and eternity, one feels here (in Europe) an incredible joy of realization, an immediate sensual gratification, a feeling that there is nothing on earth but wealth, power, luxury, and love, and that one can live and enjoy this life, in all the infinite varieties of pleasure, forever.

When the young man had finished eating, and paid his bill, he began to walk back again through corridor after corridor along the length of the rocketing train. When he got back to his compartment, he saw the spectre lying there as he had left him, stretched out upon the seat, with the brilliant moonlight still blazing on the great beak of his face.

The man had not changed his position by an atom and yet at once the boy was conscious of some subtle fatal change he could not define. What was it? He took his seat again and for some time stared fixedly at the silent ghostly figure opposite him. Did he not breathe? He thought, he was almost sure, he saw the motion of his breathing, the rise and fall of the emaciated breast, and yet he was not sure. But what he plainly saw now was that a line, vermilion in its moon-dark hue, had run out of the corner of the firm set mouth and that there was a large vermilion stain upon the floor.

What should he do? What could be done? The haunted light of the fatal moon seemed to have steeped his soul in its dark sorcery, in the enchantment of a measureless and inert calmness. Already, too, the train was slackening its speed, the first lights of the town appeared, it was his journey's end.

Was it not well to leave all things as he had found them in silence at the end? Might it not be that in this great dream of time in which we live and are the moving figures, there is no greater certitude than this: that having met, spoken, known each other for a moment, as somewhere on this earth we were hurled onward through the darkness between two points of time, it is well to be content with this, to leave each other as we met, letting each one go alone to his appointed destination, sure of this only, needing only this—that there will be silence for us all and silence only, nothing but silence at the end?

And now the train was slowing to a halt. There were the flare of rails, the switch-lights of the yard, small, bright, and hard, green, red, and yellow, poignant in the dark, and on other tracks he could see the little goods cars and the strings of darkened trains, all empty, dark, and waiting with their strange attentiveness of recent life. Then the long station quays began to slide slowly past the windows of the train, and the sturdy goat-like porters were coming on the run, eagerly saluting, speaking, calling to the people in the train who had already begun to pass their baggage through the windows.

Softly the boy took his overcoat and suit-case from the rack above his head and stepped out into the narrow corridor. Quietly he slid the door of the compartment shut behind him. In the semi-darkness of the compartment the spectral figure of the cadaver lay upon the cushions, did not move. Already the train had come to a full stop. Then the boy went down the corridor to the end, and in a moment, feeling the bracing shock of the cold air upon his flesh, breathing the vital and snow-laden air into his lungs, he was going down the quay with a hundred other people, all moving in the same direction, some towards certitude and home, some towards a new land, hope, and hunger, the swelling prescience of joy, the promise of a shining city. He knew that one day he was going home again.

"One of the Girls in Our Party," a new story by THOMAS WOLFE, *will appear in an early number.*

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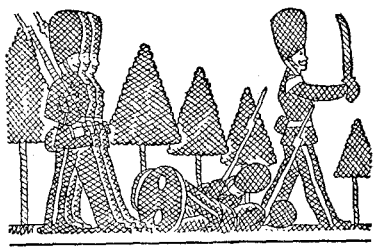
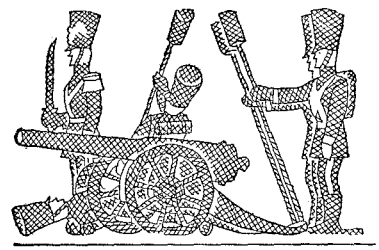
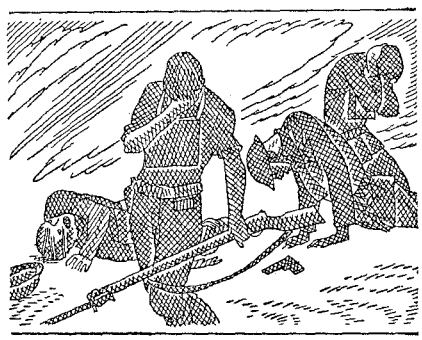


We Enjoyed the War

By Iris Barry



No franker record has been written of the attitude of the people back home during the war which ended sixteen years ago this month



It was an American living in London who first suggested to me in 1917 that the war was an evil and unhappy thing, more than likely to destroy what we call civilization. At about the same time I also saw my first conscientious objector, a young man with grayish face who had just been released temporarily from prison at the end of a hunger strike. That even one individual had protested against the war impressed me strongly: up to that time I had taken it for granted that the war was necessary, desirable, and even meritorious. And so had every one I knew, and the majority of the population of England.

That being so, it strikes me as odd when year by year I observe another sort of testimony accumulating. In an article here, a book of memoirs there, I read highly personal accounts of the painful distress, the agony of mind undergone by men—but more particularly by women—during those years. It seems accepted today that the civilian population as well as the soldiers underwent a sort of protracted crucifixion. Why did I not realize it at the time? The answer is that the majority of my countrymen and women experienced nothing of the kind. We enjoyed the war.

Misstatement of fact, however sincere and no matter how well meant, can never fail to be dangerous. Particularly must this be so in the case in point. The impression has grown up that the war was unremittingly painful to noncombatants as well as to the men actually participating in it. Every one is inclined to deduce as a consequence that a major war will in future be avoided if possible or, if it must come, that it will be waged in the spirit of one undergoing a dangerous operation. But supposing it were true that we enjoyed the war, might it not be better to admit that we were confusing issues by believing the contrary?

Hardly any one in England can have been surprised when we declared war on Germany. We had long been told to be prepared just for that. By the time I was ten I had heard so much about the Kaiser's personal hatred of England, of the threatening aggrandizement of the German navy, of the commercial war Germany was waging against us in the world markets that I enjoyed as much as anybody a play entitled "An Englishman's Home" which—after being played in theaters all over the country—came to the small seaside resort where we were summering. Briefly, the play began with a pleasant domestic scene in a middle-class British home, as the head of the household explained to his wife and children that, despite all mischievous talk to the contrary, the Germans were our cousins and friends and would never be worse than friendly rivals. The second act opened with a good deal of rifle shooting and arrival of the goose-stepping German army in full invasion of England. The third act closed with the baffled little householder being shot down in cold blood on his own hearth by the gray-uniformed Germans. After that, we all knew what to expect. The girls at my school alternately bullied and ostracized the handful of German girls who attended it.

As I was brought up in a small rural community surrounded by the industrial midlands, I was always hearing about German trade methods and the harm they inflicted on English business. Many of my mother's friends lived in neighboring towns and were concerned with the manufacture of automobiles, bicycles, ball-bearings, cheap jewelry and toys. In all of these activities, German rivalry was keenly felt. The Germans undersold. They were reputed to send over spies not only to steal our inventions but also to filch from company files the names of Colonial importers, to whom they then submitted quotations lower than the wholesale prices set by the British suppliers. There cannot have been much doubt in our vicinity as to why the "Volunteers" went into camp for six weeks every summer.

The actual declaration of war gave every one a moment's pause: but what comes back to me most vividly was the indignation of my family when gold coin was called in. (My grandfather kept a boxwood bowl three-parts full of gold sovereigns in a cupboard in the small parlor. From this he paid out weekly the wages of his farm laborers, and tradesmen's bills. Small daily expenses were met by my grandmother out of a majolica mug full of silver.) There was a protracted family brawl when my mother insisted on paying a draper's bill in gold, and I remember in rather a confused way bursting into tears myself in the middle of the argument, because I thought we would not have any more money. Money *was* gold. But we soon grew accustomed to the new paper bills—the first I had ever seen except for occasional birthday gifts of a five-pound note. And as a matter of fact the paper bills began to be rather plentiful.

My grandfather was a farmer and farmers have never hated war. The price of wheat and hay went up: pigs fetched a good price and so did butter. The sons of many farmers we knew were sent abroad almost at once, since they all belonged to the Yeomanry. If you were a soldier, you took part in cavalry action and got killed, probably very gloriously. The many reproductions of battle-paintings that hung in all our

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homes had firmly implanted this idea in us since early infancy. And sure enough, by the winter of 1914 most of the farmer-boys were dead somewhere far away in the East, including a fifteen-year-old bugler called Alf, with whom I had recently been playing games. No one was surprised and there were no demonstrations of grief. The bereaved families became more and more prosperous, and this class in England is well accustomed to losing sons on the battlefield. They had lost many in the Boer war, several on the Indian frontiers since; and farmers have large families.

If we were not unduly surprised by the outbreak of war, we were also not dismayed at its progress. To the bulk of the population, war of some sort was a pretty familiar idea. It was the business of the professional army and then of the volunteers, but not of the ordinary person. It was not clear at first whether we had to expect a short decisive series of skirmishes, or a real war like the Napoleonic. By the autumn it began to look like the latter. Young men were enlisting "for three years or the duration," which delighted every one with its air of British thoroughness. The rest were quite content to pursue "business as usual." The city of Birmingham, beyond whose suburbs we lived, raised three volunteer battalions, maintained, equipped, and trained at the city's expense. The uniform was a nice navy piped with red. All of the young men had been well grounded in the idea that being a soldier was a fine thing, like being a clergyman or an explorer—and preferable to going into an office.

All this enlisting and flourishing of bayonets seemed the most natural thing in the world. History (of the kind we were then taught) was entirely a matter of dates and of wars. The absolute supremacy of the English, in which I firmly believed, had also been achieved by centuries of war. My uncle was a soldier, my great-grandfather had been a soldier, elderly colonels had patted me on the head, given me candy, and helped me to steal apples. It was the rule rather than the exception among the families I knew to boast at least one military member. If they were poor people, one son invariably enlisted as a common soldier: if they were landed gentry then one son went to a military academy and emerged as an officer. Though our village reprobate, reputed to be a horrible drunkard, was a Boer War V. C., I would have chosen to be a soldier myself had I not unfortunately turned out to be a girl: the scarlet coats were so dashing, and at that age the idea of a short life and a gay one seems particularly attractive. Who would not rather have been with the Light Brigade than have become a successful grocer? And now the Kaiser had referred disdainfully to our "contemptible little army." Well, we would show him. Nice elderly ladies were astonishingly eloquent as to what they would do with the Kaiser if they could lay hands on him.

The summer of 1915 I recall as most agreeable. There was much activity and excitement. Factories were humming, new factories were being built. Belgian refugees, whom without exception we all detested personally, were, as necessary allies, being boarded out in the neighborhood and provided us with an inexhaustible topic of conversation. We were too polite to ask them outright if they had been raped or if their babies had been crucified. Girls older than myself were breaking away from home in the most alluringly novel manner, joining organizations called the Women's Volunteer Reserve which had its own uniform, training as nurses, getting curiously well-paid government jobs. It was not merely that instead of staying at home they were allowed to take jobs, but that having work of this kind made them feel very important, patriotic, and highly meritorious. Even people who knitted bodybelts did it with a sense of their own value to the country as a whole. Imagine then what a young person scrubbing hospital floors, or wearing the munition-workers' badge could feel! (Remarque mentions the objectionably self-righteous attitude of these helpful women.) By the fall of 1915 all the biggest boys from the High School who, of course, had all been in the Officers' Training Corps, were in process of becoming real officers and growing little moustaches. We others became very critical of the cut of a British warm, as the topcoat was called, and very facetious about the sword which each officer had to purchase. In the evenings groups of them with schoolgirl friends used to invade a certain café in the city that sold good chocolate éclairs and after filling up with sandwiches, cookies, and cups of tea, repaired to the movies next door. Nothing could have been more remote than the actual war. I was learning Russian, instead of the German I would have taken but for the hostilities. All of us were full of enthusiasm for Russia, sang the Russian national anthem at every opportunity, read *The Brothers Karamazov* and had utter confidence in the Russian "steamroller." The immense carnage of Tannenberg the previous year, the loss of two army corps and almost a hundred thousand prisoners had been quite disregarded by every one. Thousands of Russians had been killed ("such things must be, after a famous victory") but there were hundreds of thousands more loyal moujiks who would continue to roll forward in an endless wave until Germany had been nipped between them and us. Everybody knew that Russian troops en route for France (who, of course, were wholly mythical) had passed through England in railroad coaches with every shade drawn down. How thrilling it all was! And then there were the Zeppelins, too. By combining what we saw in the papers with rumor, we judged that quite a few people had been killed in the south and along the eastern sea-coast. We proudly believed that the Zeps were really aiming at us, because of our many munitions works, rifle factories, and so on. A Zep did actually pass over us once, groping its way through the dark night on its way home from London: but nothing happened. Every house had dark shades and thick dark drapes put up at every window. Factory windows were all painted dark blue. It was a serious offence to show a light, which again made life more thrilling. But I do not recall that we were particularly afraid of the Zeps. They were just a part of the "frightfulness" we had been taught to expect of "the Huns," they were comic and nasty like a sausage or a dachshund and when they did drop bombs, they always killed little babies. And we on our side kicked and chivvied any dachshund we saw on the streets.

We were all getting rich, or richer. The unemployed of pre-war days who used to parade in gaunt bands had now disappeared: they were all in the army and their wives and children instead of starving were getting allowances from the government and finding employ-

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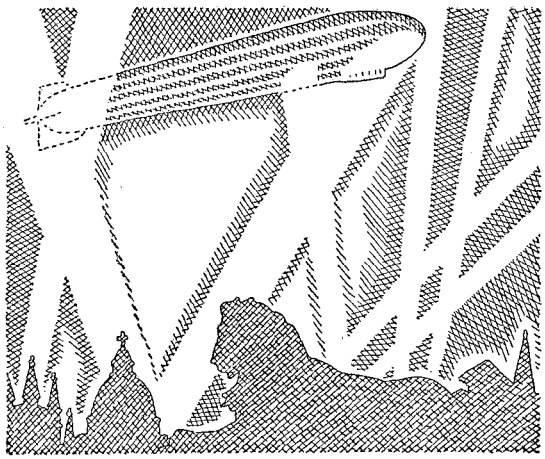
ment for themselves. Wages were rising steadily. This was the time when silk stockings, hitherto worn at parties only, came in for daytime wear—and flesh-colored ones at that. Underwear ceased to have sleeves, corsets went out, the habit of spending and of living for the moment came in. Our mothers had gone boating, but we took a phonograph along as well.



All the schoolboy friends had gone to France, so that the casualty lists in the newspapers took on a new color of reality. We used to send pork-pies and cigarettes to them; they also sent gifts back. The first pair of silk pyjamas I ever saw was sent as a gift from the front, and I myself even received a present of three pairs of woollen bedsocks from a soldier, because in the winter of 1916 he had heard of the coal shortage at home. But when the same young men came home on leave, bearing used shell-cases and German helmets, we were so glad to see them, they were so eager to go to the theater and get up dances and go for picnics that there never seemed time to talk about the war. We did not believe what we read in the papers, because obviously if we had had as many victories as the press claimed we would have been in Berlin by then. I don't quite remember how it was I gathered it must be pretty awful in the trenches. When Mrs. Taylor's boy came home, she hung his khaki overcoat out in the garden to air and it was suddenly alive with lice that hatched out in the sunshine. Another time when we were going off early canoeing on the Avon, I called a friend who was staying in the house during his leave. He leapt out of bed the moment I touched his shoulder, gripped me by the neck, and was trying to choke me before he realized where he was. That gave one ideas.

Perhaps at that time there was a diminution of the careless confidence of the first days. The grown-ups used to grumble a lot that we seemed to be rather excessively "muddling through." The War Office came in for plenty of criticism. Engines had fallen out of airplanes the first time they were sent up. That we knew. Spies were believed to be about. Too many samples of faulty shells were coming back to the factories. And now we were to have conscription and our food was to be rationed. Of course we know now that at that time the munitions situation was a scandal and there was only enough food in Great Britain to feed us for six weeks. But though they resented the curtailment of their "freedom" by the new food control and the compulsory enlistment, people continued to be sure that the war was a good thing. On the one hand it was supposed to be "building character" among the younger generation, and on the other it had brought prosperity in its wake. Wages continued to go higher, there was more than enough work for all. My grandfather was most indignant with some of our local working-class families. Charlie Aston, for instance, one of the village ne'er-do-wells, was a corporal in the army, drinking enough beer to float a battleship. His wife, only too happy to have him away, was getting an allowance from the government for him and she and three of her children were employed in munitions factories. The oldest boy was earning something like fifty dollars a week. There was reputed to be a phonograph in every cottage and workmen's wives were severely criticized for buying fur coats: nevertheless they bought them and were in other ways obviously busy forgetting what we used to call "their station in life." There were widows who wore their mourning like a banner, and a little dressmaker who boasted proudly (and we suspected a trifle alcoholically) that she had "given" three sons to England. They were dead and she was getting compensation.

In 1917 I went to live in London, where one got rather a different perspective. The city was a sea of uniforms: every other girl and most middle-aged people were in some government job or other. Theaters, restaurants, hotels were doing a roaring trade. It was possible to tell by the number of stretchers carried into Charing Cross Hospital from the daily ambulance train from France when there had been real activity at the front. Life was punctuated with the arrival of friends from France or wounded men leaving hospital, with consequent parties.

One sunny Saturday morning German airplanes, like a string of wild duck, came flying over London. They glittered in the sunshine. There were some rather loud explosions and suddenly we realized that hard bits of metal were falling on our heads as we stood out in the square, looking up at them. This was shrapnel from our own anti-aircraft guns in Hyde Park, for which we had a hearty contempt. They were obviously no good, like the machine-gun which had been mounted on a roof of a neighboring public-house. Reluctantly we went indoors. Somebody's housekeeper in the basement was having fits and shrieking—just what one would expect of the lower classes: no self-control. Yet we all felt rather sick when ambulances came tearing by, said to be filled with dead people from a railroad depot on which a bomb had fallen.

The air-raids became quite a feature of 1917. Every moonlit night we expected them, and usually they came. First there would be the warning, a "maroon" which went off with a loud bang. Then gathering silence. Every one off the streets. Generally we would be sitting in dressing-gowns round a gas-fire (gas-fires had almost entirely supplanted coal) and being intensely normal and serene. But we had no light in the room and every now and then some one would go to the window and look out from behind the dark shades at the immense moonlit sky. The city was still, save for the rumble of a belated omnibus rushing to its garage, or a child crying in a dark room. We toasted marshmallows by the fire. Some one would motion carelessly toward the window and go on talking—we had all heard the sound. It was the Germans coming over, that steady drone on a high note. The little whining hum that

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followed it must be one of our own fighters maneuvering to get above them. That we were all pretty frightened showed itself in the set smiles we maintained, in the fact that we had to swallow frequently, and by the necessity for frequent trips from the room. (I was greatly reassured later that year when a gunner home on leave told me that during counter-bombardments he and his companions had acute diarrhea. Until then I believed soldiers were brave all the time.)

When there was a loud explosion and especially if it seemed nearer than the previous ones, we stopped talking and just listened. I remember hoping that if "anything happened" I should remember to behave well. The fear of behaving badly in an emergency was, or so it seems to me now, at least equal to the fear of a bomb which might give one cause to behave badly. Then more silence. It is quite an uncanny thing to hear a city of millions of people holding its breath. Finally, the silence was shattered by the sound of bugles, as boy scouts and special constables bicycled along the streets sounding the "All Clear." A blessed sound. Yet I had a friend at that time who regretted the end of an air-raid. When one began she used to take down her long hair, put on cloth slippers, and go out to the deserted embankment, where she ran madly up and down in a state of crazy exaltation.

The following morning we used to avoid using the subways. We knew that "the poor," especially from Whitechapel, crowded into the deep underground "tube" stations early in the evening when a moonlit night seemed probable, dragging old mattresses, sick relatives, infants, women in childbirth along with them to spend the night in squalor on the platform below. As a matter of fact a good many prudent people who could by no means have been called "poor" used to go down into subways or cellars when the warning "maroon" sounded. But no one admired them for it, and when we heard that some two hundred people had been killed—turned into jam, in fact—in the cellar of a newspaper office in the Strand, we felt we were wise as well as seemly for staying in our own places during the raids.

Looking back, I must admit that I enjoyed the raids in a peculiar way. I am not speaking of the exhilaration of danger, or the keen relief that came with the bugle-call of "All Clear"—that was indescribably intense. But there was another pleasure, the feeling "I am in it now, too," as though it allied one somehow to the people in the trenches whom we understood so little because their lives were unknown to us. Also a feeling of rage against older people who had permitted and indeed encouraged these things to happen, and yet who seemed far more grave and alarmed about the raids than we did. We had begun to blame them for the war. When the men came back from the front, when the war was over, the "grown-ups" would find things changed. It would be the day for young people: we would rule then, not the old ones. Dimly I felt that. And at the same time there was a vivid gregariousness about those air-raid parties. I remember one, particularly, when we sat about almost until dawn, singing songs and drinking beer while somebody played the piano. That was rather a special occasion, since there were three soldiers back from France with us, as well as girls and women. For the first time that night I heard the song they sang over in the trenches:

> "Oh, dear: I don't want to die.
> I want to go home."

There was a howl as of baying wolves in the tune. The presence of the soldiers made us feel secure, and I daresay we were glad we showed no more terror than they did.

By the early part of 1918 we had got quite used to the war, and the food shortage was uppermost in our minds. Each civilian had a little booklet issued by the government with coupons in it for the weekly ration of meat, butter, lard and sugar. How we grumbled! Meat was the most trouble, as even with a coupon it was generally necessary to wait in a queue to get one's ration: so we all took to eating in restaurants. Nobody went hungry, every one complained at having to put saccharine in tea and eke out his two ounces of butter with margarine. It is easy to be patriotic and brave about sacrificing the lives of others on a battlefield, but the patriots resented a war that operated beyond the confines of the army.

Soldiers did not seem to think the war would ever stop. Those whom I saw fresh from the front were red-faced and muscular, but looking ten years older, with a funny look round the eyes and too set a grin. They were hard and self-contained, difficult to talk to, shut up in themselves though very gentle and considerate. It was impossible to imagine them back in peace-time offices. I earnestly cross-examined one youth I knew very well, who had been in France since 1915, as to what it was like in the trenches. All he seemed able to say was that he shot a lot of rats with his revolver. It was one of his friends who told me that this same boy used to fling his revolver away when they went over the top, and try to kill the enemy with his bare hands. I think he enjoyed the war.

When on leave, for him as for most other soldiers, the spectacle of gay women and brave elder men, all apparently prosperous to an unusual degree, lunching and dining at the Savoy and other smart restaurants, was too much. The great hangout for the younger generation was Princes, in Regent Street. Here the orchestra played the blues: here the great gay air-force and regular army officers regaled themselves. Naturally enough, the air-force was incomparably more glorious than any other arm. It was novel, the uniform was far more dashing, the pay higher, the expectation of life shorter, the whole attitude to life more reckless. My impression is that they drank nothing but champagne. Certainly, young ladies would jilt even a major in the artillery for a 2nd lieutenant in the air-force. To be an airman's widow was the greatest height to which a female could attain. The pension was proportionate to the glory. And how often did I hear girls little older than myself, and their mothers, regret that they had not married poor so-and-so before he was killed! It was like throwing money out of the window.

Memoirs of the time so often suggest that life was a vale of gloom then that I should like to contradict this. It is true that we knew there had been a very bad time in France in March, 1918, for we had so few letters from the front then and so many wounded and gassed had been sent back. The casualty lists took up whole pages in the daily papers. It is true that a few people had begun to say it would be better and even cheaper in the long run to let

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the Germans come over and take England. And we younger ones had begun to be disillusioned as to what the benefits of victory would be. War as we had been taught to think of it, according to paintings by Lady Butler and poems by Tennyson, had proved a myth. It was a matter of crouching in holes in the earth. Courage and vague heroism, though they still remained the decent thing, were obvious folly in a war being fought not by men but by machines. It was tanks and high explosive and airplanes that really counted, not the brave brandishing of a sword or a gallant death.

Nevertheless the summer of 1918 was gay. No more air-raids and a great deal of wining and dining. People came home on leave in shoals, we all went to the theater continually and saw movies galore. Every one kept getting engaged to be married (often to several soldiers at once, since the chances of two of them turning up in London at the same time was remote). Marriages took place by special license every day: profitable widowhood was achieved by hundreds. And what civilian had not his little nest-egg of war bonds by now? Poverty had almost been abolished and every civilian worker could become a small plutocrat.

Meantime there was summer—women selling lavender as ever on the streets with their strange wailing song, and honey for breakfast because there was no sugar or jam, and August bank-holiday with the customary roundabouts and swings and brilliant yellow lemonade and ice-cream cones at Hampstead Heath.

We were by no means convinced on November 10th that peace would be signed next day—there had been rumors of peace before. On the morning of November 11th I was walking through Soho when the maroons went off to announce the signing of the Armistice. People stood up on tops of buses and cheered, factory girls came running out of a large building, there was much hurrahing. Yet somehow every one seemed rather stunned, many were crying hysterically. As I walked on after a little, I remember thinking: "What now?" I felt a distinct let-down. The future suddenly looked blank and a little alarming. I had known nothing but the war and now it was over.

All day there was cheering and yelling. The streets were full of people waving flags, careering about in taxis, yelling and blowing tin trumpets. In the evening I was to join a party of six or so at a restaurant in Piccadilly Circus: some one had engaged a table in a window on the second floor that gave a good view of the crowds below. By the time we sat down to dinner, the Circus was a mass of milling revellers, blowing whistles, dancing round in a clumsy way, yelling and embracing each other, shrieking from the tops of buses, the tops of taxis. The noise that came up was extraordinary, not particularly gay. Dinner itself was gay on the surface but not really a success. The restaurant was too full, the waiters almost frantic. And one of the men in our party was in the navy, another a gunner. They both seemed rather moody and taciturn. They would be demobilized now, rank and pay gone, no one to salute them. Of course, nobody mentioned this, but I remember also thinking that now so many men would be coming back and the quite excellent jobs which any fairly proficient girl could get for the asking would be less plentiful. Indeed most of the jobs would cease to exist.

It was midnight and we decided to go home. Getting out of that restaurant was a nightmare. Wandering guests and frenzied waiters all seemed quite mad, or drunk. It took forever to push one's way down the stairs because all about the landing and down the stairs women, most of them young and in evening dress, were lying unconscious with nurses in uniform bending over them, slapping their faces and trying to bring them round. Even in the heyday of the post-war years not even a country club dance has ever seen anything like that, and at the time I had never seen women drunk. I lost the rest of my party in the crowd and was pretty frightened. I could hear one of the men hiccoughing but could not get to him and anyway one drunk person was about as alarming as another to me in those days. Though the crowds were good-natured and even hilariously friendly, it all seemed sinister, worse than the air-raids, rather like the end of the world. I got home on foot as best I could—every taxi, every truck in town was still laden to the scuppers with people singing and shaking rattles—and cried a little as I went because I was alone and frightened and felt for the first time in my life really terrified and in some sort of danger. It was tomorrow and the days after I was frightened of. The war had been nice and exciting and had taken care of us all, given us a sense of importance and lots of money to spend and a zest for life. What would we be without it? I was sure I would not like it so well.

And rightly enough. More men that I knew died of influenza the following spring than had been killed in the war: and in one way or another we have been paying for the war ever since. It was great while it lasted, and we enjoyed it, but the times afterwards were not so good. I know just what ex-soldiers meant when they said, often during the next years, that the lucky ones had all been killed at the front. At least *their* friends and relatives had a swell time mourning them and keeping flowers nicely arranged in front of photographs of them awhile. The soldiers who were not killed were embittered because, after all, when the war was over they never did succeed in turning it into a new and better world, since the same kind of people who were in charge of things when the war began are still in charge of things now. Only the standard of living had been slightly raised and that, somehow, hardly seemed worth all the heroics.

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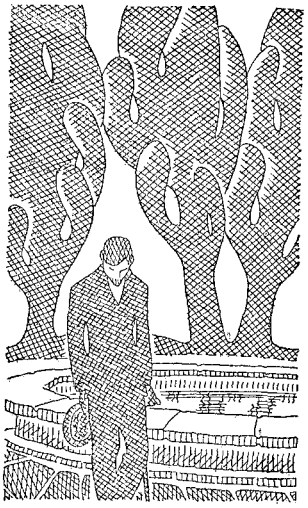
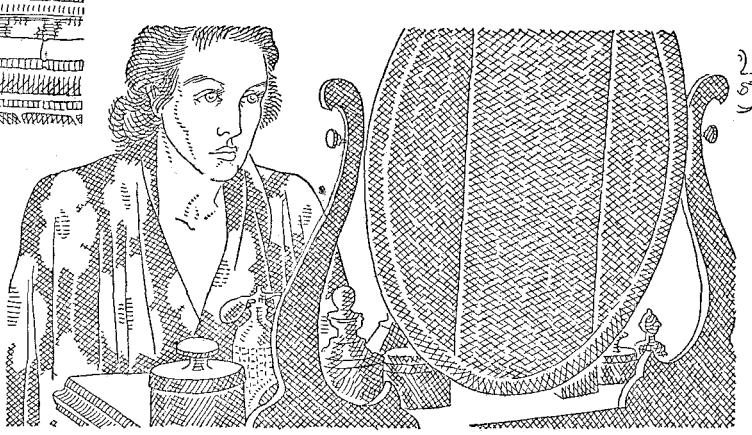


Fountain of Youth

A STORY

By Barbara Webster



WHEN Doctor Jamieson died, no one in Bacton expected Lucy to grieve. Married to a man twenty years older whom she had never loved, she had often looked forward unconsciously to the time when she should be free. Lucy Jamieson had almost at once regretted her young and hasty marriage.

It had seemed the only thing to do when she and her sisters had been left with far less inheritance than they had reason to expect. She was just out of school, sufficiently unsophisticated to be flattered by Philip's attentions, for he was desirable, if not dashing.

When she discovered her mistake it was too late to remedy it, for he was in love with her and fiercely possessive. But she warned her sisters. They were all younger than she, and gathered about her one day not long after her marriage, they made a little circle of expectant faces framed in school-girl braids.

"I might as well tell you," Lucy began at once, "it's beastly, being married. You can't imagine— For heaven's sake, pick out some one you don't mind too much—" Her full lips tightened into a hard scornful line and her hazel eyes flashed rebelliously. "There's more of that than you think." She was furious at the trick nature had played upon her, and it was a fury which lasted on into her life. For her husband's love never ceased to be distasteful to her. Years afterward, mature and hardened in the mould to which she had been formed, she said, "It's like being in the same room with a drunken man—when you are sober."

Her sisters all married happily though not so well as she, and grew rather impatient, in their good-natured way, with her domestic problems. Bess, the youngest, went to California to live, but Sara and Ellen were still in Bacton.

"Good old Lucy," they said, "isn't she ever going to settle down? She's always talking of doing such mad things—going on the stage, taking a nursing course, or a walking trip through Spain." They shook their heads at the mention of the daring jumps she took in the hunting-field, at the backless gowns she wore to the balls. "Besides," they said, "it isn't as though she didn't have plenty of men around all the time— And very young men, too," they added significantly. Gossip said that she took the eligible men away from the unmarried girls. "Poor Philip," said the sisters, "he's really perfect, even if he is old. So devoted, and gives her everything— She hasn't really such a bad time."

When Lucy heard this, she gave a rueful smile. "You aren't married to him," she said. Privately they agreed that they would not change places with her—not quite, even for the hunters, the fine old house, the servants.

After the proper time of inactivity decreed for mourning in Bacton, Lucy took up her life again. She could not be said to have missed Philip, even in the rare moments when she was alone in the silent house. But she was able to feel a little sorry for him, now that it was all over. She had led him a hard life, had tried his patience as far as she dared, had made no secret of her feeling about him. And he had forgiven her everything, had gone on hoping always that some day she would come to care for him.

But when her young men dropped in for cocktails now, Philip would not come up from his office in the late afternoon, suave, courtly, ironical, to say, "Good-evening, Joe, Bradley, or Tom—" with that hint of

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reserve in his manner which made them all a little uncomfortable. He would not speak again to her with that quiet possessiveness that made her writhe, and separated her so irrevocably from them. Nor afterward would he say to her, as he had so many times, "Lucy, I think you've had enough to drink," or "Aren't you seeing rather a lot of young Laurence?" Standing before her, a hard wiry man, slightly shorter than she, with a kindly wrinkled bitter face, his thin lips twisting in a mirthless smile as he added, "I can't expect, I suppose, that you should be contented with just our life together, but I must ask you to remember my practice, and my name."— That was all over.

Lucy often sat before her dressing-table now. She had always thought of herself as young for her age. Looking in her hand mirror and back again into the glass, she appraised herself carefully. She was slender, lithe, sparkling with magnificent health, high-colored from hours spent in the saddle. The hard luster of her skin was akin to youth if not actually of it. She was forty, but she had never felt younger.

With Philip gone, her house became the gathering-place for all the young people in town. Lucy was always frank with them. "It's perfectly ridiculous for you children to bother with me," she would say. "I'm old enough to be your mother." She waited for the denial to come, and it always did. She knew that she seemed like a girl beside their stout inactive mothers, who were in reality not much older than she. And so Arthur, her current young man, had assured her fervently, "You'll never be old, Lucy."

He was a very young man, masterful with the first confidence of the early twenties, the latest of a long line of admirers. His predecessors had successively grown older, married and dropped away, and Lucy had surrounded herself from time to time with a younger group.

"I don't do them any harm," she said in amused answer to her sisters' remonstrances. "I educate them. Arthur will make some girl a much better husband because of me."

She had a style and smartness that none of the younger girls could compete with, and flattered the boys by putting them on her own plane of sophistication. When they were with her they felt like men of the world. She had a bluff manner which put them at their ease, a caustic wit, and just enough of the risqué in her talk to amuse without shocking them. She had always been a hoyden, and delighted them with her feats of agility; she could turn a cartwheel, and a professional would have envied her swan dive. She always wore short skirts to the masquerade balls to show off her famous legs.

Lucy had never intended to marry Arthur. He had kissed her a few times, and she had taken pleasure in his fresh young mouth, but that was only play, indulged in casually when they had had a little too much to drink, or snatched fleetingly on rides in the country.

It was a matter of a moment's reckless impulse, of finding themselves in Elkton after a day at the races with a hilarious and slightly intoxicated crowd.

A small furtive-eyed minister married them, hurrying through the ceremony. When he said, "I pronounce you man and wife," there was a moment's awkward silence, bridged over rather lamely by a joke about the newly married.

Lucy sat in Arthur's lap going home. He kissed her often during the first part of the ride, but toward the end he fell asleep with his head on her shoulder. The night air had begun to sober her, and looking down at his still boyish face, she felt a momentary qualm. What would people say? There had never been anything before for which she could be definitely blamed, but this was different. Besides, what would she do with him?

The next morning she opened her eyes to find him already awake, staring solemnly at her.

"I can't believe it's true," he said wonderingly. "Imagine me being married to you!" His handsome face wore a look of exaltation. "I—I love you terribly, Lucy. I know I'm too young and not good enough for you, but I'll try—to make you happy." He leaned over and taking her hand, raised it to his lips.

Lucy sat up, dismayed. Her short curly chestnut hair was ruffled.

"Don't be absurd, Arthur," she said. She had not bargained for being worshipped.

But to her surprise, she found she liked being married to Arthur. His smooth hard body beside her in the canopied bed sent a sharp vibration through her which she had never known before, for her unresponsiveness to Philip had kept her curiously virginal. Life, which she had always loved for itself, took on a new zest.

She found, however, that Arthur had his limitations. It was often necessary for her to read into his actions imputations which were not there. He had gone to college for two years, but he seemed to have no interests beyond riding and golf. He could amuse himself endlessly about the house and stables.

Bacton put the best face it could upon the marriage, after the first shock. Arthur's family buried their chagrin, but Lucy's sisters, shaken out of their tolerance, took her to task.

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"Really, Lucy, you couldn't have been yourself," scolded Sara.

"You could get an annulment," added Ellen.

"I don't want one," answered Lucy equably. "I like Arthur, he likes me. We have a good time."

Lucy had never told Arthur her age. She knew he thought of her vaguely as about thirty, and she was content to let this assumption remain. It was not that she wished to deceive him. That was unnecessary, for in his infatuation it would never have occurred to him to be curious. But the mere admission, to herself as much as to him, that by the count of years she was old and he young would have destroyed some subtle balance, and the illusion she had built up would have collapsed.

For this reason she became increasingly conscious of herself. Beside Philip she had always been sure of appearing to advantage, but she found that she had to take infinite pains to measure up to Arthur. She redoubled her care of herself. Where before she had had to restrain her exuberance, she now began to simulate it at times when she did not feel vivacious or gay. She could not permit herself any off days after a party, when haggard lines etched themselves around her mouth. Arthur was always fresh as a lark no matter how late he stayed up.

Nor was her physical ardor a match for his, and to his juvenile elasticity she was less and less able to respond.

She fancied that people's attitude toward her had begun to change. In crowds they looked first at Arthur instead of at her. And then every one seemed suddenly inquisitive about her age, after an incredulous glance at Arthur. It seemed as though they knew that the hair at her temples had to be carefully touched up, from time to time, and that to preserve the clean line of her throat she spent hours every day in treatments with an expensive salve.

Even her colored maid, always so loyally admiring, now measured her, she thought, with a calculating eye when she asked,

"Shall I wear the green dress or the new black one tonight, Melina?"

"Miss Lucy, I'd wear the green, if 'twas me. It make you look younger."

Lucy was thunder-struck. It was as though the mirror, answering the fabled queen, had said, "You are *not* the fairest in the land, Madam!"

She decided that they should go abroad. On the continent people took situations of this sort as a matter of course. Besides, in a place where she was unknown, she might pass for nearer Arthur's age. For this thought was beginning to be foremost in her mind.

The pleasure they had together was secondary to that, as well as the fact that he so utterly belonged to her. If only she could force herself to the final pitch and convince others as she did herself, she felt that she would be happy. She destroyed all records and pictures which were dated by costume or inscription: the snap-shots taken at school in Switzerland in long braids and merino school-dress, and her wedding-pictures in high-necked satin and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, with the bridesmaids grouped behind her. She painstakingly erased the date of birth on her passport, substituting a later one. In the grip of her obsession she found this neither wrong nor foolish.

The trip over was pleasant and uneventful. Lucy had purposely chosen one of the smaller German lines. The other passengers were stolid middle-aged Teutons, and she and Arthur were alone in a world of their own. Something of the first rapture came back to them.

They went to Paris first, and stimulated by its luxurious amusements, they passed an enjoyable month. Lucy bought clothes, and Arthur discovered Auteuil. It had been a good idea, their coming abroad.

But it did not entirely solve the problem. She became aware of the unlimited curiosity of foreigners, and their lack of inhibition about gratifying it.

"And *Madame?* What age has *Madame?*" She grew adept at evading the issue, at changing the conversation.

Lucy began to be jealous of Arthur. She did not understand why he attracted so much attention. She questioned his good looks: he hadn't a strong chin, and he was slightly round-shouldered. His personal mannerisms irritated her more frequently.

They were at Monte Carlo when they met the Brainerds.

Ted Brainerd had been one of the first of Lucy's train, and she had come nearest to really loving him. Tall, blond and insolent, he had departed in a rage when they had a quarrel. He had gone down to South America, made a fortune in rubber, and married an English girl. . . . Lucy drew back sharply. Suddenly she did not want to meet Ted. But he was making his way toward their table.

"Great Heavens," he said. "Lucy Jamieson!"

Lucy looked up at him composedly. "Lucy Townsend," she said. "How are you, Ted? This is my husband, Arthur Townsend."

Brainerd glanced quickly from Arthur back again to her.

"Oh, I see," he said. "I beg your pardon. I didn't know— Come here, Anne. May I present my wife?"

Arthur was on his feet, smiling his pleasant sociable smile. He was glad they were meeting some people. He had been a little lonely.

Anne Brainerd was pretty, with a lazy, charming, malicious smile.

"Dear Mrs.—Townsend," she said sweetly. "I have heard so much about you." Her dark eyes with their

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look of amusement slid over Lucy, encountered Arthur's clear gaze. "You like Monte Carlo, Mr. Townsend? Your first trip? Not really!"

"Well, Lucy," said Ted, under cover of the other conversation, "how goes it?" He flashed on her his old look of impudent cameraderie. "I've been hearing things about you. Are you really happy?"

Lucy stared angrily, then recovered herself.

"Happier than I've ever been," she said defiantly.

"I'd hate to think you weren't. You know—I was always fond of you."

Lucy forced herself to smile at him, but she felt as though the stiff mask of her face would crack. For a moment neither of them spoke, and in the lull, they became conscious of Anne's voice drawling,

"We've just gone over the battle-fields . . . Ted wanted to see the Marne again; he had such a good time in the war— Were you over, Mr. Townsend?" and Arthur's cheerful, "Oh, I was hardly out of the nursery——"

Lucy's vermouth turned to gall upon her tongue. She rose to her feet.

"We must go," she said. "Sorry, Ted. We have an engagement."

"How about dinner together tomorrow?" asked Brainerd. "I can't let you go out of my life this way——"

"We're leaving in the morning on the early train," answered Lucy shortly, ignoring Arthur's surprise. "Good-bye, Mrs. Brainerd. So glad— Come, Arthur."

Arthur had been quite upset.

"Why are we going?" he asked. "Did I do something I shouldn't have? Darling, you know I wouldn't for the world——"

After that they began to go around to resorts out of season, to small unimportant places where they were not likely to meet people. The natives were not accustomed to Americans and thought, no doubt, that it was usual for smart hard-faced women to be married to handsome boys. Arthur did not care much for this quiet life; he liked noise and well-dressed crowds. But he was too good-natured to object.

They might have gone on this way for some time, becoming perennial wandering expatriates, if Lucy's sister Bess had not run across them in St. Malo.

In the early morning Lucy was roused by an impatient knocking on the door. The pension recognized no formalities, and visitors were sent up to the rooms at any hour. Only half awake, she opened the door and stared unbelievingly. It had been years since she had seen her sister and for a moment she did not recognize her, for Bess had grown stout, and dowdy. She embraced Lucy heartily.

"What a time we've had finding you!" she exclaimed. "Why *do* you bury yourself in a place like this? Now," she continued as Lucy stood silent, "you must dress and come out to breakfast with us. We want to see a lot of you while we're here."

"But I don't eat breakfast," said Lucy sleepily.

Bess took her arm firmly. "Nonsense," she said. "I'm coming in to see that you don't go back to sleep."

As she listened to her sister's chatter, Lucy felt something begin to give way.

"So that's how you keep so young, Lucy— All those creams and ointments. I'd never take the time—the children, or else always something— Of course, they're fairly well grown up now. Neil was a freshman at Stanford this year."

"Is Neil old enough to go to college?" asked Lucy faintly. She thought of Arthur. He could not be much older than her nephew.

"And you're married again," went on Bess. "Of course I knew you would." She turned her large plain face admiringly on her sister. "You were always so popular, Lucy. Why I couldn't begin to count the men that were in love with you—and poor Philip always so jealous— Now tell me all about it. Your husband is from Bacton, isn't he? Townsend— I don't seem to know the name."

Must she go on forever, Lucy asked herself, dodging, smoothing over, hiding? A towering wave of resentment flooded her heart, and all at once her defenses crumbled.

"You wouldn't know him, Bess," said Lucy very clearly, and in that moment she said farewell to Arthur. "He is much younger than you are."

Bess gasped.

"Younger than I? But I'm——"

"Yes, I know," said Lucy. "I know you are."

"Well, upon my word," exclaimed Bess weakly.

Lucy rose.

"I'll dress now, Bess. You go on and I'll meet you in an hour."

As soon as she was alone, Lucy began to take her bags out of the closet. Now that she had made her decision, her mind felt free.

There was a knock on the door and Arthur came in.

"Oh, you're up," he said. "You know I've found the most amusing little café. We might try it for lunch."

Lucy looked at him steadily. He was already a stranger.

"I'm not having lunch with you, Arthur," she said. "Not now, nor ever again."

Arthur lifted his head uneasily.

"Are you joking, Lucy?"

"Arthur, it was a mistake for us to marry. I've never told you the truth about my age. I'm forty-one years old."

The damning sentence fell upon the silence casually, a meaningless thing now, as though so much time and trouble had not been spent on its denial.

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"What? You're—" Arthur stammered and was silent.

"It was all a blunder. It's time we realized it."

"But Lucy," Arthur frowned, then smiled. "You shouldn't have thought I'd mind. I might have, at first," he added honestly, "before we were married. Hearing that did—well, separate us—for a minute. But it can't, now." He came nearer, knelt down by her side. "I love you too much for anything to matter, Lucy." He looked into her face anxiously, but it remained hard as stone. He laughed tenderly. "Women are funny," he said. "They never want you to know."

Lucy drew away, shaking off his arm, as the rage which had been gathering rose swiftly in her throat. It was unbearable that Arthur should make light of this, or pity her.

"I hate you, Arthur Townsend," she said.

Arthur recoiled as though she had struck him. The bewildered anguish on his face was pitiable, but it only spurred Lucy on to be more cruel.

"I'm tired of your good-looking face and your silly smile," she said. She wanted to wound him irreparably, to assuage the slights her vanity had endured. "I've had enough of children like you, Arthur." The words cut like scornful whips.

Arthur commenced to tremble. He rose to his feet, holding on to the back of his chair like a stricken man.

"If I could just have—a little time to get used to it," he said. He walked to the door, and paused in a moment of weakening. "Oh, Lucy, Lucy, what will I do?" he cried.

When he had gone, Lucy felt strangely empty, as though the crisis had swept her mind of all the present, leaving only the past. She started aimlessly to pack an overnight bag. Where should she go? To Paris? To Algiers? To—Bacton? For her thoughts, returning idly over her life, suddenly brought her back to the time she had most wished to forget—the days when she had been Philip's wife. Could it have been that she was happier then than she had realized, secure, protected and admired?

A sharp nostalgia stirred her. As plainly as though she looked from a window, she saw the broad elm-shaded street and the brick walks edged with privet. There was her house, tall and narrow, its creamy walls hung with ivy, the brass knocker gleaming on the door. Inside, she knew the high ceilings and the broad white stair-case, and the white-panelled doors that led to Philip's office.

Philip! Suddenly his face was before her, familiar, almost dear. A sense of his presence overwhelmed her as though it had not been absent these years. "Child," he had called her, "child," in the rare moments when she had been kind. She had been a child to him, a lovely, irresponsible child, to be guarded and led by his maturer judgment. His strength had been a haven to which she could retire after adventure, his worship a cooling stream in which she might bathe her weary ego till it arose rejuvenated. A curious vitality, restless, and eager, flowed into her at the mere thought of him.

The clear hard northern sunlight slanted in through the window and touched the silvery strands at her temples. But Lucy did not feel old. She looked at herself in the mirror without rancor now. She was forty-one, but she had never felt younger.

LILY, PENNSYLVANIA

By Pearl Mayefsky

THE coal black cattle, bulls, and cows, and lowing calves, having wandered all day in their spacious meadow
Stopped at the fence and looked across the yellow sluggish river, to where
Between the railroad and the other shore, nestled a hundred little houses, all washed white,
And wondered
At the myriad of people, children pale and sickly, men with coal-blackened hands and frail stooping women, screaming, chatting, washing clothes in the river, playing games,
And wondered
How they could all find food on such a little slope
And if, if the men had four feet, the Owner, who fancied black cattle, would invite them to the meadows,
And wondered
Whether some greater virtue did not lie in being black and cattle,
That so much land was given them,
And wondered
That these others did not move across the river
And wondered idly at the ways of men, and then
Turned back into their spacious meadow, lowing contentedly.

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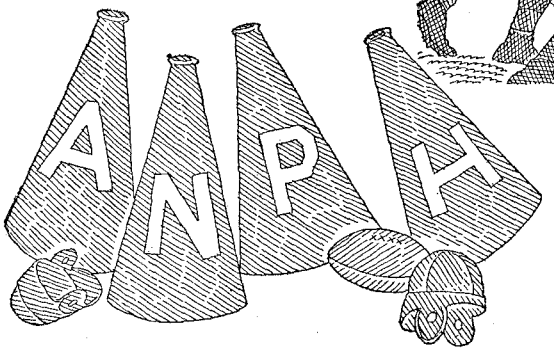
The Football Brahmins Make Peace

By Lawrence Perry

With Princeton and Harvard resuming play this year the major scars of intercollegiate football are healed. Mr. Perry here tells for the first time the inside story of the Princeton-Harvard, Army-Navy breaks



One of the penalties of close and intimate friendship is a liability to disaffections which may cause temporary, if not a permanent, interruption of relationship. This applies to athletics as to any phase of human life.

For several years prior to 1932 intercollegiate sport was marked by unfortunate schisms in high quarters, and the fact that this fall complete and satisfactory adjustments are being signalized by the meeting of Harvard and Princeton football elevens at Cambridge, just as last autumn Army and Navy teams played their second game under formal agreement after a five-year break, is highly reassuring to all who hold a brief for amateur sport.

It is interesting to note in the case of the two national service academies, as with Harvard and Princeton, that in the repairing of broken relations the original causes of rupture were completely ignored.

Beyond any question a Brahmin caste exists in football, in all college sports for that matter, and the fact is tacitly admitted in various ways. It exerts a powerful, if subtle, influence on sporting ethics and in general it has been effective in maintaining a sane and healthful subordination of athletics to essential aims of the system of higher education.

To this high caste Harvard, Princeton, and the academies at West Point and Annapolis certainly belong, and a condition which found them at odds, unable to associate with one another in athletic contest, was unhealthful not only so far as they were directly concerned but generally. It provided critics of the system of college athletics with dangerous ammunition and set an example which was baleful in its widespread effects.

When Harvard and Princeton meet on the gridiron this fall they will repair a break enduring over a period of eight years. It was in the early summer of 1927 that Princeton severed relations with her ancient rival. The action followed receipt of a letter from William Bingham, athletic director at Cambridge, stating in effect that in future years, except for the final game with Yale, it would be Harvard's policy to play football with other colleges only at "suitable intervals."

Obviously, the implication was that Princeton was to be regarded by Harvard as merely a casual and intermittent rival differing in no wise from any institution—other than Yale. High-headed in her pride, Princeton thereupon broke with Harvard in every sport.

General belief—at Princeton, as elsewhere—was that Harvard designedly had left Old Nassau with no other alternative, and it had long been apparent that Harvard was not happy in her rivalry with the New Jersey sister.

Rumors and counter rumors of subsidization of players had been going back and forth between Cambridge and Princeton for several years; but much more definite were Harvard's whisperings of dirty football and bad language by Princeton football teams. Combined with all this was the "Harvard attitude" of cold superciliousness which Princeton was finding increasingly hard to bear.

So cumulative in bad feeling was the situation on both sides that a crisis was inevitable. It came on the day of the game of 1926 when *The Harvard Lampoon* issued its famous number excoriating Princeton and Princeton men, when *The Harvard Crimson* had uncomplimentary things to say about Princeton's status as an opponent and when, finally, Harvard and Princeton students and the Cambridge police got into a goal post riot after the game.

Every one recognized that further athletic contests between the two universities would do the cause of intercollegiate sport no good and the break that came some months later was generally accepted as an inevitable move.

Newspapers seethed with the issue. Charges which had long been whispered were now flung broadcast and the culmination came in an article in a popular magazine under the name of a former Harvard player, Wynant Hubbard, who definitely charged Princeton players with brutal and unsportsmanlike conduct.

In certain cynical quarters all this furore created sardonic amusement but undoubtedly the general effect was bad in a sphere more comprehensive than that occupied by the two disaffected institutions. Princeton's plight lay chiefly in the fact that officially Harvard took care not to let herself be involved in the mess. Thus Princeton was enjoined from official defensive action in the face

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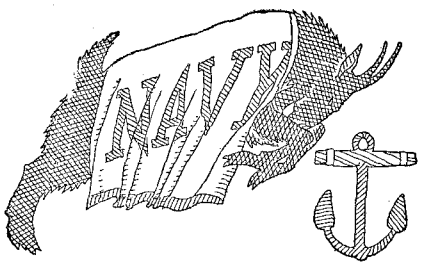

of a situation in which she was being placarded throughout the land as a patron of brutal and unethical sport.

While this attack was in progress I went to Boston to see Robert T. Fisher who had succeeded the late Percy D. Haughton as football coach at Harvard in 1919 and had just resigned after seven years of service.

My idea was that if definite reports and rumors of varying vagueness were true, Mr. Fisher, in his capacity as coach throughout the storm period, would know it. And, frankly, so incessant had been these charges through the years that I had come regretfully to accept them as having at least some substance.

So it was with considerable surprise that I found Fisher unwilling to confirm them. On the contrary, he expressed belief that they were not true.

What he said that day has never until now been repeated because of his request that his statement be held confidential. His reluctance was due, he said, to his recent retirement as Harvard coach and a consequent delicacy about entering into the situation. But now the passing of years and dying of rancor permit this valuable contribution to the long annals of Harvard and Princeton football association.

I had never met Bob Fisher, because methods of secrecy installed by Haughton and carried on by his successor had made visits to the Harvard practise field a waste of any writer's time. So upon the occasion of my visit I went first to the office of Melville E. Webb, Boston sports writer, and asked him to take me to Fisher's office in a banking firm with which he was affiliated.

This Webb did. Fisher was very cordial and talked freely. He regretted the charges that had been made against Princeton players and against their coach, the late William W. Roper, who both openly and inferentially had been the main object of attacks against Princeton.

Asked if, in his opinion, these charges were true, he said he did not believe they were. Members of his Harvard teams, he said, replying to a further question, had never come to him with complaints and he agreed they would have done so had reason existed.

"My impression always was," he said, "that Princeton teams were quicker on the charge than my men and when this is the case injuries to the slower eleven are very likely to occur. Naturally, when a line is less alert than its opponent it is hit harder, thus receiving more damage than the faster moving forwards receive in impact. I have nothing whatever to say against Bill Roper. He is a good coach and gets his men moving."

"Since you believe as you do," I remonstrated, "don't you think it would be fair to Roper and to Princeton that you as coach of Harvard teams in the time covered by all these allegations permit me to publish what you have said?"

He thought a moment and said he would be perfectly willing were it not that his position as recently retired Harvard coach would be awkward were he to enter the controversy.

"But," he added, "if attacks on Roper continue, if the present storm does not subside, then I shall let you print all I have said." His impression was that the matter in all its phases had about spent itself.

I called him on the telephone from New York two days later. He said the situation had become repetitious, an indication that it had run its course and would soon die. He did not desire to add fresh impetus. Looking back now I am inclined to think that Fisher's judgment was wise. Entering the situation he would have accomplished very little, if anything; he would certainly have harmed himself while adding to a situation already bad enough.

The reader will have noted that the athletic break between Harvard and Princeton did not immediately follow the football row which flamed fiercely for several weeks and finally died away as such things do.

But engendered feeling by no means died and the letter from Harvard to Princeton, cited in a foregoing paragraph as precipitating the separation, undoubtedly had its origin in the earlier controversy to the extent, at least, of Harvard's unwillingness to emphasize a relationship so fraught with dynamite.

From time to time the hiatus was diminished in ever increasing degree by the meeting of teams and crews and individual athletes of the two universities in various sports other than football until finally, last January, a two-year football agreement covering 1934 and 1935 was announced. In these games players, students, and alumni will have opportunity of showing that Harvard and Princeton can meet on the gridiron with sturdy good will and with respect and esteem one for the other, failing which we shall undoubtedly see still another break and a much more enduring one.

The exact manner in which these universities agreed to resume gridiron relations is also told here for the first time. Primarily it should be said that, beginning with the departure of the undergraduate generations at Princeton and Cambridge which had been in college during the years of turmoil, students of the two institutions had begun to make sporadic efforts to repair the breach. Those movements, organized and encouraged by editors of those enterprising dailies, *The Princetonian* and *The Crimson*, had no apparent result save the filling of columns in the papers themselves and a great deal of national publicity.

The old issue remained: Princeton demanding to be regarded as a rival on the same status as Yale; Harvard, willing to meet Princeton on the gridiron, but unwilling to accept her as coequal with Yale, and there seemed no way around it. At least so the issue seemed to stand; but in reality it was no more substantial than so much punk.

For one day last winter a prominent Harvard alumnus, a New York financier, called upon Edward W. Duffield, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Company and at the time acting president of Princeton.

Was there any reason, Mr. Duffield was asked in effect, why Harvard and Princeton should not play football? Mr. Duffield said he knew of none.

How about Princeton's contention that Harvard must regard Princeton as a rival on the same footing in every respect as Yale? Mr. Duffield's sentiment was that Princeton did not care how Harvard regarded her other than as an honored rival.

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With the machinery of reunion thus started, athletic authorities of the two universities met in Cambridge and agreed to play football in 1934 and 1935. Harvard was willing, and even suggested that a longer term of years be agreed upon, but Princeton thought that a two-year trial period would be better, all things considered. And so the two-year agreement was signed.

The truth about Princeton's change of mind with respect to parity with Yale is that this issue lost significance when Yale a few years ago decided very suddenly and unexpectedly to rotate her last game of the season between Princeton and Harvard. It was a dramatic move inasmuch as Harvard for many years had been favored with the last game on the Eli schedule. Tacitly it defined Yale as recognizing absolute equality in her rivalry with Nassau and the Crimson. Whatever may have been accomplished by this move it really served, in the last analysis, to make a renewal of Harvard-Princeton football practicable—and it has drawn Princeton to Yale in even stronger bonds of friendship.

The alternating of games runs, so I understand, through next year, after which further rotating will be decided upon through "mutual consent." Whether or not this consent involves Princeton and Yale, or Yale, Harvard and Princeton, has never been made clear. Some day it will have to be and then we shall see what we shall see.

In the fact that the Big Three athletic agreement withstood the Princeton-Harvard break lies one of the heartening manifestations of intercollegiate idealism that I have occasionally observed in the course of a long career in sports writing.

It is, in its terms and in their observance, a lofty document, entitled to stand as a model for any conference or other collegiate athletic organization. Thus morally the Big Three has continued to exist, albeit in a one-sided way inasmuch as Yale has had to consider two traditional rivals in anything she has done, or has proposed to do, while Harvard and Princeton have ostensibly ignored each other.

Sometimes this has made things a bit complicated for Yale. There was, for instance, a shrewdly conceived economic plan which Yale tentatively suggested to her two associates in the fall of 1930. There is no reason now why it may not be told in view of the retirement from New Haven of the athletic administration which devised the plan and submitted it to Harvard and Princeton for approval. The Yale Bowl can seat nearly eighty thousand spectators. The Harvard Stadium has a capacity for slightly more than fifty thousand and the Palmer Stadium at Princeton can be made to hold about fifty-five thousand. The three universities divide gate receipts of games with one another on a fifty-fifty basis. It will be grasped that when Yale plays Harvard at Cambridge or Princeton at Princeton Old Eli gets considerably less money than the Crimson and Tigers get when they play in the mammoth Yale Bowl.

It occurred to the athletic authorities at Yale that this was hardly a fair break and no economist can prove that it was, or is, even granting that Harvard and Princeton, together with Army—which has never played at the Bowl on a fifty-fifty basis—draw greater crowds than other intercollegiate rivals.

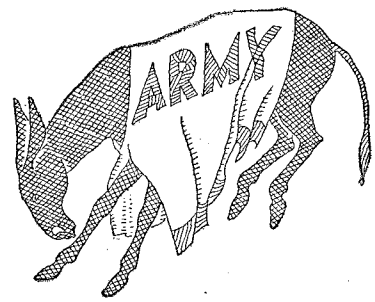
At all events, Yale proposed that when Princeton and Harvard played at New Haven, Yale keep all the receipts and in turn Harvard and Princeton keep all the receipts of games played against Yale in their home arenas.

I happened to see Bill Bingham shortly after he received Yale's proposal and it was clear he was both dismayed and puzzled as to the decision Harvard ought to make. Princeton on her part was equally at a loss.

In the end, having consulted together, they reached a conclusion that the plan would not be at all feasible if only because it would force them to make less generous guarantees to smaller rivals and thus work harm and perhaps bad feeling all along the line. Also it was feared that a principle detrimental to colleges throughout the country would be established.

Yale was so notified and dropped the project forthwith, although she in her turn did not fail to note with a certain amused cynicism the fact that Harvard and Princeton, although not playing football together, had nonetheless taken counsel with each other on an economic matter proposed separately to each by a third party.

It has already been noted that when the Army and Navy repaired their five-year break in athletic relations in the



summer of 1932 by an agreement to renew competition in all sports for a period of three years, the original cause of the rupture was as completely ignored as in the case of Harvard and Princeton.

The issue which parted the two service institutions remains, if not as an issue, certainly as an unadjusted fact. The Navy, following the code in vogue at practically all the universities and colleges of the country, restricts the participation of midshipmen on varsity teams to three years. The number of years in which students can represent major civilian institutions in varsity athletics is included in the reckoning. In other words, if a middie had played a year of varsity football, say at Wabash, before entering Annapolis he would be eligible for only two years of play as a Navy varsity man.

West Point, on the other hand, held, and still holds, that a cadet in good standing is entitled to three years on varsity teams representing the institution irrespective of his playing experience in a civilian seat of learning and that any other course would be unjust discrimination.

An extreme instance of the advantage of the Army over the Navy in consequence of the more liberal eligibility rule was seen in the 1927 game—the last before the break—when the brilliant Harry Wilson completed a full period as a West Point varsity back after having played three years at Penn State.

Before this contest the amiable Commander McCandless and his staff of assistants in athletic administration at Annapolis had given way to Lieutenant Commander Jonas Ingram and his staff. Commander Ingram was a bluff man of the sea, loud of voice, in opinion forthright. He had been a football player and a crack oarsman in his undergraduate days and the undercurrent of dissatisfaction in the Navy over the presence on Army elevens of seasoned college

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players found voice in him—but not public voice. Neither he nor any other naval officer ever spoke out loud. But newspaper correspondence flowing out of Annapolis indicated the trend of opinion on the banks of the Severn.

Opposed to him, equally quiet and a hundred times more suave, was Major Philip B. Fleming then director of athletics at West Point. The major was—and is—polished, deft, a very *beau sabreur*. He said nothing at all while the preliminary skirmishing was on but when battle broke he was ready for the engagement which ended in a severance of athletic relations, with popular sympathy mainly supporting the Army.

In considering this quarrel it is important to bear in mind that the academies at West Point and Annapolis are public institutions and hence much more sensitive to popular opinion than endowed seats of learning.

In this connection an army officer of rank who had closely followed the controversy between the two institutions recently criticised the strategy of the Navy in the matter.

"If," he said to me, "the Navy was really at a disadvantage in her games with the Army her policy should have been to carry on, taking her beatings and letting a sense of the handicap under which she played seep into the public consciousness. In this way a state of public mind would have been established and the Army would have had to conform."

As it was, the public state of mind, rightly or wrongly, ran the other way, a fact solely due to the winning by the Army of a sympathetic press. And it was this that really decided the issue.

Here is part of a letter I received from Commander Jonas Ingram, U. S. N., in February, 1930, as he was about to retire from his post as director of athletics at the Naval Academy.

"In a few days I will turn over the administration of the Navy athletics to my relief and will go to work as executive of the battleship *Pennsylvania* . . . I do regret the Army controversy very much but can see no help for it as it was an argument of thirty years' standing and the situation was getting so bad in the end that official cognizance had to be taken. . . . The athletic administration here had nothing to do with the break nor has this administration entered into any discussion or propaganda on the subject since the break. I am sorry that at the time we did not go into much detail with some of you sports writers, but such was the policy of our Superintendent at the time and I am afraid some of you got a slant on the situation that might have been different had you heard our side of the case. However I doubt if that will have anything to do with the final adjustment when it does come and it is now over the dam."

The fact that the Naval Academy authorities maintained silence while those at West Point gave their point of view a great deal of publicity simply through acquiring the friendship and understanding of newspaper men was poor strategy on Navy's part. There are always two sides to any major issue and the Navy unquestionably had a brief; but at no time did she cope with a situation in which, by process of navigating through channels of publicity, she might have overcome her less favorable geographical location with respect to centres of national publicity and have established an entente hardly less valuable than that which West Point effected.

At any rate when the break came it was accepted quietly by the public and so, save with one or two exceptions, by members of Congress. It is said that President Hoover's aid was invoked in behalf of the Navy cause by certain legislators; if so, he apparently saw what most of his countrymen thought they saw, an academic quarrel over a technicality. In any case he withheld action; he had more important worries on his mind.

Now the two service institutions are united again after five years of fruitless separation marked by two charity games. The original point of debate is still unsolved. Whether it has been eliminated and will soon be forgotten or whether it lurks beneath the restoration destined at some future time to reappear, who can say?

At all events the time has come when full details of the break may with propriety be told. And this, because of attending events of diplomatic importance, carries us to the Army-Navy game of 1926.

Held in the Soldiers Stadium on the shore of Lake Michigan in Chicago this contest in point of attendance, in impressive display of martial pomp and official circumstance, in the ever changing fortune of the contestants marked by thrilling junctures—in all, in sum, that goes to make a sporting event memorable, this service game marked high water in Army-Navy football history as in the annals of intercollegiate sport.

Immediately after that game—it ended in a 20–20 tie—Major Fleming and Commander Ingram signed a contract for four Army-Navy games, all to be played on the Atlantic seaboard.

The first of these was staged at New York in 1927 and the Navy lost 14 to 9. On the West Point eleven in this contest were several cadets who had experience on college elevens before coming to the military academy, notably Harry Wilson. It was played under Army auspices, was in effect the Army's "home game." This is to say that West Point had selected the site, handled all business arrangements and in general acted as host to her opponent.

The meeting of the following year in turn was to be the Navy's "home game" and accordingly after the 1927 encounter Commander Ingram submitted to Major Fleming a business contract for the 1928 game assigned, through Navy choice, to Franklin Field in Philadelphia.

Picture Major Fleming in his office in the Administration Building at West Point holding the document in one hand, languidly caressing his well-kept mustache with the other as he casually read the conditions.

Familiar details came in sequence. The officials were named, tried and true officials, perfectly satisfactory to the Army. Followed the scale of prices; that was all right, too. Then ticket distribution and other clauses, all according to custom. But what was this? Still another clause? The Major seized the contract with both hands, peering at the words in the manner of one who doubted his eyes.

What he read, in effect, was that in July following the Navy intended to adopt a three-year eligibility rule for varsity players.

The reason subsequently given was that the Navy as a matter of sportsmanlike deference to civilian rivals had decided to play them upon equal terms of eligibility. There is no reason for doubting the sincerity of this, inasmuch

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as previously the Navy had adopted a rule barring freshmen from varsity teams and had forced the Army to do likewise.

Whether or not the Navy also intended to apply the three-year rule as a tactical means of restricting West Point in the use of football players of collegiate experience is a matter of opinion.

At any rate in the contract submitted to Major Fleming it was definitely stated that if the Army did not accept this condition as part of the annual game the Navy would consider the four-year contract terminated forthwith.

Major Fleming hurried from his office, contract in hand, and soon high council was in progress at the military academy. Wires to Washington throbbed and buzzed. West Point calling Annapolis on the telephone. Did the clause mean what it said? It most certainly did. How could English be any plainer?

In the end West Point formally and emphatically declined to meet the condition on the ground that it violated principles of sport as conducted at the United States Military Academy. And with the letter of declination the business contract was returned unsigned. Thus the two service academies parted.

"There never was a time," Commander Ingram said to me recently, "when the Army-Navy break could not have been prevented if Phil Fleming and I had ever had a chance to sit alone over a dinner table and talk the matter out."

No doubt that is true. But that chance never came, somehow or other.

West Point, as it happened, was fortunately situated as to schedules when the break occurred. The Navy on her part was able to arrange dates with important elevens, but for the most part they came in October and her contests seldom had the wide public appeal characteristic of West Point's big games.

Cadets at West Point seemed philosophical about the break, but the midshipmen were never reconciled to the loss of competition against their dearest rival; something vital seemed to have departed from football seasons on the banks of the Severn and it was not until the two elevens met for charity in 1930 that the old zest returned.

This game and the charity contest of 1931, both held in New York, were important factors lying behind the decision of the two service institutions to resume athletic relations. If public opinion was going to force them to play every year in spite of their technical separation why not get together and play football under their own management? The question was pointed because of dissatisfaction of both academies over the handling of the charity games.

The retirement of the athletic administration at Annapolis under which the break had come brought a new set of athletic officers, Captain Wilcox, Commander Cook, Lieutenant Commander Hall, and Lieutenant Overesch. At Poughkeepsie with the Navy crew in June of 1931 they became friendly with Major Fleming, Major Sasse and other members of the West Point athletic family.

Lieutenant Commander Hall, director of athletics at Annapolis, remarked that he regarded the lack of an athletic alliance between the Army and Navy not only as calamitous to the best interests of the two services but to the cause of amateur sport.

"So far as I am personally concerned," he said, "I want to play the Army even if they enlist eleven giants of Gath and use them against us."

Later in the year Major Fleming and Lieutenant Commander Hall met at the late Morris Wood's annual Round Table gridiron dinner in Philadelphia and held a long conference following which negotiations leading to a complete resumption of relations ensued.

Continuance of a happy relationship under the varying eligibility code of the two academies would seem largely to depend upon the future success of the Navy in winning her due and proper share of victories. Even the most amiable sentiment and strongest friendship are not likely always to endure a condition which sees one institution consistently at a disadvantage with a rival.

As for Harvard and Princeton, a fairly equal division of victories also seems an essential of enduring relationship.

SUMMARY

By Idella Purnell

THE minute acerbities of her sweet humor
Had rasped him like a fine-thorned teazle-brush.
Resentment grew upon him like a tumor.
Instead of speech, he answered with a hush.
But she, unheeding his malignant growth,
Still chattered heedless as a sailor's parrot.
Then he resolved he would no longer bear it
And fled one day, for he was nothing loth
After her pricking words, to choose a mute
Young girl of graceful face and smiling eyes.
He did not care love was a prostitute.
His weariness, he thought, had made him wise.
But he discovered, being very human,
That he would tire at length of any woman.

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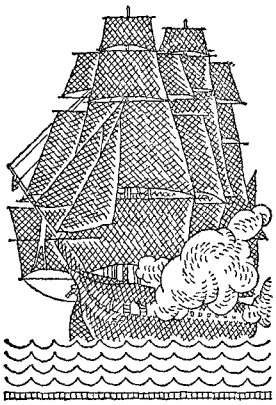
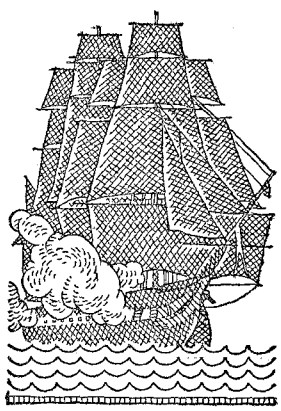
MAHAN

NAVAL PHILOSOPHER



By Captain W. D. Puleston
U. S. N.



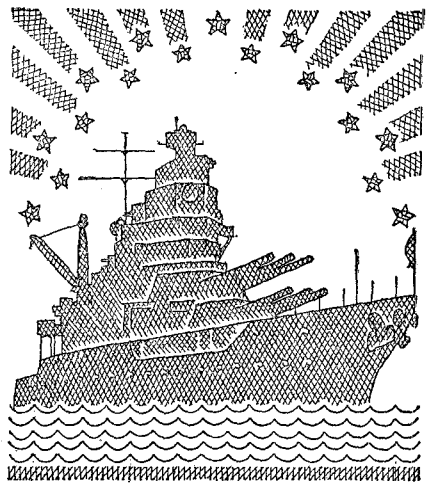
The biography of Admiral Mahan by Louis Hacker (April SCRIBNER'S*) presented him in the light of radical thought. In this article Captain Puleston, author of "High Command in the World War," interprets Mahan's influence from the naval point of view. This article, of course, is a personal opinion and in no way represents the opinion of the Navy Department*

ACHIEVING greatness in any profession is subject to many chances, and, of all forms of fame, military renown is perhaps the most dependent upon good fortune. A blind bullet seeking its mark may make an end of the promising subaltern before he has an opportunity to prove himself in battle. Another military officer may survive to an old age to die in bed, and depart unknown except to the few of his immediate contemporaries who recognize a potential capacity for high command, because he matures and retires during an era of peace. Thus it has been truly said that Napoleon would have probably died an obscure colonel except for the French Revolution. It is more than probable that Farragut, Stonewall Jackson, and Grant would have passed into obscurity except for our Civil War.

Of the entire naval generation that entered the service, matured and retired between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the Spanish War, only a few names are known outside of their own family and naval circles. One of the few of that generation who emerged from respectable obscurity was Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan. Although reared a naval officer Mahan's niche in the hall of fame was achieved by the pen.

OUR PRESENT INTEREST IN MAHAN'S WRITINGS

By world consent, Mahan during the later part of his life was hailed as the naval philosopher of his era. This was no mean tribute, nor was it yielded without contest, for in England alone there was a host of writers on naval



subjects and a good half-dozen who, except for the appearance of Mahan, would have been considered of the first rank. Mahan's brilliance, like Nelson's, dimmed the lustre of many able contemporary competitors. But for us of today the important fact is that Mahan's writings are as timely and as useful as they were forty years ago, when they were first being read. For example, the question of naval bases which he discussed so thoroughly and intelligently will be a very live topic at the Naval Conference in 1935. And it is not unlikely that British, French, Italian, and Japanese delegates as well as our own will buttress their arguments for naval bases upon Mahan's writings.

Mahan also studied arbitration and armament very thoroughly, and concluded that arbitration could not always serve a nation's destiny. For this reason Mahan is still being attacked by those who believe there is a peaceful solution to all international problems and that arbitration can entirely replace the sword. These extreme pacifists are under a peremptory necessity to discredit Mahan, for if he was right they are wrong. The issue between them is sharply drawn and cannot be compromised. Mahan has stated his case clearly and temperately, his writings need no interpreter. The problem is of vital current importance and it is to be regretted that Mahan's latest critic, Louis M. Hacker,[1] did not approach this subject with some of Mahan's serenity and even temper, for SCRIBNER'S readers would have been more enlightened.

MAHAN'S LATEST CRITIC

Mr. Hacker has indirectly charged Mahan with all the evils he could imagine had occurred in the Victorian era: However, even in his rage, which appears to us to be partly affected, this critic is still wary enough only to imply and not assert that Mahan was responsible for the Conservatives' passing the British Naval Defense Act of 1889. For although not thoroughly versed in Mahan's work he could hardly help knowing that Mahan's first book on sea power was not published until 1890.

This critic charges in one breath that Mahan did not grasp the mercantilism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in the next that he was the slave of its culmination, nineteenth century commercial imperialism. But in our judgment he reaches the top of his form when he dogmatically announces that "To regard Mahan seriously as a great historian or thinker is therefore an absurdity," and then, having stated

[1] "The Incendiary Mahan," SCRIBNER'S for April.

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his conclusion, he loftily decides that "it is hardly necessary to elaborate on the astounding historical errors into which Mahan fell"; thereby avoiding the necessity of citing some of these errors. He makes this hardy, unsupported assertion in face of the fact that Mahan's books have been reviewed in every civilized state and, except for a few minor inaccuracies that did not affect his conclusion, were accepted practically without exception by the multitude of his contemporary reviewers.

Mahan's latest critic takes a more insidious method of attack when he question's Mahan's Christianity. Mahan has explained his own beliefs in a paper read before the Church Congress in 1900 entitled "War from the Christian Standpoint." Those really wishing to know how he reconciled his religion and the profession of arms can find this paper reprinted in a volume entitled *Some Neglected Aspects of War*. We will only add that the deeply religious nature of Mahan was also characteristic of a host of other distinguished officers, such as Nelson, Lee, Jackson, Farragut, Fisher, and Foch, and that if Christians in the time of the Crusades had entertained the views of modern pacifists, Europeans today would probably be Mohammedans. So Christianity itself is under some obligations to the sword.

Commodore Luce Gives Mahan His Opportunity

It was through Commodore Stephen B. Luce that Mahan's opportunity came. Luce, himself, was one of the navy's most remarkable officers. He had the vision to conceive of a Naval War College when we did not have a fleet; he was also endowed with a persistence that enabled him to overcome many formidable obstacles to the establishment of the War College. Luce, an older officer than Mahan, throughout his life painstakingly prepared himself for high command only to become commander-in-chief during a time of profound peace when our strongest squadron, the North Atlantic, consisted of four heterogeneous ships, relics of the Civil War. Nevertheless, he trained this squadron with the same zeal as if he had been in command of a modern fleet. It was the spirit of men like Luce that transmitted our old naval tradition through the terrible post-Civil War era when our navy was not only neglected but was all but abandoned by the government and the nation.

In 1884 Luce invited Mahan to become a lecturer at the recently authorized Naval War College. Mahan accepted for, with all his modesty, he felt he had "the capacity and perhaps some inherited aptitude." Rarely has a choice for a new and difficult position been so quickly justified. Mahan delivered his first lectures at the War College in 1886–7. By 1890 these lectures had been published under the title *The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, 1660–1783,* and became the first of his famous treatises on sea power. Recognition of his book was world-wide and almost instantaneous.

Although Mahan had apparently won fame at a bound, actually he had been carefully if unconsciously prepared for this great work from his youth up. His capacious mind had been molded by early family environment, the Naval Academy, the Civil War, and long cruises that gave him an opportunity to observe modern affairs in all parts of the world and the necessary leisure to digest his reading. Only a superficial observer could imagine that such a person as the Mahan of 1886 was an "average American," or "A man of small—really no—intellectual, artistic and political interests." Only a misguided critic of this era of self-advertisement could mistake Mahan's mid-Victorian modesty for lack of capacity. Yet these charges are gravely made by Hacker.

His Subject—The Influence of Sea Power Upon History

Mahan's thesis "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History" was not a new one. To spare the reader reference to pre-historic days, we will only speak of Bacon's essay "On the True Greatness of Kingdoms," wherein he points out to his English readers the great advantage that sea power conferred upon the English crown. It is to be noted that Bacon, writing about three hundred years earlier than Mahan, claimed no originality for discovering a new principle, for he expressly credited Pompey and Themistocles with a prior and full knowledge of the value of sea power. Mahan did not claim to discover any new principle. In fact, he employed the historical method of developing his thesis which automatically denied invention.

The knowledge of the enormous value of sea power has been recognized by a few wise people of the earth at all times. Sea power was well known to our colonial ancestors, particularly those in New England, whose ships were more than once driven into harbor when France or Holland had gained temporary command of the sea. The American communities that are best qualified to testify to the value of sea power from sad personal experience are the whaling villages of Nantucket Island. During our Revolutionary War and War of 1812 their whaling industry was twice obliterated by British sea power and their flourishing island reduced to poverty. Our whole history has been a constant exemplification of the value of sea power. Yet after the Civil War we became so engrossed in developing the interior of our continent, especially our great railway systems, that our people, except for a few students of naval history, forgot the influence of sea power, subsequently so clearly demonstrated by Mahan.

After 1895, by the common consent of the literate naval world, Mahan was accepted as the most brilliant exponent of the philosophy of naval history. His successive books and articles were eagerly awaited not only by naval officers but by discriminating public men the world over, for his subject, sea power, is one of supreme importance to the progressive nations of the world. Most of his books were soon translated into French, German, Japanese, Russian, and Spanish. These books have been ransacked by professional critics in all the world, and with a very few exceptions Mahan's verdict as to fact and opinion is regarded as conclusive. We believe the only other American historian that is accepted abroad as implicitly as Mahan is Parkman. Naturally in traversing such a vast historical field Mahan fell into a few inaccuracies; so, however, did the painstaking Gibbon. But Mahan did not base any of his conclusions on a single debatable fact, he was too much the philosopher to commit such a fundamental error. And although his subject was almost hackneyed he treated it so vividly that he generally held the reader's interest and

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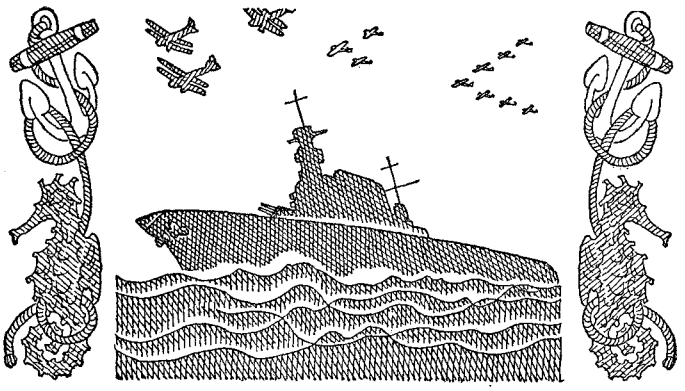
proved his points with such indisputable historical illustrations that he carried conviction to open-minded readers.



Some of Mahan's Earlier Critics

Corbett, a contemporary British historian, sometimes disagreed with the details of Mahan's commentaries and has attempted to justify certain actions by British admirals that Mahan has criticised. But in general he has agreed with Mahan. Jane, another British writer, published in 1906 a book *Heresies of Sea Power,* that challenges some of Mahan's conclusions. Jane, in his own words, made "every effort to avoid the rôle of a mere iconoclast" and to offer constructive criticism. But if Jane's criticism is carefully analysed it seems to be mainly a useless quarrel with some of Mahan's definitions, mixed with an occasional attempt to misunderstand his meaning. Thus, for example, Jane substituted the term "fitness to win" for Mahan's term "sea power." Simply making sea power a first derivative, so to speak, rather than a basic factor.

Mahan's ideas have suffered more from enthusiastic friends who have unduly extended or restricted his meaning than from unfriendly critics. Thus his famous statement, "Those far distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world," has been widely quoted and without its context has been cited as evidence that those ships alone overwhelmed Napoleon. Mahan recognized and gave credit to other factors, political and military, that, combined with and sustained by sea power, finally overthrew Napoleon, the world's greatest military genius. Mahan knew, for instance, that as the embodiment and child of the French Revolution, Napoleon suffered from the handicaps that accompany any overthrow and usurpation of hereditary authority. In the preface to *The Influence of Sea Power Upon the French Revolution and Empire* he distinctly mentions sea power as a "factor in the results of history." He does, however, claim that in a struggle of endurance such as the Napoleonic war became, a nation sustained by sea power, as Britain was, is certain to overcome a nation such as France, that is sustained only by land power.

Mahan's doctrines have occasionally been distorted in an effort to minimize the necessity and value of the naval battle, on the ground that by blockading a smaller enemy fleet a superior fleet enjoys all the privileges of control of the sea without running the risks inseparable from battle. Yet throughout Mahan's works he emphasized the importance of subordinating every other consideration to that of defeating and, if possible, utterly destroying the enemy fleet. In his description of the dispositions of the British squadrons made by Lord St. Vincent to prevent Napoleon's apparent plan to invade England in 1804–5 he made it plain that the first purpose of those blockading fleets was to do battle with the enemy fleet. He produces as his chief witness Nelson, who indignantly denied that he ever tried to prevent the French fleet from leaving Toulon, he only kept watch outside Toulon so the French could not escape without a fight. The same idea animated Cornwallis off Brest, Collingwood off Rochefort, and Pellew off Ferrol. The weary waiting off enemy ports was not endured in order simply to drive those French fleets back into harbor; the determined purpose of those British admirals was to bring their enemy fleets to action and if possible to destroy them.

Mahan as a Writer

In his autobiography Mahan has told us of his efforts to improve his literary style. That he did not entirely succeed in acquiring an easy style is shown in some passages of his books. First of all he strove to be accurate and that caused him to qualify and requalify his statements. And it is true that some parts of his books require a little determination to read, but they are worth the efforts, particularly to a student or a man of affairs who desires to familiarize himself with world politics. The reader will be frequently rewarded with many sparkling pages of absorbing interest where Mahan has succeeded in transferring the vividness of the exciting events he describes to the printed page.

Perhaps Mahan's greatest trial as a writer occurred when he was called upon to relate Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton in his *Life of Nelson.* He could not ignore such a momentous event in the life of his hero, he was too faithful to his task of biographer and historian to conceal the effect it had not only upon his hero's subsequent life but upon the operations of Nelson's squadron. It is proof of Mahan's high principles that despite his admiration for Nelson, which approached hero worship, he did not attempt to hide his disgust for Nelson's unfortunate infatuation.

The Scope of His Writings

Mahan's writings were comprehensive. He commenced with a study of our navy in the Gulf and inland waters, during our Civil War. He next turned to European history and found in the many struggles between 1660 and 1783 ample material to prove his thesis, "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History." He then wrote a short life of Admiral Farragut, returning to his own country for his material and to his own service for his hero. In 1897 came *The Life of Nelson,* which is probably the best known of his books. This same year he appealed again to his own countrymen in a series of naval tracts whose titles are so suggestive that their moral can be anticipated.

Some of these titles are: "The United States Looking Outward," "Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power," "The Isthmus and Sea Power," "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," "Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico." In 1899 he wrote about the "Lessons of the War with Spain." In 1901 he turned

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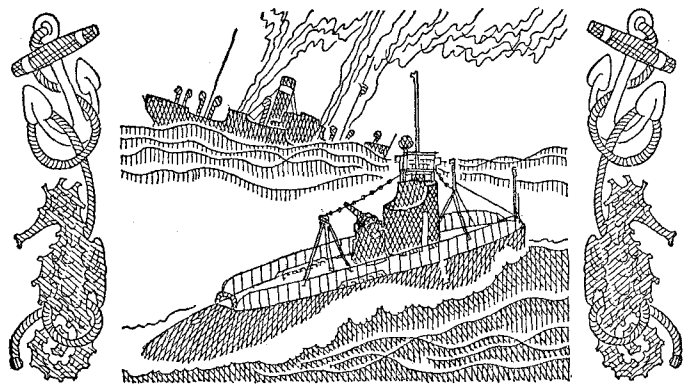

again to the British navy and in a series of short naval biographies published in a volume, *Types of Naval Officers,* he stressed the qualities necessary for naval leaders. In choosing foreign officers as his examples Mahan obtained greater freedom in the treatment of his subject than if he had taken officers from his own service.

In 1905 he wrote *Sea Power in Its Relation to the War of 1812.* Mahan did not pretend to be pleased with this work although it was done with the utmost care and thoroughness. As an American naval officer he could not have enjoyed describing the humiliating naval conditions that existed between 1812 and 1815. It is true they were partly redeemed by some brilliant victories on the Lakes and some individual ship actions on the ocean, but Mahan realized too well the disgraceful fact that everywhere along the Atlantic coast our ships were blockaded, that the island of Nantucket and part of Maine were practically in British possession, that we had been entirely unable to protect our own capital, and except for a few fortified harbors like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, our entire seaboard was at the mercy of a single enemy frigate. He could take no pleasure in describing that situation and he was too sincere to conceal his mortification, but he could have taken comfort from some aspects of that picture which gave promise of a future American fleet.

Henry Adams in his *History of The United States,* describing this same war, writes "The Ocean was the only open field for competition among nations. Americans engaged there had no natural or artificial advantages over Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Spaniards. . . . During ten centuries of struggle the nations of Europe had labored to obtain superiority over each other in ship construction, yet Americans instantly made improvements which gave them superiority. . . . The English complained . . . that their (American) vessels were heavier and better constructed." These vessels were also sailed faster and more smartly handled by their American crews than were the British. Adams added: "Whether at point blank range or at long-distance practise the Americans used guns as they had never been used before," and he quotes Sir Francis Head as follows: "Our lean children, the American people taught us rod in hand our first lesson in the art [of naval gunnery]."

Adams also explains that it was our "national antipathy to war and to any system organized with military energy" that rendered our natural talent for naval warfare of no avail in that struggle. Fortunately for us most of Britain's energies were absorbed in Europe and we escaped the consequences of our unpreparedness. As we have come gradually to realize our interest in sea power, our national attitude toward the navy has greatly improved.

To Mahan should go a large share of the credit for the education of our people. During more than twenty-five years he wrote on naval subjects and produced a series of naval tracts that while they had no immediate result gradually turned the eyes of Americans seaward, and convinced the most skeptical that although a continent in area we are essentially a large island and as such our insular security and our sea-borne trade will always depend primarily upon the American navy.

Mahan's Estimate of The World Situation in August, 1914

On August 3, 1914, while the British Cabinet was still debating its course of action Mahan issued a statement to some representatives of the American press which expressed his principal ideas on the war just commencing. He said: "Germany's procedure is to overwhelm at once by concentrated preparation and impetuous momentum." Germany followed almost exactly this course of action. He likened Great Britain's position, in 1914, as a third member of the Entente to that of Prussia in 1805, when she stood aside and let Napoleon strike down Austria, only to be herself laid low at Jena in 1806. With what we know today who can doubt the disastrous consequences to Great Britain had she stood aside in 1914 while Germany struck down France? Referring to Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, he said: "Knowing from past experience how the matter [ultimatum] must be reviewed by Russia, it is incredible that Austria would have ventured on the ultimatum unless assured beforehand of the consent of Germany to it." It is known today that Germany did promise Austria support prior to the despatch of the now historic ultimatum.

Mahan continued: "The British fleet which is superior to that of Germany has the power to prevent all commerce under the German flag." Within a week after Britain declared war there was scarcely a German merchant ship at sea. Although Germany had a very strong fleet, in fact Germany had the second-best in the world, it was powerless to protect its own sea-going commerce against the superior fleet of Great Britain. It is no use to be the second-best in naval warfare, and Mahan well knew it. He said: "If Germany succeeds in downing both France and Russia she gains a respite by land, which may enable her to build up her sea force equal or superior to that of Great Britain." This possibility was present in the minds of at least some German leaders; and the fear of such a development was the basic reason for Great Britain joining the Entente. Mahan knew that Napoleon after his victories over Russia and Austria at Austerlitz endeavored to recreate the French fleet destroyed at Trafalgar; he reasoned that Germany would do the same. Mahan further added: "In my judgment, a right appreciation of the situation should determine Great Britain to declare war at once." He had already given sufficient material reasons for immediate action by Great Britain; he ended by one that looked beyond the war, and in his own mind clenched the decision: "Otherwise, her Entente engagements, whatever the let-

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ter, will be in *spirit* [italics the writer's] violated, and she will earn the entire distrust of all probable future allies."

Mahan's historical depth is exhibited to the full in the previous sentence, he knew that states survived wars, that there would be a hereafter to the World War and that Great Britain would probably in the future, as she had in the past, be at times in need of allies. And he knew that the good faith of a state was one of its priceless assets.

His Ability to Apply Past Human Experience to Future Events

Mahan had already amply demonstrated his ability to analyse the records of past wars, to emphasize the good and the bad measures adopted by the leaders and to deduce certain principles or rules of conduct. It is not necessary to concur in detail with all his so-called strategical principles or even to agree that operations of war can be reduced to principles, to realize that as one critic well said of Mahan: "No historian and no writer of naval warfare has displayed so profound a grasp of the true meaning of sea power as a determining factor in human affairs."

In this statement to the press, given on the eve of the World War, Mahan showed that his thorough knowledge of past wars enabled him to peer, dimly it is true, into the future and anticipate some of the leading events of the war that he did not live to see completed. It is plain that Mahan was not only a great historian with a real appreciation of the significance of past events, but he possessed an even rarer gift, that of applying his knowledge of past events and of previous human experiences to a present situation, in order to prepare suitable measures for the future.

It is this great talent of Mahan's reflected in such profusion throughout his writings that makes a knowledge of them indispensable to any military, naval or civilian servant of his country who may be called upon to play an important part in a future war. Some modification of Mahan's views will be necessary due primarily to changes and improvements in instruments of warfare. But his books will furnish a fixed point of departure to the student and his central idea of the value of sea power is an eternal truth that is bound to endure.

Mahan's Last Days

It is said that during the last few months of his life he was unhappy. Some have attributed this to his thought that his writings stimulated the growth of navies, thereby precipitating the war. We venture to doubt the accuracy of this suggestion. Mahan was too much of a historian not to understand those elemental causes that brought about wars before 1914; he saw clearly the factors that were leading to the last World War and his magazine articles after 1904 abound in warnings of the approaching struggle. He had scant faith in arbitration, and his knowledge of history convinced him that no treaty would survive when it came in conflict with the interests of a powerful state or alliance.

We think Mahan was too modest to believe that he caused or even advanced the date of the World War. Undoubtedly he had reminded the world of the value of sea power. His books were used as texts for increasing naval programs in all first-class nations. But it is equally true that a lack of preparation on the part of one nation might have brought the war about sooner.

Also, Mahan's own writings indicate that he inclined to the historical school that believes there is an undercurrent of events that shape the individual rather than in a superhuman individual directing and shaping events; thus in the opening chapter on Nelson, Mahan summarizes the *events* that made Nelson the embodiment of that interesting naval era. It is an unusually happy coincidence that Mahan, like his hero Nelson, had the same good fortune to appear in an era that had need of his particular talent and fostered its development.

We do not think Mahan would have shrunk from accepting any of the consequences of his writings. He was an upright naval officer with a just appreciation of his personal responsibility for his actions before he became a writer. He was too honest intellectually to color his real views, or to disavow his carefully considered convictions. We think he died convinced that his great talent had been wisely and beneficially employed.

Mahan's Anxiety About His Country's Future

There is a simpler, and we believe more reasonable, explanation of Mahan's unhappiness during the last few months of his life; he saw Germany triumphant on the continent of Europe, he knew of the first successes of the German submarines, and he was unable to avoid some anxiety lest Germany win the war. He was sure that Germany would be "nasty" to the United States if she won; he felt she would contest the Monroe Doctrine at the first opportunity. He realized we were unprepared for war, and up to the time of his death he knew we were taking comparatively no steps to remedy that condition. He was aware that fleets and armies could not be improvised and he feared for the near future of his own country.

He was convinced that we had as much interest in sea power as Great Britain, that as soon as we settled our continental interior and became an industrial as well as an agricultural nation, we would have to seek over-seas markets. He frequently used past events in British history to forecast our future development, and British officers to illustrate the various types of naval commanders. He made no secret of his admiration for British naval achievements nor his affection for many British institutions; but his first thought was for his own country. He lectured in the first instance to his brother officers, and he wrote primarily to convince his own countrymen of their interest in sea power. We believe his last days were unhappy because he died under the apprehension that his teaching and writing, though well known the world around, had been without decisive effect upon the audience he most desired to influence—his own people. For Mahan was above all else an American naval officer seeking to serve his country.

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Red Opinion in the United States

By C. Hartley Grattan

The general public is likely to lump all radicals together, and reactionaries especially view them as a solidified force seeking to overthrow the government. Mr. Grattan from a voluminous reading in their literature shows how the radicals battle each other more fiercely than they do the capitalists or bourgeoisie

One of the truly admirable achievements of the middle class was to establish and progressively widen the sphere of the freedom of the press. Growing out of the aspiration for freedom of publication for religious and scientific works of all kinds and character, the privilege was gradually extended to political writings. It was tacitly assumed that however violent the latter might be they would still remain within the bounds tolerable to *firmly established* states. To cover the contingency of advocating violence it was provided that only specific incitements to specific violence were outside the pale. The army and navy were given special protection from agitation in the interest of the safety of the ruling class. In times of war restrictions were multiplied and these were usually continued in the times of peace immediately following. War proved intensely destructive of press freedom. But by and large a high measure of freedom has been characteristic in Western democracies, particularly the United States. Now, however, few states are reckoned to be firmly established and as those of Europe pass, one after the other, to reaction, the liberal and Left press are subjected to severe restrictions and even extinguished altogether. In this country the question is not acute as yet but there is every possibility that it may soon be. There is little prospect that the liberal press will be entirely smashed, for that would almost be equivalent to destroying the press of the United States. Even when farthest Right, the American newspapers and magazines are chock-a-block full of liberal ideology. It is the Left press which raises the issue acutely for a variety of reasons, two of which may be cited here: it is Marxist in ideology which inspires the horror of reactionaries, and it is revolutionary. Thus far Voltaire's maxim about allowing opinions abhorred to be expressed has been followed either by design or because of indifference. Will we completely ratify Voltaire's position by defending the Left press when the reactionaries get on their legs to denounce it? To answer this question categorically is impossible for most people since they do not know the Left press from first-hand knowledge. Let us, therefore, undertake a voyage of exploration, chart the field, and try to discern the outstanding features of the landscape.

If we figure to ourselves a spectrum of opinion ranging from the black of complete and idiotic reaction on the right to ultra-red on the left we can place with fair accuracy the kinds of opinion now finding expression in America. The lines between the groups are not sharp; they are frequently as imaginary as the equator; and it is possible for a person to move from Right to Left (or vice versa) gradually or by jumps in a relatively short term of years without being conscious of doing violence to himself. In fact it has been done. Mr. William Z. Foster, lately Communist Party candidate for President of the United States, has been at various times a Socialist, an I. W. W., a supporter of the A. F. of L. hierarchy, and a Communist. In spite of these vacillations of individuals and in spite of the difficulties encountered by all but specialists in differentiating the kinds of opinion whether of the Right or of the Left, it is nevertheless possible to lay it down as a working dogma that at a certain point on our journey to the Left we make a sharp break with the bourgeois world of opinion, step outside of it, and find ourselves irreconcilably opposed to it. In the United States, it should be remembered, only a small minority has, in the past, made that break. When we speak of our American revolutionary tradition we are referring to that kind of opinion which advocated change but which still remained within the bourgeois system of ideas. True, people who have supported such opinion have been violently denounced by partisans standing farther to the Right, but even when successful in realizing their objectives they have not, by design or accident, destroyed American capitalism. They have al-

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ways turned out to be members of the capitalist opposition.

How far Left can one go without ceasing to be a member of His Capitalist Majesty's Opposition? That is a hard question to answer, for the gradations around the point where the final step is made outside the capitalist pale are infinite. Loosely we speak of Left-wing liberals (who are still "in") and then of Socialists who are, viewed from the Right, definitely "out" but, viewed from the Left, reckoned to be "in." Assuming that the fatal step of which we speak is made somewhere in the socialist ideology we may line up the parties of the Left as follows (minor additional examples will be cited later):

S. P.—A. W. P.—C. P. (Opposition) —C. P.—C. L. A.—S. L. P. What do these mystic letters mean? They mean Socialist Party, American Workers Party (familiarly known as the Musteites), the Communist Party of the Right Opposition (familiarly, the Lovestoneites), the Communist Party, U. S. A. (Section of the Third International, the *only* party in America recognized by the Third International), the Communist League of America, the Left opposition of the C. P. (familiarly known as the Trotskyites), and the Socialist Labor Party (familiarly known as the De Leonites). The Right and Left oppositions of the C. P. are not recognized as such by the C. P. They are built around expelled members of the C. P. and have connections in other countries with groups ideologically closely similar and standing in the same relation to the C. P. The Socialist Party also has international affiliations. It is a member of the Labor and Socialist International (familiarly known as the 2½ International) with headquarters at Zurich. The A. W. P. and the S. L. P. are not affiliated with international bodies nor are any of the minor groups to be mentioned incidentally.

This much made clear, it is now in order to name the papers and magazines in which these groups give vent to their opinions. They are, following the Right to Left order used above, *The New Leader* and the *American Socialist Quarterly, Labor Action, Workers Age, Daily Worker, New Masses,* and *The Communist* (together with a swarm of others it would only confuse the reader to mention), *The Militant,* and finally *Weekly People.* In addition it will be necessary to discuss *The Modern Monthly* and *Common Sense.* The number of papers, magazines, and parties could be further multiplied, but to what useful end except to confound further a sufficiently confusing domain of opinion?

II

Strictly speaking there is only one ideologist of the Left and he is Karl Marx (1819–1883), though standing very close to him is his co-worker—almost his alter ego—Friedrich Engels (1820–1895). Unfortunately there is no agreement about what Marx really meant even when what he said is studied in the light of Engels' glosses and expositions. He developed his thought in argument and his followers have continued in that vein. Pick up any book purporting to be an exposition of Marx and you will find it divisible into two parts: (1) a statement of what the author thinks Marx meant or a statement of what the author believes to be worth saving from the ideological structure Marx raised; and (2) a polemic against what other authors have said Marx meant or have selected from him as worth saving. The Communist Party ideologists, however, take the position that they are the orthodox Marxists today but in addition to Marx and Engels they have raised up another prophet, Lenin, who extended Marx's thought to cover the contingencies of the imperialist period of capitalism. This philosophy is often called the Marxist-Leninist philosophy; its headquarters is at the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow; and its expositors write the ideological articles in the Party press. Not only did Lenin extend the Marxist doctrine to cover the new developments in capitalism but he is also credited with returning to the true principles of Marx and Engels. He did this by conducting a long-time running polemic against the established revisionists of Marx (chiefly found in the ranks of the pre-war Social Democratic Party of Germany, *e.g.,* Karl Kautsky and Eduard Bernstein) and against all new "deviations" from Marx which cropped up from time to time. The term "deviation" has now become the ultimate swear word to apply to all who depart from the Marxist-Leninist "line" ideologically and politically. The Communist Party carries on a constant and vigorous polemic against all such deviations in its press. The endless controversy over Marxism between Max Eastman and Sidney Hook shows excellently how this sort of thing snowballs down the months, even outside the C. P., slopping over from the magazines into pamphlets. It appears that Hook seeks to "corrupt" Marx and Eastman prefers to "eviscerate" him; but to the Party ideologists neither corruption nor evisceration is acceptable, for they want the whole body and its Leninist clothes preserved in mummified perfection—or nothing. The Marxist philosophy, born of controversy and carried on in controversy since 1883, is still made lively by controversy. We arrive, then, at one of the outstanding characteristics of the Left press—bitter controversy over ideas—and its expression, delight in horrendous terms of abuse.

Any ardent communist controversialist can give a bourgeois writer lessons in invective. Nothing like it has been seen in America since the decline of personal journalism in the nineteenth century. The abuse exchanged by the communist groups far surpasses in violence anything levelled against them individually or collectively by the bourgeois press. Arnold Petersen of the Socialist Labor Party denies the right of the Communist Party to the designation "Communist" and uniformly refers to the group as the "Anarcho-Communists," arguing that they are corrupted by the ideas of the Russian anarchist Bakunin against whom Marx fought tooth and nail, and describes them thus: "They represent a hopeless mixture of pure lunacy, almost unbelievable imbecility, unscrupulous crookedness, brazen insolence and total contempt for the intelligence of those whom (presumably) they desire to reach." (*Virus of Anarchy,* p. 24.) Not content with repeating this, the S. L. P., again through Petersen, its chief ideologist at present, puts out a pamphlet entitled *W. Z. Foster—Renegade or Spy?* recounting Foster's career, quoting from his testimony before the Senate Committee which investigated the steel strike of 1919 (which is pretty damaging) and developing in general Daniel De Leon's characterization of him as "a perambulating lump of er-

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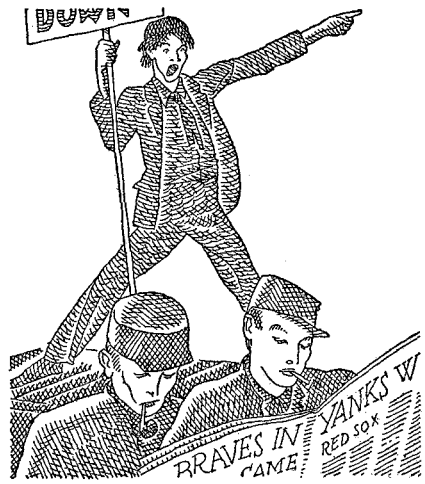
ratic, contradictory foot-in-the-mouthness." Let us look at some Communist Party characterizations of opponents. In *New Masses,* February 20, 1934, an anonymous editorialist, writing under the title "Disguised as Marxists," tried to dispose of a group of Left parties thus (my italics):

> In the United States we discover the emergence of such groups: John Dewey's muddled program for a Farmer-Labor Party, the so-called American Workers Party, the Lovestone and Trotsky fragments, the Common Sense (!) group; all under the guidance of *confused, inexpert, opportunistic, or outright dishonest individuals who croak variations to the same falsehood,* "the bankruptcy of the American Communist Party and the Third International."

And in the same paper for March 20, 1934, the editors note that "Edmund Wilson has formed an unholy alliance with the 'shady' Max Eastman and the still 'shadier' Calverton and Hook." This is partly political and partly ideological hostility. Sam Don, in *The Daily Worker,* January 26, 1933, let himself go in this fashion to make a comprehensive butchery:

> We said at the outset that particularly those who revise Marx lay the basis for social-fascist theories. It is certainly not accidental that the Lovestone renegades of *The Workers Age* spoke of Calverton's recent pamphlet "For Revolution" as "A Marxian defense that roots itself in the American language and traditions." The counter-revolutionary Trotskyite *Militant* carries a letter from Trotsky to Calverton inviting him to join the Trotskyites and giving him some friendly advice on his Marxism. Neither is it accidental that Muste, in speaking of Hook's writings, exclaims, "and if his (Hook's) interpretation of Marx is not the correct one, then it should be. We do not need a cut and dried bible."

Of course these blasts are returned in kind by the men and parties attacked. The vigor of the attacks is almost in direct ratio to the power and influence of the men and parties being attacked and they are also tempered or intensified by political necessity. The Socialist Labor Party, being adjudged unimportant, is rarely mentioned in the Left press, but that only intensifies the S. L. P.'s attacks. The Lovestoneites (Communist Opposition) temper their criticisms because "The Communist Opposition fights for its readmission into the official party . . ." (B. D. Wolfe, *What Is the Communist Opposition?* p. 5), but Wolfe in the same pamphlet can say, "Foster writes a book *Towards Soviet America* which might as well have been written on Mars for all the



reflection of American realities that can be found in it." (*Ibid.,* p. 17.) This group is also in favor of the readmission to the official party of the Communist League of America (the Trotskyites) but only if they give up a substantial portion of their ideas (*ibid.,* p. 5) and in any case it is a pretty empty gesture since the Lovestoneites are still "renegades" to the Communist Party and the Trotskyites are worse folk still, "counter-revolutionaries." The full hatred of the C. P. for Trotsky can best be illustrated by a quotation from a magazine published, in English, in Moscow. In *International Literature* (No. 1, 1932, p. 81) Comrade A. Kirpotkin writes:

> Trotsky is a petty-bourgeois radical who mouths leftist phrases in order to disguise his common or garden social democratic opportunism. Trotsky is neither a Leninist nor a Marxist. He is an enemy of Marxism-Leninism. Trotsky ended up by finding a sanctuary outside of the Soviet Union, where he has become a front rank fighter for the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie.

It is easy to see why the C. P. had no sympathy for Trotsky when the French police began to badger him and why in America it has no sympathy for the Communist League of America. Earl Browder, Secretary of the Communist Party, has called the Trotskyites "not a branch of the Communist movement but rather a police agency of the capitalist class." (*Daily Worker,* April 14, 1934, p. 8.) In his *Ten Years, History and Principles of the Left Opposition,* Max Shachtman writes (p. 5) of "the decadent Stalinist apparatus" against which his group wages its struggle, and Trotsky in *The Soviet Union and the Fourth International* develops this as follows: "The proletariat is the spine of the Soviet State. But insofar as the function of governing is concentrated in the hands of an irresponsible bureaucracy we have before us an obviously sick state" (p. 8). The "irresponsible bureaucracy" is the Stalin-led C. P. U. S. S. R. Trotsky advocates "merciless criticism" of it (*ibid.,* p. 8) that for it may be substituted a Trotsky-led C. P. U. S. S. R. which will indorse his policies, particularly his theory of "the permanent revolution." But before we dive into these theoretical differences, attention should be called to the fact that the Socialist Party is vigorously criticized by all groups as "reformist," "social-fascist," and "the third party of capitalism." Norman Thomas is the butt of most of this polemical argumentation but *The New Masses,* April 24, 1934, relieved itself thus: the Socialist Party is made up of "petty creatures, intellectual bankrupts, moral pigmies." Particular objection was made to Louis Waldman, New York State Chairman, "that slimy little careerist, that vicious hypocrite." The Socialist Party does not take it on the chin without a murmur by any manner of means. Haim Kantorovitch in *Towards Socialist Reorientation* (p. 3) writes:

> The collapse of the proletarian movement in Germany is complete. *The Daily Worker* may believe that lying, fabricated reports of the "wonderful struggle of the German communists against Fascism" may hide the real facts from its readers. To a certain extent it actually does. A *Daily Worker* reader is really a special psychological type, who cannot be judged by the ordinary standards of human psychology. Experience has taught us that a *Daily Worker* reader may believe things to be true he knows personally to be false.

Which would seem to be an S. P. variation on Stalin's sententious remark: "We Communists are people of a special mould." But the S. P. is fair game and even the mild American Workers Party can say (*Labor Action,* March 1, 1934) that "the Socialists continually, by lack of clear revolutionary policies, confuse the workers. Such an attitude is just as fatal to the cause of the workers as Communist adventurism and disruption." To hell with you all! Hurrah for ourselves!

Is the Communist Party *Daily Worker* what the American Workers Party *Labor Action* called it (March 1, 1934), "the scandal sheet published by the Communist Party"? And is *Labor Action* the "scandal sheet" of the A. W. P. Musteites? Alas, it is not as simple as

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all that! This literature is produced not only to carry on a guerrilla warfare against other groups but to keep party lines clear, straight, and clean. The *Program of the Communist International* speaks of "the ideological captivity of certain strata of the proletariat" and says:

> Communism encounters numerous tendencies within the working class, which to a greater or lesser degree express the ideological subordination of the proletariat to the imperialist bourgeoisie, or reflect the ideological influence exercised upon the proletariat by the petty-bourgeoisie, which at times rebels against the shackles of finance capital, but is incapable of adopting sustained and scientifically planned strategy and tactics or of carrying on the struggle in an organized manner on the basis of the stern discipline that is characteristic of the proletariat. (p. 69.)

The carriers of "infection" are, of course, individuals and parties with influence within the working class and contiguous groups open to communist influence. There is a vast horror in the communist movement of "social-fascism," "petty bourgeois deviations," and such dreadful things which can be exposed and escaped only by a constant reiteration of fundamentals, a constant return to Marx, Engels, and Lenin. Unfortunately the business of quoting the masters has become a science which in the hands of devotees is almost as productive of heresy as utter ignorance of what they wrote. Ability to quote from them glibly is simply no evidence for one's orthodoxy—for counter-quotations may easily be made. It will, therefore, gain us little if we try to present the passages from Marx, Engels, and Lenin on which the various party positions are based. Rather let us try to discover the fundamental issues dividing the groups—the issues which, at bottom, inspire all the abuse sampled above.

The *Program of the Communist International* defines "the fundamental political issue, *viz.*, the question of the dictatorship of the proletariat." (p. 76.) The necessity of such a dictatorship once capitalism is overthrown is accepted by the Communist Party, the American Workers Party, the Lovestoneites, and the Trotskyites. It is not accepted by the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party. But this "fundamental political issue" does not separate the sheep from the goats with as great efficiency as one might hope.

For example, the Stalin group (the official Communist Party) evolved the theory of "Socialism in one country" and launched the first Five-Year Plan. Trotsky dissented and argued that "socialism in one country" was impossible; that socialism can come only when several or all of the major countries have been captured by the proletariat; that to encourage such revolutions, while holding the fort at home, was the duty of the Communist International and the Communist Party of the U. S. S. R.; and that, consequently, his theory of "the permanent revolution" should be adopted as a guide to policy. This difference of opinion is what really divides Trotsky and the Trotskyites of all countries from the official Party and from most of the other communist groups. Indeed, out of this disagreement on post-revolutionary policy has flowered the whole Trotskyist ideology, including the Fourth International on which the Trotsky followers are placing increasing emphasis. It has also led to Trotsky's acquiring the undesired leisure to make his brilliant contributions to the bourgeois press and to write his fascinating *History of the Russian Revolution.*

The case of the Lovestoneites (technically, the Communist Party of the Right Opposition, as the Trotskyites are the C. P. of the Left Opposition) is something else again. The leading members, Jay Lovestone and Bertrand D. Wolfe, were expelled from the official Party about five years ago when Bukharin and other Right leaders were expelled from the Russian Party. The American representatives of the Bukharin position thereupon became "renegades" to the Party and even "agents of the American bourgeoisie"! The Lovestoneites fight, however, for their reinstatement in the Communist Party, since they differ only on tactical questions with it. They are, in bourgeois terminology, less radical than the official Party and are, consequently, extremely interested in ways and means of adapting the communist appeal to the American mind. While the Lovestoneites theoretically hold "that there is no room for the existence of two Communist parties in any country" (*What Is the Communist Opposition* by B. D. Wolfe, p. 5), they continue to function separately as the Communist Party of the Right Opposition in full party panoply.

When we come to the American Workers Party we are on rather different ground, for its differences with the official Party are also largely tactical but it does not propose to capture or reenter or otherwise amalgamate with the Party. The aim is rather to build a separate and distinct party which will win by force of superior strategy and hence superior numbers. Particularly is it proposed to talk to the American workers in the American language. Basing its hopes of power on leading the industrial proletariat, it aims to conquer the political state only to destroy it, rephrasing the idea of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" which this implies in the American language with overtones of Daniel De Leon (see below). Difficulties begin to arise almost immediately, for this avoidance of stating the fundamental idea in so many words, this *verbal* apostasy so to speak, lays the American Workers Party open to the charge of social-fascism by the Communist Party. Defining social-fascism in his speech before the Eighth National Convention of the Communist Party, its Secretary, Earl Browder, said:

> Fascism cannot win mass support directly in the working class ranks. It must find indirect support. This it finds in the Socialist Party leadership and the reformist trade union officialdom. These leaders, influencing the majority of the working class, hold back the workers from revolutionary struggle which alone can defeat and destroy Fascism and under the slogan of defense of democracy, and "choosing the lesser evil," lead the workers to submit to and support the intermediate steps to the introduction of Fascism. That is why we call these leaders "social-fascists," and their theories "social-fascism." (*Daily Worker,* April 14, 1934, p. 3.)

Social-fascism is, then, a term used to designate any thing, tactic, or argument which deflects the attention of the working class from the revolution which is alleged to be in the keeping of the official Communist Party. In America the Communist Party contends that this is true of the American Workers Party, the Socialist Party, and many other groups and individuals.

The truth of the contention is difficult to prove short of an actual stifling of an actual revolution but the Socialist Party certainly does play down the class struggle or tries to, rejects the dictatorship of the proletariat, and hopes and argues for a peaceful transition to socialism. Indeed the Socialist Party is

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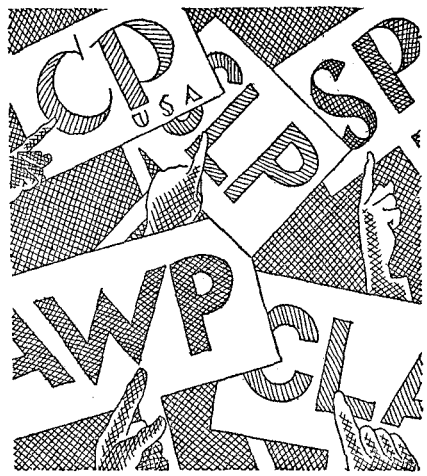
jockeyed by argumentation into the position of the "third party of capitalism." Under the drum fire played upon it from all sides, for the Communist Party is not alone in attacking the Socialists as we have seen, the Socialist Party shows signs of weakening—or strengthening. In *Towards Socialist Reorientation,* Haim Kantorovitch writes that "The Socialist movement is again headed full force toward revolutionary socialism." (p. 22.) But toward "democratic" socialism. Nevertheless if this impulse is strong enough in the Socialist Party it may eventually result in another split between the revolutionists, led by the Revolutionary Policy Committee, and the reformists, and a few of the revolutionists may go over to "the dictatorship of the proletariat" and the official Communist Party. Meanwhile there is party "peace" under "rightist" hegemony.

Swinging from right to extreme left we pick up the Socialist Labor Party which calls down a plague on all the houses we have examined. It opposes working for reforms under capitalism and denounces all programs of immediate demands, arguing that "Every reform granted by capitalism is a concealed measure of reaction. He who says reform says preservation, and he who says that reforms under capitalism are possible and worth while thereby declares that a continuation of capitalism is possible and worth while." But on the other hand, "As long as capitalism endures, this day-to-day struggle [through strikes] will continue, and to every bona fide struggle of the workers to improve their conditions or resist further encroachment the Socialist Labor Party lends every aid in its power." But the S. L. P., while rejecting reforms, also rejects the dictatorship of the proletariat as it found expression in Russia. Rather it advances a theory of revolution through, and post-revolutionary government by, industrial unions, and a "national industrial administration," a theory developed by Daniel De Leon who died in 1914. The S. L. P. continues, indeed, firmly rooted in De Leon's thought and while it may have a world to gain it cannot break the De Leonite chains.

It is these difficulties in ideological matters which make exceedingly difficult if not impossible the much demanded but rarely realized United



Front of the Left groups, whether it is argued that it should come from "below" by the fraternization of the workers or from "above" by co-operation between the leaders.

Are the papers of the Left devoted exclusively to the exchange of epithets and ideological fights? Not entirely. They also give a vast amount of strike news—but it is rarely news in the bourgeois sense of "straight" reporting. It is editorialized. All important strikes are subjected to extensive post-mortems something like those which follow bourgeois games. The tactics are evaluated; the personalities are evaluated; the groups engaged are evaluated. Take for example the recent hotel strike in New York City. A review of the post-mortems on this strike would reveal that there was a strike; that it has been lost; that the Trotskyites, the Lovestoneites or the official Party was, according to the paper in hand, responsible for losing it. The communists argue constantly over how to get power in the labor unions for they have very little now, though they are avid for it. Taking Earl Browder's figures the Communist Party unions have around 125,000 members, a small fraction of the total of unionized workers. Some power is wielded by communist members of conservative unions. But the total result is discouraging even to communists with their invincible optimism.

When it is noted that the communist papers carry some news of revolutionary movements abroad, print quantities of intra-party news, devote articles, frequently the best thought out and best written of all, to the inevitable failure of the NRA—of the impossibility of staying the collapse of capitalism—and give much space to agitational articles against fascism and social-fascism, we have just about exhausted the range of topics considered. But this narrowness of range is not an accident; it is the result of design; for with his customary ability to define clearly a necessary task, Lenin laid down the purposes of revolutionary journalism: "The rôle of a newspaper does not limit itself only to the propagating of ideas. . . . A newspaper is not only the collective propagandist and agitator, but also the collective organizer. . . ." (Cited by Sam Don in *Why a Workers' Daily Press,* pp. 13, 16.) The communist press conforms, then, to the pattern set for it by Lenin, a pattern which arose out of reality, and any marked deviation from which would weaken the effectiveness of the journals. Nevertheless these remarks apply in full only to such papers as *Labor Action, Workers Age, The Militant* and *Weekly People.* The Socialist Party *New Leader* covers the theater and has other features to entertain its readers; *The Daily Worker* has Mike Gold and Sender Garlin as columnists (good ones), a column for children, a daily dress pattern, a column of health advice, a sports column, and literary and dramatic criticism. *Weekly People* does especially well with interpretations of foreign affairs, and prints unusually long editorials, vigorously written, on current American affairs. *The Communist* (monthly) and *The American Socialist Quarterly* are the ideological journals of the C. P. and S. P. respectively, but they also print articles on long-time developments in economics and politics, domestic and international, which are frequently of high excellence, thoroughly documented and, in *The Communist,* exceedingly pungent. The latter also prints the longest, most detailed, and most footnoted book reviews to be found outside the late leisure-class *Hound and Horn.*

We begin to move back toward bourgeois journalistic ideas when we come to *The New Masses,* which does not "speak officially for the Communist Party" but which is a C. P. organ nevertheless. Organized on the pattern of *The New Republic* and *The Nation,* it has a vigor, especially since its reorganization as a weekly in January, 1934, peculiarly its own but which has its roots in communist soil. It also has the communist vices in full measure. By far the best-known organ of communism

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in America, it enlists the talents of artists and writers of high distinction. Mentioning names is perhaps a sufficient description. From ten recent issues the following are culled: John L. Spivak (one of the very best writers of *reportage* in America), Horace Gregory, Granville Hicks, Langston Hughes, John Strachey (from England), Joshua Kunitz, Jack Conroy, Michael Gold, Joseph Freeman, Edward Dahlberg, John Howard Lawson, Robert Gessner, Erskine Caldwell, Kenneth Burke, Samuel Ornitz, Mary Heaton Vorse, Louis M. Hacker, Genevieve Taggard, and Isidor Schneider among the writers; and William Gropper, Reginald Marsh, Theodore Scheel, Del, Hugo Gellert, Jacob Burck, Phil Bard, Adolph Dehn, José Clemente Orozco, and David Alfaro Sequeiros among the artists.

Jumping to the right to catch up *Common Sense,* edited by Selden Rodman and Alfred M. Bingham, we find ourselves with a difficult problem on our hands. Politically allied with the League for Independent Political Action, an organization of former left-wing liberals who now propose to destroy private property in the means of production, and the Farmer Labor Political Federation with its roots in the agrarian radicalism of the Middle West, *Common Sense* further complicates matters by emphasizing the need of conciliating, if not kow-towing to, the lower middle class and the professional workers, a policy which has already weakened the socialist parties of the world and forced the Socialist Party in this country to the conclusions quoted above. *Common Sense* stands between two stools: the S. P. and American Workers Party. At least thus far it stands—but for what? It draws contributors from among the liberals, from the S. P., the A. W. P., the Technocrats, the Democratic Party, from *Today* and *The New Masses.* It is an eclectic journal of the Left. So is *The Modern Monthly,* but here we have a horse of another color. *The Modern Monthly* is edited by V. F. Calverton, Max Eastman, Edmund Wilson, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Sterling Spero, and Nina Melville. Closest to the A. W. P. in outlook, only one editor is actually a member of it. On its list of contributors are Left liberals, Communist Party sympathizers (but not members!), Lovestoneites including Lovestone and Wolfe, Trotskyites including Leon Trotsky, American Workers Party members including A. J. Muste, the leader, anti-Marxists of various kinds, and staff book reviewers of *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker. The Modern Monthly* is the transitional journal from Left to Right. It prints the Left writings of Right writers as well as the Left writings of farther Left writers! By virtue of this situation it gets out brilliant numbers, it rises to distinction on occasion; it prints powerful and revealing articles; but it departs entirely from revolutionary journalism as Lenin conceived it and approaches to the more liberal monthlies of the bourgeoisie. For this very reason it probably reaches a more diversified audience than any of the revolutionary journals we have discussed. For it must be said that one of the distinguishing characteristics of revolutionary papers is that they are written and read by revolutionaries. They are house organs and print an incredible amount of shop talk. Their constant problem is to get away from this and reach an audience not yet convinced, that some converts may be made. Moreover, the party followers read only the party organs and not the opposition organs which the leaders con in order to find material for attacks. The spirit of intellectual adventure in the rank and file is discouraged, for to indulge it freely would induce mental constipation and apathy and perhaps cause utter agnosticism on crucial issues—or, worst of all, provoke desertion to some other, competing, group. At Cleveland Earl Browder said of *The Daily Worker,* which has the largest circulation of all the Left papers:

> It is still far from the ideal Bolshevik newspaper; the editorials are as yet weak, not simple and clear enough; it is not yet sufficiently decisive in its rôle of political educator of the masses; it is not yet sufficiently bound up with the daily life of the masses in the decisive districts and factories. . . . The number of copies printed daily . . . still remains considerably below the level of 1931. . . . We are only playing around with *The Daily Worker* until we have given it a minimum circulation of 100,000 copies a day. . . . To set the goal of 100,000 circulation is merely to reach those workers with whom we are *already in contact.* (My italics.) (*Daily Worker,* April 14, 1934, p. 10.)

We have now reached the point where we once more invade the bourgeois world and, not entirely to the reader's surprise, I assume, we find the Left writers still with us. For one of the notable phenomena of the Left world is the entire willingness of Left writers of the deepest theoretical red to contribute, if they can, to bourgeois journals of any stripe or color while at the same time strictly avoiding contact with Left journals standing in opposition to their group. Of course this avoidance is mutual, thus increasing its effectiveness. The bourgeois press thus draws into its orbit many of the most skilful and learned writers of the Left. This involves no abandonment of the fundamentals of Marxism as a technique of analyzing and interpreting social and cultural phenomena, though it does involve setting aside the agitational and propagandist phases of it. Thus it happens that some of the most discerning articles in the bourgeois magazines come from Left writers who by their greater interest in analysis and interpretation are incapacitated for active participation in the bloody battles of Left journalism. These writers are the Left intellectuals as distinguished from the Left politicians, but that is far from being an invidious description of them. It rather brings to the fore their tremendous importance as culture carriers in an alien world. Without being too fanatically discriminating as to the nature and quality of their Marxist training, we may name some writers of the Left who, regularly or irregularly, appear in the liberal bourgeois magazine press—for the newspaper press has proved a harder nut to crack. While Left writers do contribute book reviews to the newspapers, they rarely penetrate farther within the fold and, as yet, no Left columnist has been employed to balance off the conservatism of the editorial columns of a newspaper, though I might here suggest the utility and interest of such a venture. We have in the bourgeois press men and women of varying degrees of Marxist orthodoxy and some who are, as the first-named declares himself, mere camp-followers of the Revolution: John Dos Passos, Mary Heaton Vorse, Max Eastman, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Horace Gregory, Joshua Kunitz, Louis Hacker, Ludwig Lore, Edmund Wilson, V. F. Calverton, Benjamin Stolberg, Anita Brenner, James Rorty, Mauritz Hallgren, Robert Briffault, Herman Simpson, and Louis Adamic. This is not to exhaust the examples il-

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lustrating this phenomenon and it carefully avoids the invidious consequences of naming the bourgeois papers—weekly or monthly—which have proved most hospitable to Left writers; which, in the words of the Right, have most thoroughly succumbed to the virus of Marxism and which, in the words of the Left, have admitted the theoretical victory of the Marxist outlook, the imminent bankruptcy of the bourgeois ideology, and wish, in at least a few pages of each issue, to appear "disguised as Marxists"!

III

Having made our grand tour of the country of the Left ideology we return to our original question: Are we prepared to defend the Left press against attacks on its existence by the Right? The only logical answer, it seems to me, is an unequivocal "Yes." Communism is neither a conspiratorial nor an insurrectionary doctrine. It waits with tragic patience for the dialectical operation of social forces to prepare the way for its advent on the stage of history. It will then be under compulsion to use force only on those recalcitrant individuals who refuse to admit that their cue for exit has been uttered. Meanwhile the communists agitate and organize the proletariat and contiguous social classes, groups within higher social classes, and stray individuals from the ruling class; they lead them in protests against conditions as they are, with the hope of bettering the living conditions of oppressed masses. They carry on their work in the open, following the lead of Karl Marx who, in the closing paragraph of "The Communist Manifesto," declared, "Communists scorn to hide their views and aims." Once again, communism is not by philosophy conspiratorial. Right repression alone can make it so. The bourgeois press makes it appear so today only by playing upon the ignorance of its readers. Such ignorance is voluntary and not compulsory. Trotsky's "Fourth International" was not dragged from a dark hiding-place by the French police. It was a matter of common knowledge for many months back to all who were interested in the winds of communist doctrine. It is difficult, if not impossible, for the bourgeois press to make revelations about the communist parties which they have not long since made about themselves in the most public fashion. The communist leaders are the most extraordinary collection of complete and absolute mental nudists ever heard of. They carry on their activities in the full glare of self-created publicity. It is possible to learn more about the Communist Party, the forces behind it, and the success achieved in driving toward its freely named objectives, from the party press, than one can learn about the G. O. P. by intensive, secret investigation. What we need is not freer access to knowledge of what the Left parties and the Left papers are up to, but more information about the background and objectives of the Right agitators who would put them out of the way.

It is not possible to be, in the light of knowledge, too agitated about the imminence of revolution. It is exceedingly likely that our society will fall into decay as have all others before it. Apocalyptic writers of the extreme right like Oswald Spengler—an Hegelian of the right as it happens—agree to this. Yet, as Mauritz Hallgren has put it cogently, "While the capitalist crisis is inevitable, the proletarian revolution is not." Why? Because of the inability of the communist leaders of whatever party to make inroads on the American proletariat. All communist literature bewails the truth of this statement. The Communist Party literature, whether it be *An Open Letter to All Members of the Communist Party* issued in June, 1933, or Earl Browder's speech at Cleveland in early April, 1934, is full of statements of the tremendous difficulties which no one seems to know how to overcome. All the scapegoats are denounced—the "renegades," the Musteites—but the American worker remains recalcitrant. How to make a subjective rapprochement with the American worker is the principal problem of the communist leaders. Until the mind of that sphinx is read a communist revolution is impossible even though the objective conditions might favor it. What those objective conditions are was defined by Lenin as follows:

> It is not sufficient for revolution that the exploited and oppressed masses understand the impossibility of living in the old way and demand changes; for revolution, it is necessary that the exploiters should not be able to live and rule as of old. Only when the "lower classes" do not want the old régime, and when the "upper classes" are unable to govern as of old, then only can revolution succeed. The truth may be expressed in other words: Revolution is impossible without an all-national crisis, affecting both the exploited and the exploiters. It follows that for revolution it is essential, first, that a majority of the workers (or at least a majority of the conscious, thinking, politically active workers) should fully understand the necessity for revolution, and be ready to sacrifice their lives for it; secondly, that the ruling class be in a state of government crisis, which attracts even the most backward masses into politics . . . weakens the government and facilitates its rapid overthrow by revolution.
>
> (Cited by O. Piatnitsky in *The Present Situation in Germany*, pp. 26, 27.)

That is not a picture of the United States today or, it seems likely, on any very immediate tomorrow.

"Any stigma will do to beat a dogma" Philip Guedalla has said and certainly all sorts of stigmas are used to beat the dogmas of communism. Most of them miss the mark by a mile or two. No stigma will miss the mark more completely than suppression of the men who advocate communist dogmas and the papers in which they so vigorously, horrendously, and heroically have at one another and the American proletariat. Thus far their severest punishment is self-administered: they are deafened by their own re-echoing voices!

"Godkin of the Post," the first of three biographies of great American editors, by HENRY F. PRINGLE, *will appear in the December* SCRIBNER'S. *It will be followed by "Kentucky Bourbon—Henry Watterson" and "The Newspaper Man as Artist—Frank Cobb."*

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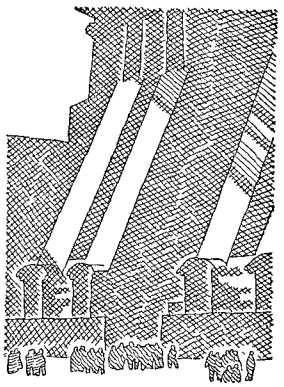
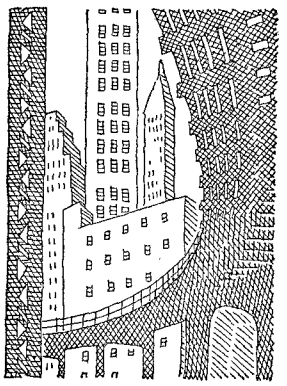


My Children See America

By Guy C. Hickok

A newsman returning to the United States after fifteen years adopts a novel method of introducing the country to his children



My wife and I, with our three-year-old boy, went to Europe for six months.

But that was fifteen years ago; and we have just got back.

The boy is eighteen. His sister, born abroad, is thirteen. They have been educated thus far in European schools; and we have brought them home for "finishing."

The best families do it the other way around.

"I don't want to go to America. . . . It's all skyscrapers and factory chimneys," said thirteen-year-old Jeanne when we broke the news that we were moving to the States. "I've read about America."

That showed us how reading develops the mind. French writers write very well about America; but like other writers they write to be read. They write of our industrial behemoths and our sky-piercing towers, the sure-fire things that will strike the imaginations of French readers. No need to write of our forests and fields. They have those at home.

My daughter had been misled into believing that the United States was covered from end to end with Empire State buildings and Ford factories.

I assured her that the whole of France could be lost in some of America's wide, open spaces.

"What would you think of an American girl," I asked, "who said, 'I don't want to go to Europe. It's all old castles and cabarets'?"

Jeanne compressed her lips. "I know what America is like," she said.

Bill was noncommittal. He showed faint signs of being interested in the move as an adventure; but whether or not he expected to enjoy the country that was to be his home I could not discover.

I could foresee difficulties. Both his schools and his vacations would be utterly unlike those to which he was accustomed. He had never had a woman teacher for example. The French believe that American husbands are so much more docile than other husbands because during their whole childhood they are bossed about by women, either their mothers or their school-teachers. Bill might not have to get used to women teachers, for he was ready for a university; but what about his life outside of school?

I remembered his vacations. Two summers he had passed in an ancient structure called the Hotel d'Enfer (Hotel of Hell) in the shadow of the great castle of Pierrefonds. With boys of the village he had crawled up the subterranean tunnels of the castle. He had explored the "oubliettes" (forgetteries), so called because they were deep dry wells into which, during ancient wars, prisoners could be dropped to be forgotten. Bill had played for weeks about the battlements, drawbridges, towers, and ramparts. That was when he was ten.

"There won't be any châteaux in America," I told him then.

"Why not?" was his reply.

His friends had been French boys, Russian boys, a few Americans, like himself living abroad, a Turk or two, one Afghanistanese, and one or two Greeks. That I felt was cosmopolitanism enough to prepare him for any racial mixture he might find in an American university. But the foreign boys studying in French schools are generally from the so-called upper classes of the countries from which they come. In America . . . well we would wait and see.

Of one thing I was certain. The first view of the United States I gave to these youngsters must be right. The usual first view, the Manhattan sky line, would, in this case, not do at all. It would only confirm my daughter's conviction on the subject of factory chimneys and skyscrapers. I had to have something that would show immediately the America of the wide, open spaces which I had described to her and which she thought were merely memories of early youth of things which no longer existed.

Liners do not land in the middle of the Maine woods; but I found a line of ships which stop at ports in Chesapeake Bay. We could land at Baltimore, and come to New York by road.

After an incredible amount of red tape we got our furniture packed and shipped and ourselves on board, all four of us, plus a Siamese cat with which the children refused to part. A Siamese cat, if you do not already know it, is a bobtailed member of the cat tribe with a brownish-black nose, black ears, black feet and a black stub of a tail, the rest of the beast being the color of a cuppa cawfey, half milk. It is wilder than an alley cat; and when frightened or angered has a howl like that of a

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puma. Going to sea with one seemed risky; but it worked very well. The beast spent most of the trip under the bed.

The American language stumped the children the first time they went to the dining-room. They spoke and read English, but not the English in which American menu cards are written. Before the bill of fare they were almost as helpless as tourists confronted with their first *à la carte* menus in Paris.

"What's a waffle?" frowned Bill at breakfast. He pronounced the (a) as in snaffle.

One morning we woke to our first view of America, off Old Point Comfort, where the ship lay awaiting its pilot. The very first view made America look like an endless, sandy beach.

"It's much better farther on," I apologized. Fog, however, concealed everything during the trip up Chesapeake Bay.

But as soon as we got out on the road I saw that I had planned better than I knew. The young Hickoks were to see not only fine country, but that country during the most gorgeous week of the year.

A few weeks earlier it would have been green country like much that they knew. A week later the trees would be black and bare. But this week it was a blaze of colors such as no European ever sees.

During fifteen autumns abroad we had seen the leaves fade slowly to a dull brown and finally plop to the ground in the rain. This American riot of reds and yellows was thrilling even to us; and to the youngsters, who had never seen anything approaching it, it was incredible. It could not be real. Somebody must have gone out and painted those trees. And that sky—high blue with white cotton tufts floating in it—that was not real either. Fields of shocked corn, yellow heaps of husked corn lying among the shocks, piles of yellow pumpkins, and all the foliage aflame, made such a scene as neither of the children had ever witnessed, and such a scene as their parents had almost forgotten.

It laid the factory-chimney-skyscraper complex in an hour.

During a stop for refreshments Jeanne threw both her parents into a panic by remarking thoughtfully:

"Papa . . . I don't see that American people smell any worse than other people." She said it uncertainly, as if the opinion were only tentative.

My wife nearly exploded. I looked around hastily, and, immensely relieved when I saw that no one at neighboring tables had overheard, asked:

"What in the world gave you such an idea?" Jeanne saw that she had made a *faux pas*.

"Well . . . American advertising is the most beautiful I have ever seen," she said, trying to be tactful. "But so much of it is about smells . . . how to keep your mouth smelling [she pronounced it 'smelleen'] sweet, and your B. O. and even your feet. I used to notice it in the American magazines we had in Paree. . . . I never saw it in French or German magazines; and I thought it must be because American people must really be worse that way than Europeans. But I've been noticing. I got close to people on the boat. . . . And I really could not see that they smelled at all."

Bill was much impressed too by the fine school buildings back from the road. He was also amazed.

"What kind of schools are these?" he demanded when he saw groups of children playing in mid-afternoon. Bill, poor devil, had never escaped from school before six forty-five. His school day had been ten and a quarter hours long. And a school was either a boys' school or a girls' school. This mixed romping at three o'clock simply was not possible. It took a deal of explaining.

Housing is good along the Baltimore-New York road. Sooner or later, I knew, Bill would be shocked—as Europeans always are—by many of our frame houses which, to any one used to the solider brick or stone construction of England or the Continent, seem scarcely more substantial than shoe boxes. On this road there were almost no shoe-box houses, nor were there any realtor's atrocities; and such towns as Princeton and one or two others were as mellow, as solid, as dignified as anything anywhere.

By the time we reached the ugly industrial suburbs of New York (in New Jersey), they did not matter. Moreover the flight in the dusk over the long viaduct above the Jersey industrial flats had a dramatic quality of its own; and the plunge into the—to a newcomer—astonishing Holland Tunnel was sensational enough to help one forget the approach.

Since the skyscrapers had to be faced one way or another I had planned to show them at their best, and to that end went to one of two or three hotels on Brooklyn Heights whose windows command all the Upper Bay and the whole crest of Manhattan tower tops.

It was black night when we got to our rooms; and the moving constellations of ships' lights on the bay, Liberty flood-lighted, and the back-drop of bejewelled office-buildings had the youngsters completely speechless.

Only the Siamese cat was unimpressed. She began having kittens, a happy event which we had scheduled for later on when we should be in our own house and among our own furnishings. The kittens arrived at the precise moment chosen by the housekeeper, the plumber, the chamber-maid, the valet and the scrub-woman to call and see if all our needs were satisfied.

We left the old cat settled in a hat-box and went to dinner, wondering if American cuisine on land would impress the young immigrant Hickoks. We rather gloated over their difficulties with the menu; they reminded us so sharply of our own first weeks in France when all we could order with certainty was "omelette."

After staring for some minutes Bill chose a blue-plate dinner; and when he got it, mumbled:

"What's blue about this plate?" We explained to Bill that on a menu blue is not necessarily a color. Jeanne ordered another kind of dinner, and was astonished when the waiter grouped a flock of bird bathtubs, each containing a vegetable, which she had not consciously ordered, about a central plate.

Menus were to baffle them both for weeks. The very next morning at the hotel Bill ran across the words "Club Breakfast."

"Is this a club?" he asked.

Bill also had trouble with headgear. He had landed in what he had always worn, a Basque beret, the little round woolen skullcap worn by the people down in the Pyrenees from the cradle to the grave. French schoolboys grow up in them. Jean Borotra, the Basque tennis player, popularized them slightly in America; but when Bill arrived the fad had long since been for-

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gotten. He found that only "babies" wore them here; and decided that he must have a hat.

"But you look very quaint in your beret," protested his mother. That settled it. Bill went to buy the hat at once. He bought what other young men were wearing, a gray soft felt. He wore it all of one day, with great discomfort. Since then he has gone bare-headed.

A kind and very charming woman friend decided to take the Americanization of our children in hand.

"Begin at the beginning," she said, "just as if they were here for the first time from somewhere in Indiana. . . . Begin with the Aquarium."

She came on Sunday morning, and began showing them New York as if they had Indiana backgrounds. In Battery Park she said,

"That is the Aquarium. It used to be Castle Garden. It is here that Jenny Lind made her first success."

Bill looked blankly at Jeanne, who looked quite as blankly back at Bill.

"Jenny Lind? Who was she?" faltered Bill.

"Why she was the Swedish nightingale."

"Nightingale?" . . . That hit a chord, but not the right one. To these young Franco-Americans a nightingale was a bird. In the language they knew best it was a *rossignol,* a seldom visible bird which warbled sweetly in French summer evenings. In French slang a *rossignol* was also a worn, spavined, ring-boned cab-horse. What could a Swedish Nightingale be?

Their guide tried another approach. "Barnum. . . . You know . . . P. T. Barnum. . . . He brought Jenny Lind from Sweden. He made her— You do know Barnum don't you?"

Both children shook their heads. They had never heard of Barnum.

"The circus man. . . . You know circuses don't you?"

They said they knew circuses. I knew that they did not. The small, intimate, one-ring affair called a circus in France, anywhere in Europe for that matter, has little in common with an American circus.

"Well, Barnum had the biggest circus in the world."

"Biggest in the world." They had heard that before. They had heard that from Americans, and in regard to America, so often that they were cynical about it. They smiled tolerantly at their guide. She saw that she was getting nowhere.

"You will know when the circus comes anyway," she said. Then, "Oh, dear. It isn't Barnum's any more is it? Where do I begin?"

The sharks, pelicans, seals and eels of the Aquarium needed no explanation to make them interesting. On finishing the circuit of the building the children inspected engravings hanging on the wall near the door.

"Ah. . . . *Regarde,* Jeanne. Look," said Bill suddenly, pointing to a frame. It was a colored engraving of a fleet of square-rigged ships, lying off the same building. Underneath was printed:

"Landing of General Lafayette at Castle Garden, August, 1824." Bill and Jeanne looked accusingly as if to say, "This is what was important, not a circus man and some Swedish singing bird. Why did you not tell us about this?" Lafayette, they had been taught, really had something to do with American history.

Their background, it was obvious, was not that of Indiana.

The next spot shown to them as if they were from Indiana was Chinatown.

The woman who had assumed the job of guide felt as if she were talking into a vacuum when she tried to explain "tongs," and the other conventional folk-lore of Mott and Pell Streets.

"What lovely skins the Chinese have," observed the thirteen-year-old girl. Bill asked, "What makes Chinese kids look so conceited?" And with his sister he speculated on whether it was the tilt of their eyes or the way they carried their heads that made them seem self-satisfied.

Fishing around in her memories of folk-lore the guide brought up Steve Brodie, rather hopelessly. Quite unexpectedly that produced a positive reaction.

"Steve Brodie?" They both knew him. "He jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. . . . Is this near the Bowery?" They had seen a film about the Bowery, in Paris.

That was it. You never knew. Most shots at these children's background went right through nothing. Sometimes, however, one rang a bell.

"You really ought to see the Poe Cottage at Fordham," our guide said hesitantly. Both her charges looked blank. Then Jeanne brightened.

"Poe? Is that Po-ay? . . . Edgar Allan Po-ay?"

Sure. . . . They knew all about Po-ay, as the French pronounce him. They knew everything about Po-ay and what his cottage looked like and what happened in it. They had read Po-ay— lyrics, terror stories, his biography, everything. . . . Po-ay. He was a very big shot in literature, in France, one of the biggest.

A sports writer took Bill to see a college football game, and could hardly write his story, Bill asked so many questions. Why were they always stopping? What was the armor for? Who were these people who shouted "rah-rah-rah" in chorus? What were the fellows who turned handsprings in unison? Who were all the girls in the stands? What were the flat bottles being passed about? Why were the players always putting their heads together? Huddle? What was a huddle?

He was told the girls were "dates."

"Dates?" he asked. "Dates are fruit."

Bill learned something every day. Shortly after we had found a house and moved into it I discovered him on a step-ladder in his room, poking a rope through a hole in the wall. I watched him push foot after foot into the hole.

"What's that for?" I asked finally.

"There's a cavity here," Bill explained. "I'm going to pack it with rope and then screw a hook into it." I watched him push a yard or two more into the wall, then explained to him that American walls are hollow, hollow all the way up and all the way down, that the "cavity" was as big as the whole side of the house, that it would take hundreds of yards of rope to fill it.

That disturbed Bill mightily. He had lived eighteen years without encountering a wall that was not solid, solid brick, solid stone, or solid concrete. A hollow wall. . . . One could fall right through that, he was sure.

We had landed in November, not a convenient time to enter either of the young people in school, particularly children whose educations had been, though thorough, all in a foreign language.

We took our time about choosing schools. One day I found Jeanne greatly excited.

"Two men who say they were from

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the city board of education have been here," she said. "They say you must send me to school. They say I can wait until Easter; but that then I must go to school somewhere."

Jeanne thought this was marvellous, the city government taking the trouble to see that a newly arrived girl child . . . just she . . . was educated. . . . She looked upon the city government as some incredibly nice guardian angel who would see that her parents did right by her in every detail of her young life. She was convinced immediately that American city government must be the best on earth. We let her believe that. It was almost as good as having her believe in fairy tales, or Santa Claus.

She even grew enthusiastic—a little late it seemed to me—about quantity production. Almost the first classroom discussion after Jeanne was started in school was on "pasteurization." Jeanne volunteered the thought that it would be much more practical to "pasteurize the whole cow instead of each bottle of milk."

It was her way of saying that America was a fine country.

A little later I had a chance to motor with Bill through parts of seventeen states. He checked them off carefully; and when we reached home he too wrote boasting letters addressed to Paris. I knew that America had "taken" with both my offspring.

The Passing of the Provincial Visitor

By George Dangerfield

Mr. Shaw, from the British provinces, may be the last of his kind

On April 11, 1933, Mr. Bernard Shaw delivered a sermon to the Academy of Political Science, and into the microphone. His was a cultured and penetrating voice. Having no radio in our apartment, we opened the door, and we could hear his voice quite distinctly, talking away from floor to floor; and we could imagine him calling down the elevator shaft, informing the doorman, blaring from the radio stores, and receding, a vast oracular whisper, into scarcely imagined distances to the West and South. It was a wonderful triumph in its way; who else would have been given so much valuable time to say—as the next day's newspapers proved—so very, very little that mattered? Mr. Shaw had prepared himself with becoming seriousness: for a full day beforehand he had, with an air that was partly roguish and partly Yogi, shut himself up from the world to meditate upon his speech.

He reminds one of the story of Saint Simeon Stylites, who stood on a pillar for a great many years, an object of veneration to many, not least to himself. One day, so the story goes, he thought he saw the chariot of the Lord descending to catch him up into heaven. But, as he stretched his foot out in expectation, the chariot disappeared—and there was Saint Simeon, with his foot outstretched, condemned to stand like a flamingo until he could stand no longer. I think that Mr. Shaw, whatever activities he may pursue in England, has coined just such an image of himself on the American memory. He had expressed a distaste for this country so violent, and his position in the world was so eminent, that he naturally anticipated a triumph which might have staggered even Mr. Cecil de Mille. His reception was not unflattering; but his speech, which he thought of as major prophecy, fell upon relatively indifferent ears, and it hurt him; for if there is one thing that hurts more than the indifference of those whom we admire, it is the indifference of those whom we despise. He had prepared himself for the great day that never arrived. He was the last of the English Provincial Gentlemen.

By Provincial Gentleman I do not mean a Briton born in the provinces, but a Briton in search of new provinces to conquer; a Briton who was convinced that nowhere in the world were there such virgin provinces as these United States; and who, by some simple and ironical process, on the moment of his arrival became more provincial than anything he could have hoped to find. Men of this type were in the minority among visiting Englishmen, but they made a great deal more of themselves than did the others, and a great deal more fuss was made over them. They tried to represent a happy fusion between caste and culture; and their most common shape was that of a man of letters.

In the winter of 1933–34, I happened to be present at two or three parties where one was likely to meet certain English notables. It was very surprising to discover that all the Englishmen there were trying, as best they could, not to be English at all. They had just the right amount of New York slang, which they produced with just the right mixture of diffidence and authority. They were careful to say the right things about the right people and to the right people; and instead of their fellow guests forming circles about them, they formed circles about their fellow guests. It was a pleasing sight and one to arouse the curiosity. Hollywood had reduced its prices, lectures didn't pay as well as they used; the speak-easy had gone and that famous American abandon with it: America was neither profitable nor profligate. England, on the other hand, seemed to have turned another corner; under the kindly dispensation of MacDonald, Baldwin, and the Tories, her unemployed were said to do little more than murmur, dividends were paying, every one was hopeful. And yet, when the moment had come to bear down heavily, where was the Provincial Gentleman?

I suddenly realized that he was dead.

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II

He had one great advantage, this Provincial Gentleman. He was not as charming as the Frenchman, nor as well informed as the German, nor as romantic as the Italian. But he had the curiously myopic look of one who has seen Shelley plain; because, no matter what his background may have been—and it frequently would not have borne a diligent inspection—he was the representative of a powerful and fictitious tradition. The immediate bait may have been those Dickens and Browning clubs whose members were said to prefer a live mouse to a dead lion; but his hold was firmer than that. For every American child who has any sort of education has been taught to think of Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth as his literary forbears, even though his literary forbears were more likely to have been Goethe or Pushkin or Petrarch; so that the Englishman was the representative of a tradition which has been grafted on to the American consciousness. And it gave the Provincial Gentleman an advantage of which he was quick to take account.

Literature is the most polite of the arts: Literature and Manners go together. The literary Englishman who visited these shores was rarely a politician or an economist. He did not come as an authority on how to manage a Congress or a coal mine, but he did sometimes come as an authority on how to manage a knife and fork. In this sense, he imposed an affectation on America which it would not have occurred to him to impose on any other country in the world. He affected to be the apostle of culture, and there was a conspiracy among a certain kind of audience, a certain kind of club, and a certain kind of casual acquaintance to keep him eager to maintain this affectation. The Provincial Gentleman was the happy victim of a conspiracy.

On the English side this conspiracy took the form of a legend that America was a country full of unmannered people who, having never learned to manage either their lives or their language, were eager to be stepped on by any pair of British boots. The legend began, I imagine, with Charles Dickens, though Dickens only did his trampling in print; it was nourished by Oscar Wilde, who imposed the "greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery" manner on Bostonians and Philadelphians and New Yorkers; you can find it in out-of-the-way places, like the correspondence of Rupert Brooke; and it must have been seriously inflated by such books as Mr. Mencken's *Americana*. It is curious that one of the few men to see the light was P. G. Wodehouse in his *Indiscretions of Archie*, for Archie Moffam knew by experience that his English manners could be faintly ridiculous; and his fellow countrymen, had they been disposed to read between the lines, might have realized that these States were at heart both alien and bewildering.

On the American side the conspiracy was fostered by a number of people with the worst of American affectations—the affectation of humility. They found it pleasant to compare themselves unfavorably with the English; and since they did this with the profound conviction that in all things which really mattered the English compared unfavorably with them, it was an easy matter to prostrate themselves before the things which scarcely mattered at all, such as an accent or an Oxford degree. They were a small minority but widely scattered. They formed themselves into a *claque* at all lectures; they could be found at most dinner tables and parties; and their abasement was so strident and so ubiquitous that the visiting Briton might have been forgiven if he mistook them for the salt of the American earth.

But now the salt has lost its savor. The savor of the salt was prosperity.

The interesting feature of this conspiracy is not that it existed, nor that it has ceased to exist, but why it has ceased to exist. Since Yorktown there has not been a real English social influence over here, but there has been an unreal one, with all the alarming unreality of the Harkness Building at Yale. Perhaps this influence still lingers on in the Episcopal pulpits of New York City; it certainly lingers on in the college towns, which have a literary tradition to maintain, and where certain professors still serve afternoon tea, and still talk with what one might call the American of Stratford-atte-Bowe, the sad reliquary accent of a six months' stay at Oxford or Cambridge. Otherwise the influence has altogether evaporated, and the Provincial Gentleman has now shrunk into just another foreigner, a diffident and careful man.

He probably does not ask himself why his day is over. But it is over for the same reason, among others, that the day of such books as *Babbitt* is over. When one is very wealthy; when one is a large and vigorous creditor; when one has imposed all one's amusements and half one's merchandise on the world—then one can afford to be criticised, for criticism of manners is a luxury. You cannot imagine an Aristophanes or a Juvenal or a Wycherley in times of acute depression, because satire flourishes only while its victim believes that his social fabric is indestructible. When the fabric has collapsed, and he is hunting about in the débris for sticks of furniture and fragments of clothing, then he no longer wants to be told that he is crude or ridiculous.

There is a spiritual element in this recovery under which we are all laboring—an element which will survive the codes and the blue eagles. If the post-war decade showed up the indignity of certain kinds of success, the years of depression have proved the dignity of certain kinds of failure; and it is in this respect that the experience of Mr. Shaw was not without significance. He was too great a man to be a typical Provincial Gentleman, but the treatment he received was typical enough. He was genial, he was witty, he was disarming—but he was also condescending. And if he was rebuffed, it was not only indifference which rebuffed him: it was dignity.

III

As for the typical Provincial Gentleman, not all the dignity in the world would have routed him, if his prestige had not been undermined in a more vital particular. If he had been simply a traveller, who came in answer to the call of the American literary wild, he might have maintained his position against all odds. But the truth is that he arrived here—like a cask, or a bottle, or anything which drifts—floating on a stream of second-rate literature, which brought him safely to port among his lecture halls and literary tea-parties.

"Second-rate" is the only word. English literature, alone in Europe, has been allowed to export its average mo-

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ment; its prestige has been maintained, not by its greater but its lesser writers. Year by year their work has flowed into this country, a languid but inexorable stream: and as in ancient times the river-god was propitiated with garlands of flowers and fragments of cookery, so was this literary river soothed with royalties and serial rights and applause. Novels, biographies, belles-lettres—how easy they were, how cultivated, how competent, and how indistinguishable one from the other! Other European literatures—because of the expenses of translation—were subjected to certain elementary tests of style and content: they were expected to have something to say that was definitely worth saying, and they were expected to say it with originality. But English literature was permitted to exploit a pleasant mediocrity which, being too anonymous to be called a "style," can only be described as a "manner." The manner was the thing. And it was the prestige of this manner which brought the Provincial Gentleman into his own.

The stream still flows; the manner has not entirely lost its appeal. But the welcome is not so effusive as it used to be, nor the reward so wholesale; there is a disillusion in the air which has withered the Provincial Gentleman, as a cabbage-rose is withered by the late autumn frost. America has discovered that the English literary manner and the English literary background are, after all, not such indispensable things. More devastating still, America has discovered that they are foreign things.

There is justice in this, in the sense that the American man of letters has not received much of a welcome in England. He does not think about his English royalties, and he has learned to arm himself against his English critics, who are inclined to damn him with faint prejudices, for it has often been said in England that you can detect an American accent in any piece of writing. This is a loose and whimsical statement, and one cannot be sure whether it is literary or social criticism; but it is certainly founded on a refusal to face the facts. England would still like to believe that American literature is a sort of country cousin, speaking a creditable Doric, but not entirely cultivated or polite. England does not want to believe that the Anglo-Saxon tradition has split in two; that climate, history, and Ellis Island have done their work; that American literature is, to all intents and purposes, an independent and foreign literature.

This independence was obviously manifested in such phenomena as Walt Whitman and Mark Twain and the Lincoln-Douglas Debates: but especially during the post-war boom years, when the Provincial Gentleman was most in evidence, did it take on form and substance. It was then that a literature appeared which had shaped itself to a spacious and violent scene—a scene whose very horizons were restless, and its vistas shadowed with pride, discontent, and self-mockery. By comparison, the English scene—the fogs, the fields, the dreaming spires of Oxford—was settled and probable, and the leisurely manner which had grown up with it was inimitable indeed, but inimitable only because it was alien. The distance of years and miles which separated these two literatures could easily be measured by comparing the rhythms and cadence of such writers as Willa Cather and Virginia Woolf, or Scott Fitzgerald and Evelyn Waugh: in each case one could discover a physiological difference, a difference between two separate organisms. . . .

But if the English critic must still be finding an "accent" in American writing, it would certainly be in the new literature of the depression—a literature which, though it owes little to text-book tradition, has a sense of words which is both precise and passionate, and which could not have been written anywhere but in America or by anybody but an American. The work of such men as Dos Passos and Cantwell is perhaps not so widely read as it should be; but the influence of literature cannot be measured in terms of sales and this new writing does represent a new way of thinking. In effect, the world of economics has become news, and the world of manners and culture has faded away into the background.

And England is producing a new kind of visitor for us. First and foremost was Mr. John Strachey, who had perhaps just enough of the Provincial Gentleman in him to make his economics familiar: for everybody who read *The Coming Struggle for Power* must have realized that here was the real Tory mind at work, since no one could have had more reverence for the things he would like to overthrow. But if he had nothing more to teach than the vitality of reverence, that would be something. Then there were Messrs. Chesterton and Belloc, who appeared in print and in their old pre-war harness patched up as Distributism. And Lord Marley has come and gone. And we have had a visit from Major Douglas, with his vigorous fallacy of a National Dividend. Though it is too early as yet to make any forecasts, the chances are that this new economic invasion may grow a little motley: but at least the invaders will not assume that they are stumbling into a ready-made Paradise of Fools.

That was the trouble with the Provincial Gentleman—he could only flourish in what he imagined to be a Paradise of Fools. A literary independence would have been bad enough, but an independence which coincided with a depression—that was his death blow. Even if prosperity returned in the same extravagant form; even if the same minority of Anglophiles were willing to support, all over again, the same cultural fallacies with the same good dollars—even then I do not believe that the Provincial Gentleman would reappear. American dignity and American disillusion have killed him, and I feel that he will have the good sense to stay dead.

De mortuis, etc.: it would not be inappropriate to dismiss him with a few words of consolation. There is every chance that his memory will be preserved in the happiest manner. The recent appearance of *Thank You, Jeeves* was more like a visit than a publication, for Wodehouse characters are of too volatile an essence to be imprisoned in cold print. It has always seemed to me that Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and the rest are more typical of social address and polite culture than all the literary visitors put together. They like and respect Americans, they never condescend, they never throw their weight about. The Provincial Gentleman's race is run, but his spirit, in whatever limbo it now resides, need not be too disconsolate. Jeeves is still alive to bear the cultural torch.

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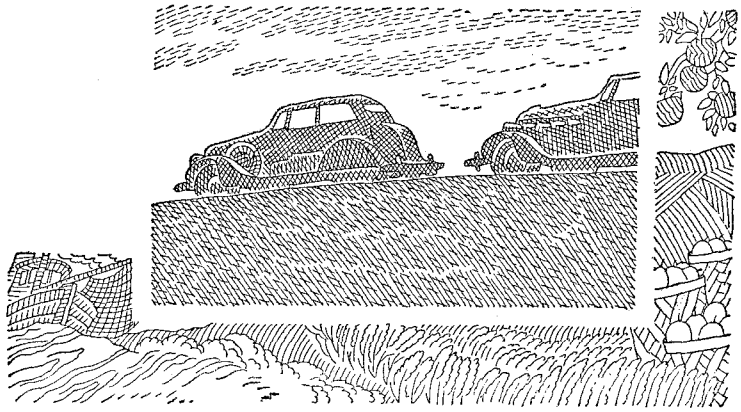
Itinerant

By M. O'Moran



A tale of the wandering labor families of the Pacific coast. Written before the advent of codes, it is intended as a picture of the human elements involved at the time rather than as a statement of specific conditions

It is three o'clock in the morning—a dark, wet morning in February—and Jensen's fish cannery in Monterey is working at full capacity. Full capacity means seven hundred employees, men and women, Asiatic and white; it means ten great furnaces blazing and roaring, and the droning whine of myriad belts and wheels. The long, low sheds, built on the California beach and extending out over the water, are full of steam and vapors that dim the already insufficient light. The crash of the engines drowns out the lap of the waves underneath the building. Oil, water and bits of fish have accumulated on the cold cement floor to the consistency of a thick deep muck.

Bending wearily over low wooden tables women are packing sardines into cans. Even in the steam-clouded light one can see that there is no longer any speed and precision to their work. Their hands move slowly and heavily, and at times the mechanical regularity of their packing breaks into fumbling. They have worked since eight o'clock the previous morning, and they are close to exhaustion. Their shoulders sag and their heads nod jerkily over their work.

In every direction huge crates, full of cans or wire baskets of cooked fish ready to be put into cans, are being propelled across the floor on hand-trucks by men and boys. They are all bent at such an angle that it is impossible to tell which are Asiatics and which are white. They make a wavering and uncertain track, for they are groggy from loss of sleep. The strong black coffee which was served to them steaming hot at midnight has lost its effect. Occasionally one stumbles and slides along the oily floor, bringing a faint hoot of derision from those who see it.

Here and there are stretched huddled sleeping forms, mostly close to the huge warm ovens where the fish is cooked. These are workers who have used the last flicker of sensibility to drop themselves on a wooden crate before succumbing to the overpowering demands of sleep. The roar of the machines operating does not disturb them. Tony, the foreman, passes them by with a casual glance. He does not try to rouse them—he knows that until they have had at least a modicum of sleep nothing can rouse them. In a few hours he will shake them, send them out to get a hot breakfast, and then assign them to another ten or twelve or twenty hours' work. The day and night packing has been in force now for over a week, and in all that time Tony himself has not left the sheds. He, too, finds his few hours' sleep beside the warm ovens. One cannot waste the time to go home when the rush is on.

II

Vida has cut her finger on a tin. It is not a deep cut but it bleeds profusely.

"Oh, hell," she says, blinking at it stupidly.

"You go to the nurse now," says the girl working next to her. "Have it tied up before you get fish poison in it." She yells this into Vida's ear to make sure that Vida hears her. The engines pound away with a furious noise. Beyond the circle of electric light are wells of black shadow.

"I can't stop now. If I stop now I won't come back again," Vida yells back at her. "I'm all in—and if I once stop I'm done."

"What of it?"

"You know what of it. You know Tony won't take me on next year if I don't stay by him when the rush is on."

"Yes, that's right. Tony remembers. I know. So does Jensen remember. You bet. Jensen never forgets. You see them Chinks over there. One year things was bad and Jensen couldn't pay nobody. So they all walked out on him. All the white workers did. Couldn't work without pay. Can't live on promises and fish smells. A white man can't. But the Chinks stayed on. Took a chance. They eat seaweed, straw, anything—even sardines. If I was to eat a sardine I'd puke."

"They eat rats, too," yelled Vida, sucking the blood from her cut finger.

"Well, anyway, they stayed on with Jensen, and now them Chinks can pick and choose their jobs here—you bet, over all the white men, too. Jensen won't let Tony fire them no matter what they do. Say, you're dripping blood into the cans. Somebody's got to eat them fish, baby."

"Funny how fingers bleed such a lot. But my blood won't hurt nobody. It's clean blood. God, how tired I am. I am

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going to have to pick my eyes open in a minute, they're that sticky."

"If you get fish poison in that cut you'll be sorry. Fish poison is bad. Sometimes they have to go to the hospital with it."

"I wouldn't care—I'd get compensation. Did you hear that Milly flopped today?"

"Yes, I saw them carry her out. They say it's her heart. But that's hooey. She couldn't keep awake no more. Her husband's been out for a week—wandering all over Monterey—don't know his name, nor where he lives, nor nothing. He wouldn't give in till he went cuckoo. Worked night and day for four days running—kept goin' on booze and black coffee. Gee, if morning would only come!"

"Tony ought to put on a double shift."

"That wouldn't get us nothing. I don't want no double shift. I gotta make money when there's a chance. We lose too much time as it is—think of the days there's no fish comes in at all, and then when the moon is full and they got to stop fishing. When there is any work here, let us catch up, I say. We gotta make some money, by God, we gotta make some money sometime. Hey, Vida, what's the matter? You ain't gettin' sick, are you? Here, sit down. Hey, Tony, come here. Vida, look out, you're falling. Sit up—here comes Tony now—God, you've flopped——"

III

They took Vida home. Tony, the foreman, and one of the Chinese who had found favor with Jensen, carried her out to Tony's car. Her blue cotton cap had fallen rakishly over one thin white cheek—it was the only rakish thing about her. She wore overalls and shirt like a boy, covered with an oily fish-stained apron. Her feet were thrust into short rubber boots. Tony's car stood under a street lamp. Big raindrops splashed on his black, oily hands as he shoved Vida into the back seat of the car.

"Poor kid," he said, brushing back a strand of hair from Vida's face. "Hey, Bill, you Bill, come here. Come out here to the car. You know where Vida lives, don't you? Well, you hop up here and drive her home."

"They've been floppin' all day," observed Bill.

"We ain't the only cannery workin' tonight," retorted Tony. "Look down there." He waved his hand down Cannery Row, a wet, black roadway jammed with machines, and illuminated by the light streaming out from the wide-open doorways of the fish-canning sheds.

"Twelve others goin' as strong as us—fishing closes down at midnight Sunday—we got only three days left to finish up——"

"We'll all be dead by then," yawned Bill, starting up the engine.

"We've gone through it other years and lived. Guess we'll be doin' it again, too. Beat it, kid."

Vida lived with her husband's mother, whose name was Hallie. Their house was a two-story wooden building on a narrow street off Lighthouse Avenue. Although it was nearing four o'clock in the morning—a dark, wet February morning—the house was brightly lighted, and full of the warm odor of sizzling ham and hot coffee.

"It's Vida," said Bill briefly when Hallie opened the door. "Come and help me get her in." Hallie was slender and straight, with short yellow hair and a thin, wrinkled face lighted up by very blue eyes. Her lean, sinewy arms had great strength in them. She lifted up Vida, her son's wife, and carried her into the house as she might have carried a baby.

"I'll put her to bed," said Hallie, "alongside of Myra. Myra pegged out at midnight. How much fish did the boats bring in tonight, Bill?"

"Three hundred ton—and they've all gone out again."

"My God, how will they ever clean that up? And more coming in tomorrow. Bill, you go in the kitchen and help yourself to something to eat while I get Vida to bed. First open this door for me."

Bill opened the indicated door, and switched on the light, as Hallie carried Vida into a small bedroom.

When she returned to the kitchen she found Bill biting wolfishly at the fried ham and buttered biscuits that she had been keeping warm all night. They did not talk. Bill gulped down hot coffee, and Hallie filled up the air-tight heater with fresh wood, and then sat down and nodded sleepily over it. She had six working at the cannery—Bud, her husband, her three sons, and the wives of the two elder boys. Sonny, her youngest boy, was not old enough yet to have a wife. It was uncertain at what hour each would return—return to snatch a hurried meal and a few hours' sleep—or only a hurried meal without the sleep. So Hallie had stayed up all night and kept meals hot and ready for them.

IV

It is not always like this in the fish canneries, although the uncertainty of the hours is peculiar to that occupation. Sometimes the work starts at the normal hour of seven, and continues the full day. Or, if the catch of fish is large it drags on into the night—for the catch, whatever it is, must be cleaned up. The fish must be canned while it is fresh. If the boats come in at noon, work starts then; or if the boats come in at night, the cannery whistles call the workers for a night shift that may extend far into the next day. But again there are days when there are no fish, due sometimes to stormy weather, sometimes to moonlight when the schools of sardines cannot be located because the phosphorescence on the water does not then show, or the work may be held up by labor disturbances among the fishermen themselves, or disputes between the fishermen and the packers.

Then Hallie and her sons and her sons' wives take their holiday. The women picnic and bathe on the lovely sunny beaches around Monterey; the men fish for abalone and crab and clams and mussels on the long rocky shoreline, or drive down twenty or thirty miles into the Big Sur country and hunt for quail or deer or rabbit, according to the season. Or, if it is in the fall, they find teal and mallard and canvasback along the big Elkhorn slough. These are quiet, recuperative days.

The fish-canning season opens late in August. Hallie comes to Monterey a few days before that, and rents a furnished house for twenty or twenty-five dollars a month. The summer tourist season has just ended. Schools have opened for the fall term and all the vacationists have returned to their homes elsewhere, leaving many vacant houses,

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which, unless they are rented to cannery workers at low rents, will remain vacant all winter.

It is easy for Hallie to find a house to suit her—plenty of beds and bedding, plenty of dishes and pots, sufficient stoves for cooking and heat, and a low rent are what Hallie requires, and what she gets. They bring nothing with them but suitcases of clothing. Hallie has no impedimenta to hamper her movements, no furniture or household goods. She has no silver, no linen, no sets of dishes and glassware to dote upon. No instalment man is going to call for payments on the piano, the electric appliances, the washing machine—she has none. Being itinerant, Hallie has no credit, and having no credit, she has no debts. Unless the cannery whistles have called them, they can all sleep soundly at nights.

It takes perhaps half an hour to get settled in the new house—to open the windows and air the rooms, to build fires, to unpack the suitcases, to go to the stores and buy the food for dinner. Then Hallie has time to look around and see who is in town that was here last year, and to renew her acquaintance with the permanents.

When they are not wearing fishy overalls and rubber boots, Hallie and the girls dress well. They love to wear silk stockings, and pretty ruffled dresses, and high spike heels. And they drive about in good cars—Hallie's men require the speed and endurance that is built into high-priced cars. It is to them a necessary economy for there are times when their work takes them into places where the going is difficult and dangerous.

The pay in the fish canneries averages thirty-five and forty cents an hour. There is some piece work, but it is so negligible that it means nothing to the mass of the workers. Owing to the irregularity of the hours there is no overtime wage. It is a poorly paid job, but it offers work when everything else is closed to the itinerant worker. And with six in the family employed, the Hallies make out very well even in the fish cannery. The last rush with its many hours of labor brings them in considerable money—the boys can show close to two hundred dollars for the last two weeks' work, the girls somewhat less. For several days after the canneries close they do nothing but eat and sleep, Hallie watching the fires and cooking the meals.

V

"Good-bye—see you next year. S'long—good luck—" The fish canneries have closed and the cannery workers are scattering. Hallie is driving along the highway, with Bud, her husband, leaving Monterey behind her. She is dressed in blue jeans and a gray woollen shirt, and wears a beret on her close-cropped yellow hair. She does not look her forty odd years—nor does she feel them. The car that Bud drives is as good as any on the road—better than most. And Hallie and Bud hold their heads high. Why shouldn't they? They are not, considers Hallie, bootleggers like those Wops going by in a Packard; nor are they predatory Jews like those sprawled out in the Chrysler; nor professional parasites like these women with the Jap chauffeur, going down, probably, to Del Monte or Pebble beach for the polo games. Hallie classes American labor high, and American laborers as the salt of the earth. There is no inferiority complex in Hallie's subconscious.

The back of the car is full of camp equipment. For the next six months Hallie will live under canvas. Her sons and their wives follow in equally good cars, and in the rear of this swift travelling modern cavalcade is a small truck driven by Sonny. It carries the sheep-shearing machine, and the lumber for erecting temporary sheep pens. For it is spring and the sheep shearing is now ready to begin.

VI

Early in the afternoon they pitch camp in a grove of sycamore trees, just starting to leaf. They are in the sheep country of San Benito. The low, rolling hills are delicately green. The blue sky above them is flecked by drifting clouds, soft and white as newly washed fleeces. Hallie watches her men put up the brown army tents, five tents in all, four for sleeping and one for cooking and eating. When the tents are up they unfold the cots and mattresses. Hallie believes in having comfortable beds—those who work hard must sleep well. The cook tent is fitted up with camp tables and chairs and a gasoline stove. Hallie has also a fireless cooker with her—made by Bud her husband, it is true, but compact and effective nevertheless.

Myra, the wife of her son Michael, comes into the cook tent to help Hallie get the dinner. She sets the table with white-enamelled plates and cups. Hallie puts a huge pot of coffee on the gasoline stove, pouring the water for it from a canteen. They always carry their drinking water with them, protecting themselves from water obtained from unknown sources, and thus avoiding much preventable sickness. From the cooker Hallie takes a pot of steaming hot chicken stew, and another of sweet potatoes. She places the pots on the table as they are. Myra sets out bread and butter and apple pies, and then the men are called in to dinner. Vida, the other girl, comes in with George, her husband. He has one arm around Vida and carries on his shoulder his three-year-old child, called Baby. Myra reaches up to take Vida's baby.

"Don't reach," chides Hallie. "That is not good for you, Myra. You must not reach up when you are in the family way."

"Why?" asks Myra, dropping her arms. Hallie tells her why. The conversation brings no blush nor embarrassment to any one, not even Sonny, the eighteen-year-old boy. To them nature is nature, not sex, and is discussed as unconcernedly as the weather or the crops.

"How long will we be here?" asks Myra.

"It's a poor year. There's not much sheep—ten to twelve thousand, perhaps."

"What's eatin' you?" asks Vida. "This is a swell place. Baby can run around here in the sun all day. God, but I'm glad to get out of a house."

"I want to be near a hospital," says Myra. "I might come early."

"You don't need to worry about a hospital." Myra wipes the chicken gravy from Baby's face. "You'll be all right with Hallie. She can take care of you good as any hospital. She took care of me."

"I want to go to the hospital," reiterates Myra.

"You don't need to. Why I didn't even have a doctor," announces Vida proudly.

"We were shearing up in Oregon." Hallie's voice is softly reminiscent. "We

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got snowed in. It was as good a time as any for the baby to come. The men couldn't work anyway, so they were able to do their own cooking while I took care of Vida and the baby. You had an easy time, Vida."

"It didn't seem easy to me."

"I had all my babies on the road," says Hallie, "and no one but Bud here to take care of me." She pats her husband's arm affectionately.

"I've helped many a cow and sheep." Bud stirs his coffee vigorously. "Funny if I couldn't help my own wife."

Myra meets her husband's eye appealingly. "Just the same I want to go to the hospital," she says, as if speaking to him alone.

"Sure," he answers her, "you're going to a hospital if I have to carry you there."

VII

The next morning Bud hires four extra men to help with the shearing. The shearing machine will run eleven, but Bud does not want so many. He wishes to give all the work to his own boys. But the farmers are in a hurry, so he reluctantly takes on hired help. It has been known for some weeks previously just when the sheep shearers would arrive, so the flocks of sheep have been driven in and held in readiness close by. The boys throw together the sheep pens that Sonny brought in the truck, and set up the machine. It is only on the large ranches that they find sheep pens permanently built. The small farmers do not have them, therefore Bud must bring his own pens with him. When he has finished with them he will store them. He does it every year.

Bud assigns the time to each flock according to its size. He knows his hired hands will shear about one hundred and twenty-five sheep a day—if they can't do that he fires them. His own boys can do better. Michael not infrequently stacks up two hundred fleeces. That means that Michael can make thirty dollars a day at sheep shearing. It is good work while it lasts. The pity is that the work is soon over, and that even though the flocks numbered thousands instead of hundreds they would still have to be sheared within a few weeks, and not even Michael could exceed his two hundred sheep a day and his thirty-dollar earning power.

The sheep shearing starts at dawn and finishes at dark. There is no respite—no days for fishing and hunting and picnicking on the beaches. Every minute is made to count. The men work hard. The women work equally hard. Myra helps Hallie with the cooking and the care of Vida's baby. There is endless cooking, for Hallie feeds the hired men as well as her own. Vida goes out and works with the men, tying up the fleeces as they are tossed to her every minute or so. When Hallie is not cooking she is bending over the wash tub. Her face becomes more lined and tired, but her smile is as ready as ever. Everybody is in good temper—they are making money.

The last fleece is tied, and with hardly an hour's loss of time camp is broken and packed up, and the small fleet of high-priced cars is speeding down the highway again to the lower part of the Salinas valley. Here is another sheep district, and the small farmers with their small flocks are waiting for the shearers.

A heavy rain storm holds up the work for two days. The men utilize this time to go over their cars and machinery for repairs, and when that is done they go out and hunt rabbits. Hallie's rabbit stew is a southern delicacy. Vida plays in the tent with her baby, and Myra, with hands clasped and shining eyes, watches her. When the men come home they all play cards. Then they eat, and after the dishes are washed, they light the gasoline lantern, and play cards again, pedro and draw poker. Hallie has a feeling for poker and invariably comes out ahead.

When the storm is gone the shearing is started.

VIII

Early in May they move up to Oregon, a trip of six to seven hundred miles. They are now going up to where the big flocks are, so they store their portable sheep pens until the following spring. They travel with all possible speed, spending the nights at autocamps along the way. Myra is apprehensive of the weather. She sees snow on the mountains, sometimes quite low. She tries to hide her reluctance to stay with the family, but has little success. Hallie knows how she feels. Hallie, however, compresses her mouth, and says nothing. Hallie has always kept her family together. Where one went, the others went. Sticking together is their religion—the only one they have. When George married Vida he explained how it was with his family, and Vida said it was all right with her, she would stick too. She had kept her word stanchly. But Myra is weak. She wants to stay in town and keep Michael there with her. The family are tacitly aware of this desire of Myra's, but overlook it. They regard it as a weakness she should not give in to and there is no inclination to favor her weakness. She has made her bed and must lie upon it—and it is a camp bed. If they are near a town she can go to a hospital for her baby, provided Michael stays on with the shearing crew. And if they aren't near a town she must do what the others have done.

Eastern Oregon was in the first flush of spring. The sagebrush and cactus were softened and glorified with millions of vivid wild flowers. The winds were balsam and gentle as a caress. Myra's time came on a warm, gorgeous day, and Michael dropped his work and drove her into a town twenty miles away where there was a small one-nurse hospital. Her baby was born that night and the next morning Michael was back at his sheep shearing.

IX

The sheep shearing finishes about the middle of June. It has been a long continuous grind from daylight to dark for many weeks. They have travelled hundreds of miles. The men show the effects of the grind. They are lean and worn, but withal uncomplaining. They are working for themselves, and making money. The weather has held consistently good. Not more than three storms have held up the shearing, and then for not more than a couple of days each.

But the flowers have faded from the semi-desert country of eastern Oregon, and the hot summer winds are beginning to blow when Hallie and her family pack up for the next move. Myra, pulling against the family as usual, urges Michael to find work in the lumber camps on the Coast. Her baby has not been thriving, and she thinks the Coast climate will benefit it. Besides, there will be no cooking in the camps. They can all board at the big cook

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houses there. It is a futile gesture on Myra's part. Michael goes where the family goes, and the family's next move is to the wheat fields of Oregon, the great grain district around Elmira and the Big Bend country. Every year they work on the wheat harvester—the big "combine" that cuts, threshes, and sacks the grain at the same time. Just as the sheepmen counted upon them for the shearing, so do the wheat farmers look for their arrival to harvest the wheat crop. It is the same every year. Why should it be different this year just because Myra's baby has colic?

Hallie, being a mother herself, consoles Myra.

"It'll be for only six weeks," she says. She and Myra are sitting on camp stools, watching the men take down the tents. Hallie holds the drowsy baby on her lap, gently rubbing his limbs. Although it is still early in the forenoon a hot wind is strengthening. "Six weeks is not long, and then we'll go to Wenatchee and pick apples. You'll like Wenatchee, Myra. It's right on the Columbia River—it's sure a grand country. Lumber camps are not a good place for girls—married or not married. No son of mine would take his wife to a lumber camp. And I know you'll like Wenatchee very well."

X

They live in a cottage at the wheat ranch, but eat at the cook house where Hallie and Vida do the cooking. They are both thin, wiry women, but it takes all their time to prepare four huge meals for ten ravenous men every day. Nevertheless Hallie finds occasion to stand at the door of the cook house several times during the afternoon to watch her eighten-year-old boy Sonny drive the thirty-two horses that move the great grain harvester over the field. Her lips are parted and her eyes shine with pride. Sonny, as driver, is making six dollars a day—the others earn five.

One day follows another with but little variation in the weather, and no variation in the work until the wheat is harvested. The heat is pouring down on Elmira and its environs with a fierce intensity. Hallie and Vida are pale and hollow-eyed, Myra droops over her baby with anxious solicitude. The men are lean and hard as nails.

"Gee, I like horses, ma," says Sonny, pouring water into the radiator of his car.

"That's in your blood, Sonny. Your grandpa was a horse trader. But you like cars, too, don't you, Sonny? Looks like everything's packed now, and we'll be moving on within a half hour."

"I'm going to like my new car all right. And what's more it's going to be all paid up. I can make as much money now as any man. My new car will be a heap ahead of anything George or Michael has."

"Will you take me back home to Virginia in it?"

"Sure I will, ma. I'll take you there this winter."

"Guess we better wait till we can all go. Couldn't turn up home without Bud. What would his old pa and ma say? No, nor without the boys—and their wives and kids."

"We ought to go back before my car gets old. I'd like them to see my car before it gets old."

"No need to worry about its gettin' old before you've even bought it," smiles Hallie. But as she turns away she sighs. Yes, some day they will go back home to Virginia, but now they are going to Wenatchee.

XI

Wenatchee is beautiful country on the Columbia River. Orchard after orchard of heavily fruited apple trees sweep up the valley and over the hills. Cool little winds creep down the canyons and temper the summer heat. It is a delightful change from the flat unshaded wheat country. Nerves that have been strung to a high tension relax. Smiling again becomes easier. There are swimming parties at the river, sometimes by moonlight. The boys take their wives into town for a show. The girls have time to launder pretty dresses. Myra's baby has no more colic, and coos happily at the moving leaves above his outdoor bed. Vida picks apples with the men, and Myra and Hallie do the cooking.

"It's just like paradise here," says Myra, sinking her white teeth into a ripe apple. She is sitting by the door of the cook tent. The afternoon sun is low, the baby is sleeping on her lap, and she watches Hallie mixing up dumplings for the chicken stew as she eats her apple.

"There's apple trees enough," admits Hallie, "and I've seen snakes here, too—if that's what you mean."

"Well, it isn't—and I'd like to stay here for good."

"Maybe you would—and maybe you wouldn't." Hallie frowns thoughtfully at her dumplings. "I've seen this country look something like hell instead of paradise—and that in September, too."

"You mean fires?"

"No, I mean water. It was on September 8, 1925, that they had a cloudburst up in the hills. The dam busted and a forty-foot wall of water came tearing down the canyon. It went right through town lifting up the buildings off their foundations and killed eighteen people."

"Oh," says Myra, with a gasp of apprehension, "women and children, too?"

"Of course."

"Do you think it is safe for us to stay here?"

"Not after tomorrow." Hallie wipes her floury hands on her apron. "We got here too late for the good jobs. They're gone. We finish this orchard tomorrow—and everything else is sewed up. So we're leaving. It's time for the canneries anyway."

"Suits me," says Myra, holding her baby close to her.

XII

And so the cycle ends. They started with the fish canning in Monterey, went on to sheep shearing at San Benito, the Salinas valley, and eastern Oregon, got the wheat crop harvested in central Oregon, edged in a few weeks of apple picking in the Columbia River country, and are now back to start fish canning again in Monterey. They are a little late—the fishing season has been on several weeks—but they are regulars, hands who return year after year and are to be counted on, and Tony always has a place for the regulars.

"I'll be awful glad to get into a house again," says Hallie, "but then—" breaking into a smile, "I'll be awful glad to leave it again too. My God, think of people who stay in one place all the time!"

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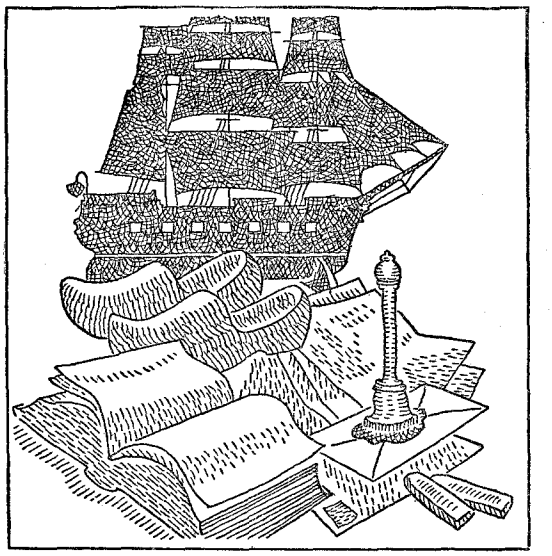
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



Grand Opera and American Composers . . . Charles Dickens in the United States . . . Poets as Prophets . . . Eat, Ate, Eaten, Et . . .

WHAT is *grand* opera? The significance of the adjective varies all the way from Grand Hotel in Paris, where it means nothing, to Grand Canyon, where it means everything.

Just when does a light opera become a grand opera, or if it doesn't and can't, what is the distinction between a light opera and grand opera?

Well, Wyld's *Universal Dictionary* says that *opera* is "a drama set to music, sung or recited to orchestral accompaniment," that *comic opera* is "one having a comic plot and characters, and spoken dialogue," that *light opera* is "of a lighter character than grand opera, but wholly sung or recited to music," that *grand opera* is "wholly sung, and usually having a tragic plot." True enough; and what a colossal exception is *Die Meistersinger!* Webster's new *Dictionary* (1934) defines grand opera, "opera in which the plot is elaborated as in serious drama, and the entire text set to music."

There are gradations where an opera almost becomes a grand opera and where it just manages to do so. In my youth how I did enjoy the *Bohemian Girl* and *Martha!* And shall I ever forget Myron Whitney or Mr. Macdonald singing *The Heart Bowed Down* in the former, and Tom Karl and Myron Whitney singing the duet in the latter? I call *Bohemian Girl* light opera and *Martha* grand opera. What a day that was for me in Boston in 1892 when I heard Patti sing *The Last Rose of Summer* and *Home, Sweet Home* in *Martha* in the afternoon, and the two de Reszkes, Lasalles, and Emma Eames sing *Faust* in the evening! All this, and Heaven too?

I like comic opera better than I like musical comedy, I like light opera better than comic opera, I like grand opera better than light opera. Yet all the three forms of opera I enjoy. Shall I ever forget Francis Wilson in *Erminie?*

I advise all interested in opera to read the article on the subject in the 14th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* written by its music-editor, Mr. D. F. Tovey. He says some queer things as all professional musicians do. When he says that in the necessary qualities of opera, "It is notorious that the absolute value of the music comes last, if it is a factor of success at all," you (if you are not a musician) will be so astonished that you will find it necessary to read the next two paragraphs to understand the remark and you won't understand it then. If he means there have been many greater operas than Beethoven's *Fidelio,* whereas the Overture to *Leonora* No. 3 is as great as any operatic music ever written, I can understand him; but I don't believe he means that. When he comes to more modern operas, I understand and agree.

If the operas *Pelléas et Mélisande, Salome* and *Elektra* are compared with the original plays by Maeterlinck, Wilde and Hofmannsthal, it will be found that the poets have suffered less from Debussy and Strauss than dramatic authors usually suffer from actor-managers. . . . Debussy and Strauss have so treated these three plays that they are better acted when given as operas than when given without music. No actress except an opera singer ever has her declamation and movements so superbly timed and timed permanently to the tenth of a second, as in these wonderful pieces of stagecraft.

The only difficulty is that in *Salome,* the soprano has to dance as well as to sing and act; and to become a great soprano is to sacrifice a certain lissomeness rather attractive in dancing.

I will take the chance of correction when I say there has never been a first-rate grand opera written by one whose native tongue was English; Mr. Deems Taylor has come the nearest to it in America, and may do it yet. The greatest musical composer in the history of the British Isles is Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are works of genius; but they do not belong to grand opera.

It is enormously fortunate for America that the English Savoy company are in New York this autumn, and I hope they will stay until next summer, and perhaps give other American cities an opportunity to hear those immortal works as they should be given.

The season is approaching when the Metropolitan Opera House will reopen its doors, and grand opera comes again into its own. It will be a lifelong regret to me that when Radio City was built in New York, the original plan of building a new home for grand opera was abandoned. It would have been the finest opera house in the world. During this past summer extensive internal improvements have been made in the Metropolitan Opera House, where they were acutely needed. It is a splendid thing that the people have responded so well to the appeals of Madame Lucrezia Bori and others, and have "saved" grand opera; it is not only one of the splendors of the metropolis, it is one of the greatest glories of the United States

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of America. Without it we should hardly seem civilized.

One reason why no great operas are written by Americans is shown by that veteran and distinguished music critic, W. J. Henderson, in his article in *The American Mercury* last May, appropriately called *American Opera Keeps Struggling.*

> The opera is a play whose points are made with music, not with action or the crackling of rapid dialogue. The most advanced minds among our young composers and librettists too frequently forget or are ignorant of that indisputable fact.

Even so; the trouble with most American poets is that they can't write poetry, and with most American composers that they can't write music.

Here is an interesting unpublished letter from the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes, kindly sent me by Miss Lesley Payne, of Indianapolis:

> . . . I hope and trust that my feelings are right which tell me that this world demands a complement.
>
> If the evidence of the New Testament is a *proof* (and not merely a probability of a certain value variously estimated by different honest persons) there is no need of asking the question.
>
> One thing seems to me clear, that if the future life is to be for the bulk of mankind what the larger part of our pulpit teach, namely a condition of hopeless woe, there is no reason why we should wish to have proof of another life.
>
> The more I consider the doctrine of eternal punishment the more it seems to me a heathen invention which has found its way into Christianity, and entirely inconsistent with the paternal character attributed to the Deity. (We must carry to any future sphere the characters we form here; and these must influence, if they do not determine, our condition. Yet, it seems in accordance with the paternal principle that any punishment should be reformatory and not vindictive.)
>
> One thing is certain: it is impossible to *disprove* the reality of a future life, and we have all a right to cherish the hope that we may live again under more favorable circumstances, and be able to account for these preliminary arrangements, which, as a finality, are certainly unsatisfactory.

Some of my correspondents have written lately about the novels of William Black (1841–1898). He was born in Glasgow. I have a letter from Alexander Brunton, Antiquarian and Bookseller, 54 Hanover Street, Edinburgh, written to one of my correspondents, in which he gives a list of thirty-three novels by Black and says, "Most of these can be picked up in good second-hand condition at 3s. or 3s. 6d. postpaid. All are out of print."

A novelist who was a contemporary of Black, James Payn (1830–1898), wrote one hundred novels. His autobiography was one of the most charming I have ever read. In a recently published murder story, I was pleased to see an allusion to the novels of James Payn.

My friend Doctor George B. Peck, of Providence, R. I., who, although ninety-one years old, wrote the whole of the following with his own hand on one-half of a post-card, was evidently not impressed by Dickens.

> Dear Will:
>
> In 1867 I paid $5 to gaze on Charles Dickens say two hours. Best investment I ever made. Precluded wasting more money on him. Decided he was a typical English snob and therefore wanted nothing more of him. In *New York Times Magazine* for May 13, 1934, I found ample proof of the accuracy of my judgment. I never had taken a shine to him and subsequently felt nothing but contempt. Never read any of his writings but spending a certain Christmas in Bridgeport a friend wishing to show me *all* the sights took me around so that inside of 12 hours I heard the story of "*My* little Nell" *four times!* Never enjoyed anything more than I did the emphatic snubbing his mightiness received one day on the Capital steps Washington, D. C. from a Kentucky Congressman. He then discovered if never before there was at least one American that did not bow down and worship him.

And here is a letter from another man who remembers Dickens; it is an honor to print in my column letters from two men who saw and heard Charles Dickens. And, for the sake of record, let me add that both my correspondents, George B. Peck and Charles Burrows, fought in the Union Army in the Civil War. Doctor Peck was wounded, the rifle bullet passing completely through his body; and when I was a child, I took delight in placing my finger in the hole in his side; and when I asked him how he felt when the bullet hit him, he said *he laughed.*

Charles Burrows, who writes the following letter, is Past S. V. Commander-in-chief, Past Q. M. General, and was the New Jersey Representative at the 50th anniversary of the Gettysburg Celebration. He writes:

> During ninety years of life, I have seen and heard many famous men, but Abraham Lincoln and Charles Dickens have made the most lasting impression upon me. I recall the pleasure I had in listening to Dickens in Music Hall, Boston. To look at the audience was a story in itself; old and young, men and women, literary giants of that generation, young clerks, mechanics and common laborers—an audience which gave evidence of the hold Dickens had on all manner of people. I have often regretted that Dickens could not have lived to finish *Edwin Drood,* which I think bid fair to being one of his best.

The American composer of music and orchestra-conductor, Edgar Stillman Kelley, read an essay (published in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* for Oct. 8, 1933) at the centennial exercises in honor of Edmund Clarence Stedman, in which he called attention to an article by Stedman in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1879, in which he not only predicted aerial navigation, but came remarkably close to describing the form of the Zeppelin (fish rather than bird). The article was written in 1878. Mr. Kelley believes that Count Zeppelin probably read the article, because he had been a military guest of the Union forces during the Civil War, and "made his first balloon flight near St. Paul, Minn., in 1862." Mr. Kelley now writes me:

> It seems to me that Stedman's visions of future achievements in the world of science were more remarkable than those of any other American poet, if we except Poe (*Mellonta Tauta*).
>
> But Stedman went into details in a startling manner, predicting in 1878 how Aviation would imperil England's monopoly of the sea, and in his very last literary effort (*Century,* May or June 1908), he once more referred to his former article, and in alluding to England's necessity of protecting her marine interests, practically foretold the World War only six years before it actually broke out!

And now, as Mr. Kelley has mentioned Poe's *Mellonta Tauta,* let me urge every one of my readers immediately to find that short work of Poe's and reread it. It is a supposed letter written from a balloon on April 1, 2848.

From Mrs. S. G. Strickland, of Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.:

> In SCRIBNER'S a few months ago, I came across a letter from Miss June Beckman of Brooklyn, N. Y., making the statement that Thomas Mann was a Jew. I was surprised to read this as I had just read in *Time* a short time before, that he was *not* a Jew, and was not expelled from Germany because he was not an "Aryan."

DUMB AND DUMM

From Professor Melvin Gilmore, Curator of Ethnology at the University of Michigan:

> Can not something be done about the very common error in spelling of the word "dumm" borrowed from the German and now in such common use? It is misspelled not only in newspaper use but by many writers who ought to know better. This misspelling may often be seen in quite reputable magazines. In *The*

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Saturday Evening Post of March 31, 1934, there is an article by Kenneth Roberts entitled "Murmuring Michigan." In this article the word dumm is used several times, but always misspelled "dumb." Perhaps the most ridiculous instance is on page 84, fourth column, where you will find the following sentence: "In their opinion it was because dumb men keep quiet, whereas dumb women talk."

I am afraid nothing can be done about this. Most of those who use the word *dumb* as slang are even more ignorant of German than they are of English, which is saying a great deal. In the new Webster Dictionary (1934) it is put down as partly from German *dumm* in Pa. "dull, stupid, colloq. U. S." Later on, Webster gives *Dumbbell* as "slang, U. S.," and *Dumbhead* the same, meaning "blockhead." It seems to me I heard the slang *dumbbell* before I heard the slang *dumb,* but possibly not. Wyld's *Dictionary* (British 1932) naturally does not have the colloquial *dumb, dumbbell,* or *dumbhead,* but rather significantly it gives as one definition of *dumb* "incapable of, slow at, ineffectual in, expressing ideas and emotions: *he's rather dumb in society:* Phrase *a dumb dog,* a silent, taciturn fellow." From this, the transition to American slang might be easy. But I don't like it any more than does Doctor Gilmore.

De Witt D. Barlow of New York cannot digest Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe's unwillingness to say "a hotel." He writes:

> I am all upset by your British friend who just can't bring himself to say A hotel. I haven't been able to sleep. I am naturally of kindly nature and another's woe I often find insupportable. I want to help, and in this case I think I can.
>
> I know it can be done, for in my youth, at college, I remember well Lord Kelvin during an address in chapel reciting *"Hars est celare hartem."* The subject of the address was the luminiferous haether. His aspirates were beautifully enunciated. So you see they can do it.

Mr. Barlow also gives me the following information. At the Yale undergraduate Commencement this year, he overheard the following conversation between two ladies seated behind him:

> "Fourth of July and Memorial Day both fall on Wednesday this year."
> "Oh, they always fall on the same day."
> "Is that so?"
> "Yes, except in leap years."
> "Oh, are they still having leap years?"
> "I think so."

F. F. Bartrop of New York sends me a copy of the official printed instructions of the new New York City law, with the remark "Why do so many of us who should know better use a noun in the plural with a verb (voib) in the singular, and vice versa?" and here is the sentence, which is singular enough:

> "Returns are to be filed by . . . whose gross receipts . . . exceeds $15,000."

All my life I have used the three words *eat, ate, eaten.* The English never use the word *ate,* but spell the past tense like the present *eat* and pronounce it *et.* Bernard M. Allen of Roxbury School, Cheshire, Conn., writes:

> I was familiar with the British use and just came across it in *Robinson Crusoe* (York 1802). "I filled my pockets with biscuits and eat as I went." But I have always assumed that this past tense was pronounced *et,* like *read* and *read.* One American dictionary, I think, gives *ate* as *et.* Doctor Wiliam Everett of Quincy always said *et,* but it might be a little dangerous for most of us to say it that way. Back country New England *et* seems to be a survival.

My father, born in Suffield, Conn., in 1816, always pronounced the past tense as he spelled it *eat.* That is, he pronounced the present and past exactly alike. He never said *ate,* or *et.* Do my readers know of any one else saying that?

FANO CLUB

Mary Lee Marquis Hubbard of Los Angeles returned to Fano on July 27, after having seen it exactly twenty-three years ago. She wrote me another post card from Arezzo, a town that should be visited by all Browningites. Arthur Leverett Washburn of Providence, R. I., joined the club on the same date as did Evelyn Maretta of Skidmore College (1931), Saratoga Springs, N. Y. And yet there is room.

ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

Professor F. R. Finch, of the University of Michigan, read the entire work aloud to his wife in three months. Mrs. Finch writes, "We both enjoyed it keenly and consider the book an adventure and vivid experience."

FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Annie L. Laney of Pawtucket, R. I., read the F. Q. thrice, "the second time when I was fortunate enough to be a student in the class conducted by one of the *Eight Harvard Poets,* Professor S. F. Damon, at Brown University in 1927."

Professor George St. Clair, of the University of New Mexico, author of a volume of poems called *Young Heart* (1933), read the entire poem "with huge enjoyment while I was recovering from an attack of laryngitis, an enjoyment mitigated somewhat, I must confess, by the poet's annoying habit of stopping off short in the midst of an interesting episode and then never returning to it." Those who "never have time for good reading" would do well to turn the defeat of illness into the conquest of a great work of literature.

Professor A. J. Armstrong, of Waco, Texas, the distinguished Browning scholar, spent last summer going from the Cape to Cairo. He writes:

> I went where the film was made for Trader Horn. Saw within five feet 1000 hippopotami; and the lions are so tame in the native haunts that you can almost touch them. I am still of the opinion that Niagara is greater than Victoria Falls, even if the latter is a mile wide.

I envy him being with those lions, as I always envy the men and women who enter the cages. I have always wanted a cat eight feet long. But I have no place for it, so please do not send me one.

The following letter, which appeared in *The London Times Literary Supplement* for Aug. 23, seems to me one of the most splendid examples of unconscious humor I have ever seen. The previous issue had reviewed Phillips Russell's admirable book, *William the Conqueror,* and *hinc illae lacrimae.* Hitler himself or any of his henchmen could not beat this English letter-writer in jingoism. How can we blame Italians or Germans for nationalistic fury, when we read a letter like this?

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR"

> Sir,—Another Life of "William *the Conqueror*"! Shall we never drop that title, so obnoxious, humiliating and irritating—at least to North Country folk—yet so needless? It was not conferred on the hero of the "fluke" victory of Hastings and of the horrible desolation of Northumbria until several centuries after his death, and then as the flattery of historical snobs. How comes it that our national pride still tolerates the slur? There is no lack of fit substitutes. We need not revive the offensive William the Bastard, but why not simply William the Norman?

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Brain-Testers II

How many of these questions can you answer?

THE following questions, the second of a series, are taken from the College Achievement Test given as part of the Pennsylvania Study. (See article by John R. Tunis, page 266.) They are published by permission of the Co-operative Test Service, which holds the copyright.

In order that this set of questions may be used for entertainment by a group, we shall be glad to furnish additional sheets, in small numbers, upon request accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send your request to The Editors, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Answers to the questions are to be found on one of the advertising pages which follow.

Indicate which of the numbered phrases in the left-hand column below best applies to each of the phrases in the right-hand column. Do this by placing the appropriate number in the parenthesis to the right of the phrase.

1. 1. Bessemer
   2. Newcomen
   3. Arkwright
   4. Daimler
   5. Cartwright
   6. McCormick
   7. Eli Whitney
   8. Robert Fitch

   First practicable steam engine ( )
   Spinning mills ( )
   Gasoline automobile ( )
   Steel manufacture ( )
   Agricultural machinery ( )
   Power looms ( )

2. 1. The Heart of Midlothian
   2. Clarissa Harlowe
   3. The Return of the Native
   4. The Egoist
   5. Adam Bede
   6. Silas Marner
   7. The Portrait of a Lady
   8. Diana of the Crossways

   Lovelace ( )
   Ieanie Deans ( )
   Mrs. Poyser ( )
   Eustacia Vye ( )
   Sir Willoughby Patterne ( )
   Dinah Morris ( )

3. 1. The Silver Spoon
   2. Sweeney Among the Nightingales
   3. Moon-Calf
   4. Within a Budding Grove
   5. Penguin Island
   6. Stalky and Company
   7. Wedlock
   8. The Magic Mountain

   Hans Castorp ( )
   Soames Forsyte ( )
   Trinco ( )
   Duchesse de Guermantes ( )
   Felix Fay ( )

4. Regions owned or controlled by:
   1. Great Britain
   2. France
   3. Italy
   4. Holland
   5. United States

   Algeria ( )
   Ceylon ( )
   Cameroons ( )
   Cyprus ( )
   Haiti ( )
   Libya ( )
   Malta ( )
   Indo-China ( )
   Sumatra ( )

5. 1. Crime
   2. Tort
   3. Neither of the above

   An act of transgression against the divine will ( )
   A public wrong or injury, redressible by an action on the part of the government ( )
   A private wrong or injury, redressible by a suit on the part of the person injured ( )
   An act flowing from evil and depraved habits ( )

In the following questions, indicate which of the several responses best completes the given statement. Do this by placing the number of the preferred response in the parenthesis to the right of the statement.

6. According to Rousseau, human inequality is the result chiefly of ( )
   1. original sin. 2. the persistence of the natural state of man. 3. individual physical differences. 4. faulty education and laws.

7. Dickens's most enduring creations are ( )
   1. his heroines. 2. his minor characters from lower-class life. 3. his heroes. 4. his portraits of the landed gentry.

8. El Greco's paintings are noted for ( )
   1. absence of formal design. 2. sinuous and twisted distortions. 3. quiet calm and serenity. 4. crude materialistic force.

9. The man who raised the song to the status of an art form was ( )
   1. Beethoven. 2. Mendelssohn. 3. Weber. 4. Schubert.

10. The germ theory of disease is associated with the work of ( )
    1. Lamarck. 2. Darwin. 3. Huxley. 4. Pasteur. 5. Spencer. 6. Metchnikoff.

11. Katherine Mansfield was ( )
    1. a writer of sea poems. 2. the heroine of *Mansfield Park*. 3. a writer of short stories. 4. the wife of Richard Mansfield.

12. Aristophanes satirized Socrates in ( )
    1. "The Frogs." 2. "The Clouds." 3. "The Birds." 4. "The Wasps."

13. The first bishop of Rome to be recognized formally by the Emperor as head of the Church was ( )
    1. St. Peter. 2. Leo the Great. 3. Gregory I. 4. St. Augustine.

14. The man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage was ( )
    1. Jacob. 2. Esau. 3. Joseph. 4. Joshua.

15. The moving-picture theaters of the United States have an average daily attendance of about ( )
    1. (1,000,000). 2. (5,000,000). 3. (10,000,000). 4. (20,000,000).

In the following, if the statement is true, place a plus sign in the parenthesis (+); if false, a zero (O).

16. According to the theory of mercantilism, colonies were a useless burden which the mother country would do well to dispense with as soon as possible. ( )

17. Feudalism was essentially a Germanic institution that owed little to the political institutions of the late Roman Empire. ( )

18. The *Vita Nuova* is a simple love story told in sonnet form. ( )

19. Rembrandt is a master of chiaroscuro. ( )

20. Modern science is in general less materialistic than the science of fifty or seventy-five years ago. ( )

21. The brightest stars are those having the greatest magnitude. ( )

22. During the nineteenth century the number of religious sects and denominations in the United States greatly decreased. ( )

23. Since the World War the United States has changed from a creditor to a debtor nation. ( )

24. The editorial page in the American newspaper is relatively more influential today than it was fifty years ago. ( )

25. In *Anna Karenina* Vronski illustrates the necessity of an intelligent struggle with life. ( )

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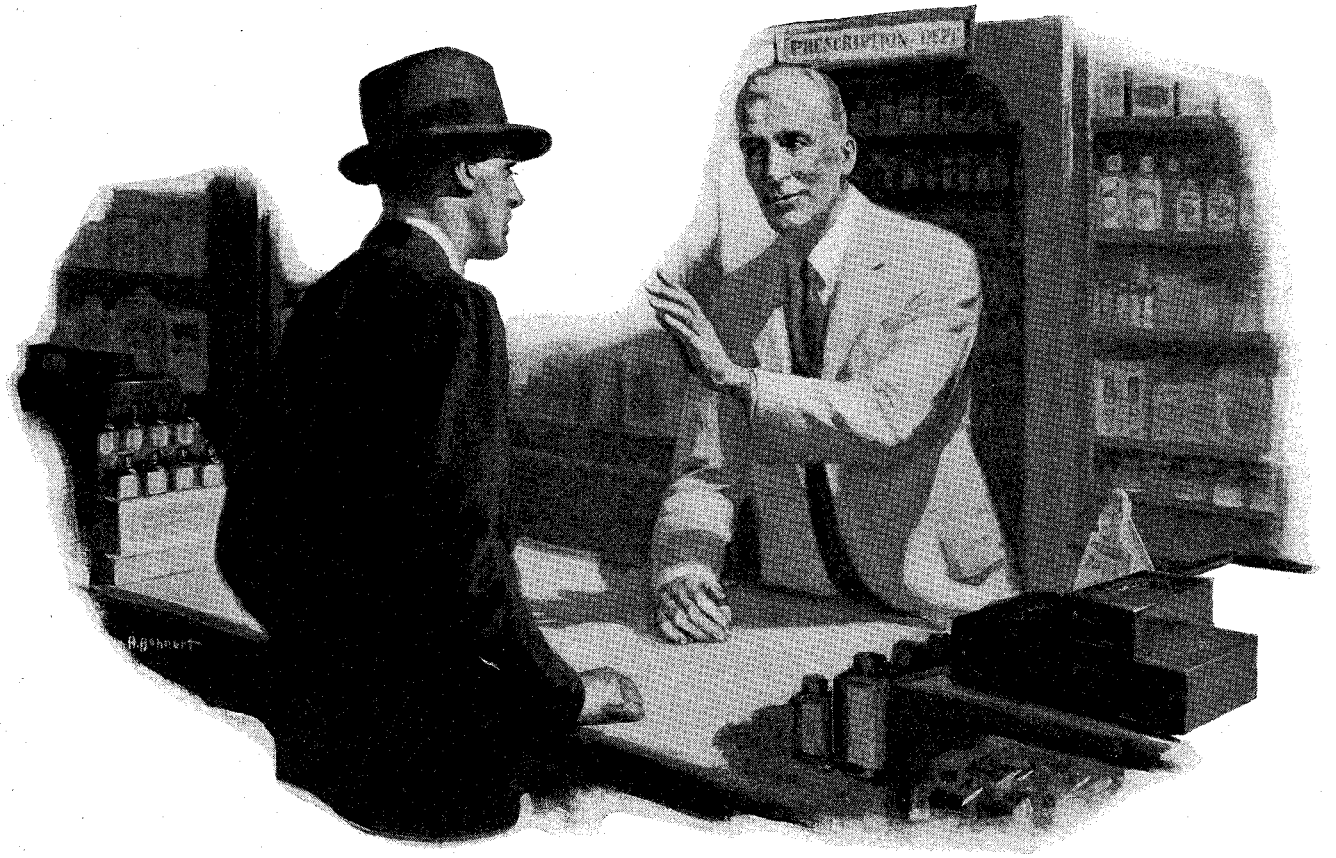
Appendicitis Warnings



"I can give it to you, of course. But if I were you I wouldn't take anything for it without the advice of a doctor. Those abdominal pains may mean appendicitis."

THE symptoms of appendicitis vary. Almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix. Of course, not all intestinal aches are caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has continued, unrelieved abdominal pain, especially if it is accompanied by nausea or vomiting, needs competent medical attention at the earliest possible moment and not self-medication.

If it is appendicitis the use of a laxative is dangerous. It stimulates violent intestinal action and may spread the inflammation, cause the appendix to rupture, or induce peritonitis. Moreover, the sufferer should not be given food, drugs or medicine of any kind unless prescribed by the attending physician.

Send for your doctor immediately if there is any suspicion of appendicitis. In making his diagnosis he may find it necessary to make one or more blood cell counts or to observe your temperature for a few hours, keeping you quietly in bed under close observation.

Your doctor may decide that the attack does not clearly denote appendicitis and can be relieved without an operation. But if it is a clear case of acute appendicitis, he will probably recommend an operation within the shortest possible time.

Performed by an expert surgeon, early in the attack, before the appendix has burst or peritonitis has begun, an operation for acute appendicitis should cause little concern.

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● American music. . . . Edgar Varèse and his percussion laboratory. . . . John Alden Carpenter's pre-war impressionism. . . . A new recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. . . . Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin interpret the patron-saint of all *Wunderkinder*.

THOSE of you who read Roy Harris's article in last month's SCRIBNER'S noted that the cause of native music is gaining rapidly the regard of our more alert listeners; that the stature of American composition, now assuming indigenous and independent proportions, looms a sharply chiselled profile against the sometimes confusing scene of contemporary tonal expression; and, finally, this observer made clear facts relating to a new and unprecedented interest in the work of our living composers on the part of those whose business it is to play, publish, and otherwise promote the significant musical manifestations of this era.

The makers of Columbia records evinced an interest in contemporary music sometime back, yet the current publication of a single disc containing Edgar Varèse's *Ionisation* (a piece written for thirteen players of percussion instruments) represents pioneering of unusual intrepidity because it marks a full turn in behalf of the most radical of the Leftists functioning today in the music of any nation. Personally, I am glad to have the detonating and non-melodic components of this Franco-American's high-tensioned art so handily available. I do not find the explosive successions of adamantine sonorities hurled out of my loudspeaker oppressively impenetrable or unpleasant. The fact remains, however, that for every hundred of us, with phonographs at our disposal, who make a point of being informed about advanced musical experiments, there are thousands of disc collectors whose ears will be cruelly tortured by the seemingly chaotic sounds Columbia engineers have succeeded so uncannily in perpetuating in the wax mold of this ten-inch disc (4095M).

But there is an intelligent approach to Varèse's music. There are manifold possibilities in percussion instruments. Beethoven experimented with the timpani, and Wagner, in his various applications, cannot be said to have exactly ravished the ears of all of his contemporaries. More recently Stravinsky and Ravel demonstrated the effectiveness of certain timbres of the battery; Milhaud accompanies a vocal *Exhortation* in his *Les Choéphores* (French Columbia disc No. D15243) with a curious instrumentation of stage noises greatly heightening the dramatic implications of this section of Paul Claudel's worthy adaptation of *L'Orestie d'Eschyle*. Milhaud's orchestration of percussion instruments in this and other works (*Protée* and *L'homme et son désir*) demonstrate great and daring rhythmical force, not to speak of the beauty of the timbres themselves. But to Varèse, I believe, goes the questionable honor of being the first to divorce his orchestra from the "more humanly vibrating sonorities of string and wind instruments," and the agreeable melos of conventional harmonic or polyphonic pattern.

The use of percussion instruments in oriental music establishes, perhaps, a closer affinty to *Ionisation* than any procedure known to the western world. The modern, nineteenth century Chinese music drama, *Erh-huang* (*Hsi-pi*)-*"Tso fang Tsao,"* prescribes, between verses of a song, a short percussion interlude played on two gongs, a flat drum and a wooden rattle. The patterns of these accents and those in certain Balinese compositions for the native gamelon provide marked resemblances to particular rhythmic and color devices of *Ionisation*. Possessors of the excellent Parlophone album of *Music of the Orient* (twenty-four recorded examples of authentic music from Japan to Tunis) will, I suspect, have little difficulty in approaching the specializations of Edgar Varèse.

There is no space in these brief reviews for comment upon the highly individual art of this forty-nine-year-old musician who was educated in Paris for the engineering profession. Later he studied music with Busoni in Berlin. Moving to New York, Varèse became an American citizen. Under the stimuli of skyscrapers, express subways and other aspects of the stream-lined metropolis, he began to create an array of completely unorthodox works called by such exotic titles as *Hyperprism, Amérique, Arcane, Metal* and *Integrales*. In making his music, Henry Cowell observes, "Varèse breaks no rules of ordinary harmony; they do not come into consideration at all, as they do not pertain to that different art which is his aim." It cannot be said always that Varèse's experiments are forbidding or altogether abstruse, once one becomes accustomed to their peculiar problems. His preoccupation with rhythms and timbres, new combinations of novel sonorities, provides a fascination which I find impossible to disregard. The Columbia record, made under the direction of Nicholas Slonimsky, exposes new possibilities in the tones of forty-one percussion and friction pieces: triangles, Chinese blocks, rattles, snare-drums, cymbals, lion-roars, gongs, tom-toms, bells, piano tone-clusters (obtained by pressing down all the keys beneath two forearms and fists), sirens (high and low), and a number of Cuban implements familiar to the rhumba—bongoes, güiro, claves, maracas and tarole. This remarkable disc proves once again the amazing function of the phonograph for the circulation, far and wide, of music which, until recently, was heard exclusively by small, initiated metropolitan groups who alone have supported the cause of laboratory developments. Further elucidation is impossible here; the curious listener should have no difficulty in obtaining additional information for himself.[1]

John Alden Carpenter's amusing or-

[1] *Cf:* Paul Rosenfeld: *An Hour With American Music,* J. B. Lippincott Co. Henry Cowell, Ed.: *American Composers on American Music,* Stanford University Press. Marion Bauer: *Twentieth Century Music,* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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chestral suite, *Adventures in a Perambulator,* is music, delicately colored and whimsically inspired, intelligible to all. Having had some success with a later work of this American composer, Victor follows the album of *Skyscrapers* with this suave interpretation by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Musical Masterpiece set No. M238). The *Adventures* are dated. Written in 1914, the work is based almost completely on French models; its harmonic and instrumental devices are now the stock in trade of every Broadway arranger, and have become familiar to radio audiences in *Manhattan Serenades, American Sketches,* and suites aiming at something or other supposed to depict the Mississippi or Grand Canyon. Much may be said, however, for Carpenter's technical dexterity, his lilting but never noisy sense of humor, and his consistent good taste. The music of a fastidious and eclectic dilettant, this collection of tonal conceits, to which the composer has appended a thousand-word program argument, provides an amusing half-hour.

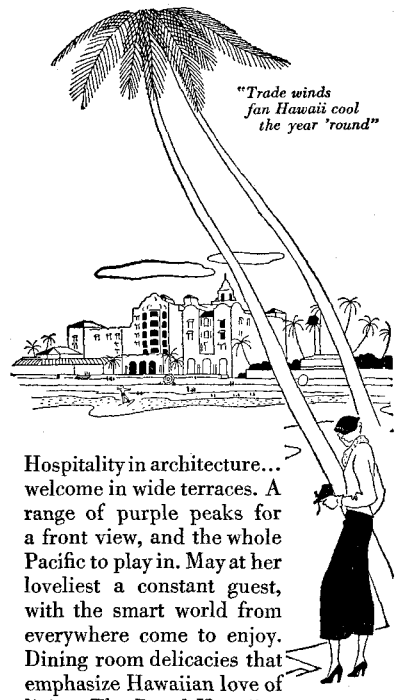
II

As Debussy remarked, "A fog of verbiage and criticism surrounds the Ninth Symphony." He then proceeds to confect another eulogy. It won't be necessary to advance additional encomiums here other than those impelled specifically by the recent recording of this work by the Philadelphia Orchestra, a full chorus and four soloists, under the direction of Doctor Leopold Stokowski (Victor Musical Masterpiece set No. M236). The *Symphony in D Minor, op. 125,* was recorded three times before the system of electrical registration was over three years old; the Beethoven centennial, in 1927, prompted two engravures, another emanated from Germany a short while later. All of these suffered from obvious defects: deficiencies in recording or lapses from artistic inspiration in performance. They may now be forgotten.

The new recording, made amid the benign acoustics of Victor's Fifth Street Church studio in Camden, has everything one could desire. Those of you who are unaware of the great strides made in disc recording during the past twelve months may be promised a real thrill when these records are heard from a new "high fidelity" instrument. Stokowski's reading is infused with an intense dramatic fire which rightfully belongs to this great work. The symphony's symmetry is maintained throughout, not rigidly in the manner of a Toscanini, but with the ebb and flow of coursing blood. One of the highlights of this performance occurs throughout the *andante,* a passage of rarest melodic beauty and rhythmic flow, wherein the strings of the orchestra turn into pure silver and gold. This opulent string tone, as well as every other sound, has been retained in the recording with amazing clarity. More than a word of praise is due the soloists and the choir for their fine performance of taxing vocal parts. The singing in the final movement is never obscured, as so often happened in each of the former registrations; the balance of choir and orchestra here is a triumph of microphone placement. To appreciate the incredible technical attainments rampant in this engravure, it is necessary to hear the records—an investigation, I trust, no true music lover will overlook.

The elder Menuhins hover vigilantly over their talented offspring. Now that Yehudi is approaching manhood, the career of younger sister Hephzibah is of imminent importance. A comparison of this modern family with Leopold Mozart and his children is inevitable. Young Wolfgang wasn't treated at meal time every day during his childhood to auxiliary repasts of recorded music, nor was he given the opportunity to perpetuate examples of his skill on the violin or harpsichord before recording microphones. Being children of a mechanical age, the young Menuhins not so long ago had Beethoven, Bach and Brahms served to them regularly through the family phonograph along with their spinach and cornflakes. Yehudi's first records appeared a number of seasons back; subsequently an unceasing flow of single discs and album sets has displayed the growth of his facility with cat-gut and bow. All the records are first-rate and will prove to future generations that *Wunderkinder* flourished even in the twentieth century.

Hephzibah, aged thirteen, plays the piano with considerable skill. Last season she made her concert début with Yehudi, playing Mozart's *Sonata in A, No. 42* (K. 526) before an audience of delighted Parisians. This performance now appears on Victor discs Nos. 8442 and 8443. A typical Mozart sonata, as fresh and sparkling and ingenious as the day it was born, the Menuhins set it out for you in an effortless, charming and unaffected manner such as their own patron-saint. the child Mozart, must have employed.



Hospitality in architecture... welcome in wide terraces. A range of purple peaks for a front view, and the whole Pacific to play in. May at her loveliest a constant guest, with the smart world from everywhere come to enjoy. Dining room delicacies that emphasize Hawaiian love of living. The Royal Hawaiian suggests the necessity for a new term for "hotel," and a new term for the value its rates offer.

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Answers to Brain-Testers II

(from page 320)

The numbers for the first five questions are listed as they should appear in the parentheses.

Question 1: 2, 3, 4, 1, 6, 5.
2: 2, 1, 5, 3, 4, 5.
3: 8, 1, 5, 4, 3.
4: 2, 1, 1 & 2, 1, 5, 3, 1, 2, 4.
5: 3, 1, 2, 3.
6: 4.
7: 2.
8: 2.
9: 4.
10: 4.
11: 3.
12: 2.
13: 2.
14: 2.
15: 4.

Question 16: O.
17: O.
18: O.
19: +.
20: +.
21: O.
22: O.
23: O.
24: O.
25: O.

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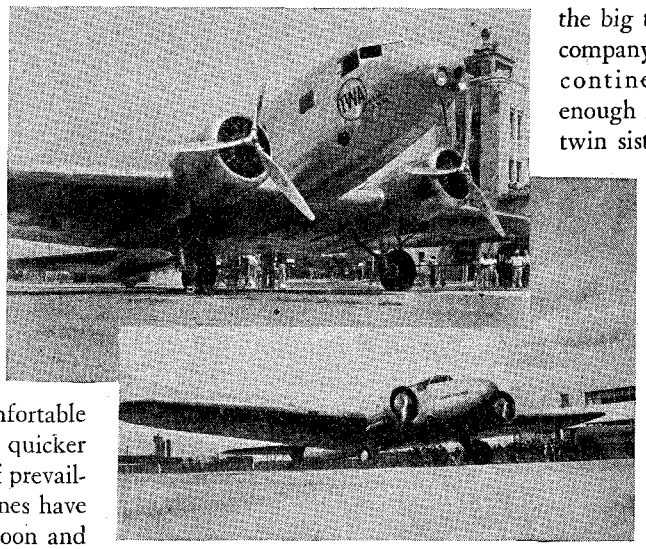
If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Trips across the continent by land, sea, and air. . . . A night in the air via Kansas City, Wichita, Albuquerque. . . . The U. S. Air Mail in Hawaii. . . . Mail four times a year at Midway Island. . . . Chile.

Flying through the air with the greatest kind of ease is no longer limited to that talented young gentleman on his now famous trapeze. Leaving New York at 4 P.M. in the TWA *Sky Chief* you can be in Chicago at 8 P.M.; then on, to be in Los Angeles by 7 A.M. the next morning—and all the while you've been sleeping across country in a luxurious Pullman airliner, cool and comfortable between two sheets. It's even quicker on the return trip on account of prevailing winds. The United Air Lines have planes leaving New York at noon and reaching Los Angeles at 7:45 A.M.; or leaving at 10:00 P.M., arriving Los Angeles at 5:45 the next afternoon. If you prefer to spend your one night aloft looking down on the prairies and the western mountains, saving your sleep for later, these are the planes for you. Their so-called "reclining chairs" can be tilted at the most exorbitantly comfortable angles, and it is more than easy to sleep in them if your spirit of adventure goes back on you.



TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS. A TWA DOUGLAS. *Below:* A UNITED AIR BOEING

To my untrained eye, seeing one of the big transcontinental planes of each company on the ground, Plane Transcontinental and Western looked enough like Plane United Air to be its twin sister, but that, I discovered, was a naïve mistake. There are all kinds of differences. A TWA airliner is known to its familiars as a Douglas. A United Airliner is a Boeing. That much I can toss off fairly casually now. Then the two motors of the TWA are Wright Cyclones; of the United Air, Pratt Whitney Wasps. Everybody knows that the TWA is the Lindbergh line, but it was news to me that the United Airliners fly over the original route to the Coast. The same old California trail that the pioneers took; that later was ridden by the Pony Express; that the first railroad followed. Ten years ago the trail was lighted by beacons every ten miles. And now the covered wagons have wings.

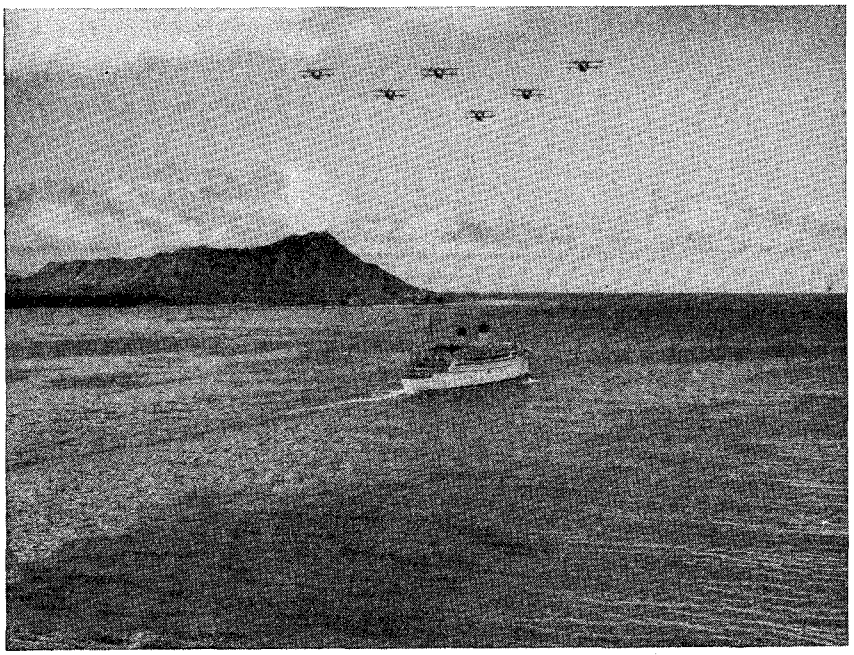
An enthusiastic young man from Harvard who took the trip recently, writes to me:

> We leaned on the air-ways desk while people bought tickets to Boston, Washington, and other relatively unimportant places. When we could wait no longer, we said trying to conceal the excitement in our voice. "Sorry to interrupt, but can you tell us about the four o'clock plane for Los Angeles. . . ."
>
> At the Newark airport everything quite matter of fact. The great silver low-winged Douglas taxied out in front of the ticket office. Passengers scrambled aboard. The co-pilot counted noses, signalled to the boy who closed the cabin door and wheeled away the steps. An electric sign flashed, "Fasten Belts Please," and the plane began to move slowly down the field. At the end of the runway it stopped a moment; the right motor roared, then the left. "Testing," said one of the passengers in an ordinary voice which could be heard plainly above the noise of the motors. The plane headed toward the hangars, gathered speed, and with a barely perceptible motion left the ground. . . .

Then followed the trip over Ohio—Fort Wayne—Elkhart, South Bend, Gary (shades of Dr. Wirt), and on to Chicago. He continues:

NAVAL DEPARTURE FROM HONOLULU. DIAMOND HEAD IN THE DISTANCE

Official Photo U. S. Navy



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The airport, new, modern, expensive, and efficient . . . a fine symbol of this Progress-driven city.

9:20 Central Standard Time: We leave Chicago, occasional light, elevation 10,000 feet, speed 170. Dull lights in plane, low hum of engines, other passengers quiet, feeling of solid comfort relaxed on the cushions of rubber mounted chair. 9:30: Air begins to get bumpy, sound of distant thunder, lightning. Co-pilot comes back, "We will be late in Kansas City. This storm means that we slow down to 150."

Lightning all around the plane making the wings shine green-blue one moment, silver the next. The flashes give a stroboscopic effect and the propeller blades seem to be standing still. One old man, "I don't feel so good," but the rest of the passengers snooze on. As the bumping is beginning to grow very monotonous, and the lightning to lose its glamour, we come down into Kansas City. We sleepily change planes and are gratified to see blankets stowed above each seat. Just as we are about to doze off again we come down for a short refueling stop in Wichita, Kansas.

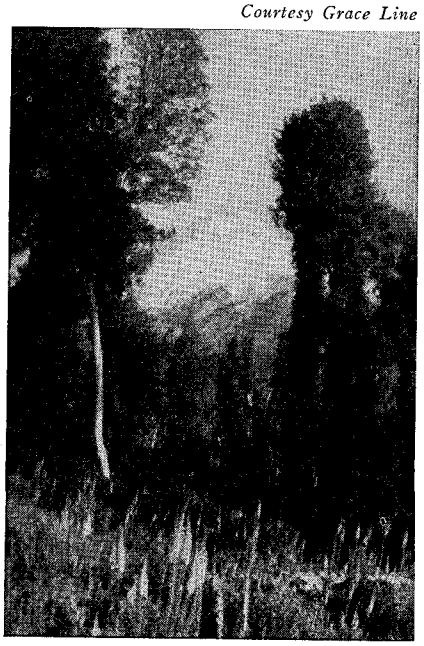
Under the influence of the even purr of the engines, the billowy cloud banks through which we pass, and the scattered and very lonely lights we grow philosophical. To the people who live and breathe there below, and feel the winds of the American continent in their hearts, it must be beautiful, but to us it's just Kansas. Insensibility to . . .

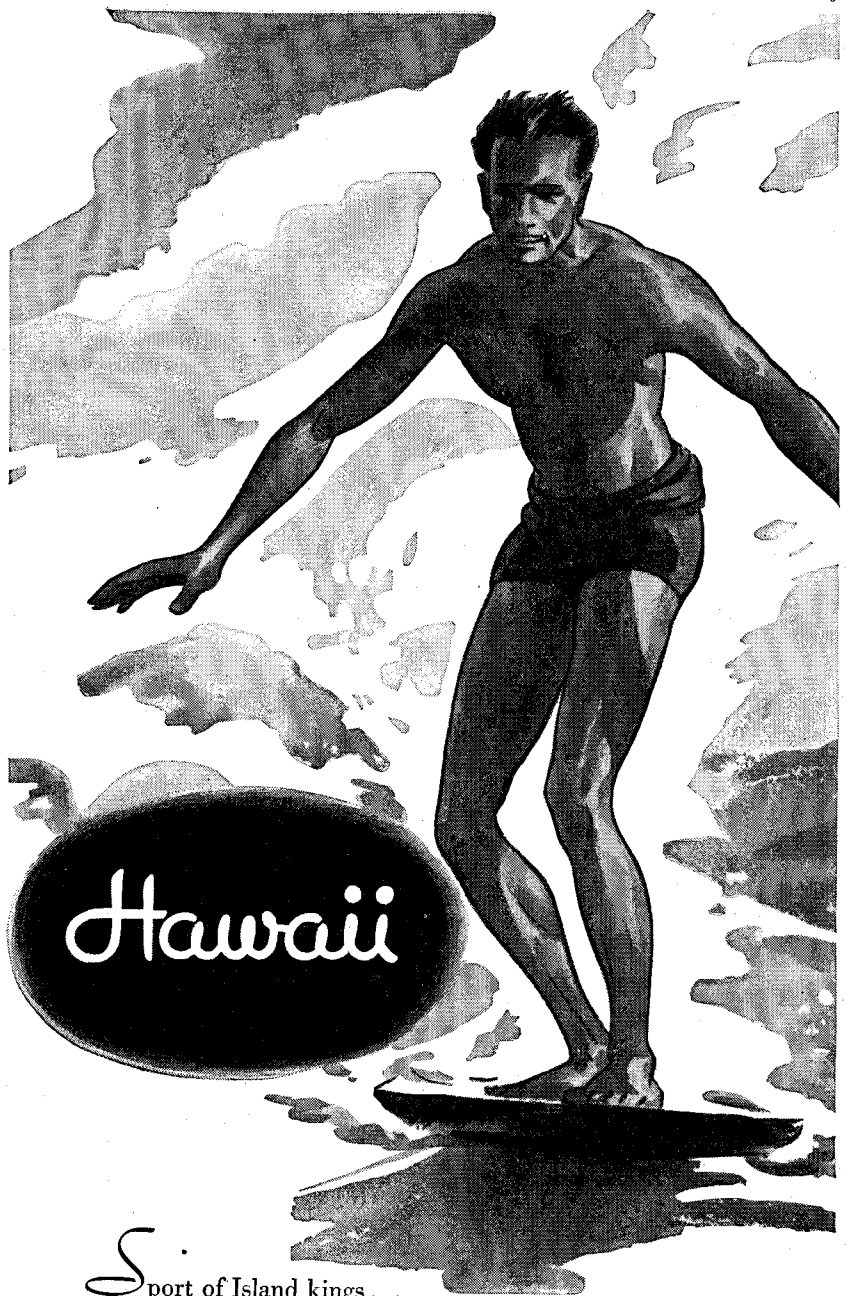
Suddenly we are over Albuquerque and circling down from a black and starry sky to a brightly lighted landing field in the desert. . . . Automatically we follow the rest of the passengers into the waiting room. Seeing Indian curios for sale we realize with a pleasant start that we are in the happy hunting ground of the tourist again. The Great South West. . . . As we leave Albuquerque dawn comes up.

6:15 Pacific Standard: Breakfast. Although the wings of the plane are still tinged with the sunrise colors, it is really daylight; painted cliffs, grand canyons in miniature are clearly visible as we pass over them. We cross the little Colorado at Winslow and the enormous Meteor Crater just beyond. The country is growing very rugged and mountainous: to the right the San Francisco Peaks concealing Flagstaff; ahead the Juniper Mountains. In a few minutes we are over Kingman, the centre of Arizona's gold country. Then the Sacramento Valley with the gold fields of Chloride, and Mineral City in the distance. Another row of mesas and we are over the winding muddy

VOLCANO OSORNO FROM THE SHORE OF LAKE LLANQUIHUE, CHILE

Courtesy Grace Line





Sport of Island kings . . . found *only* in Hawaii. Many other things found *only* in Hawaii. Plus what other play places have to offer such as golf, hiking, game fishing—dude ranching.

So "Hawaii" and "Waikiki" are on every tongue when there's talk of travel. No other names sum up so completely the world's desires when going vacationing. And that explains the year's trend toward the *mid-Pacific.*

That and some other facts. Transcontinental rail fares reduced, assurance of 100 cents for each American dollar, even a bonus through the exchange to visitors from other lands . . . and perfect spring weather that remains constant every month of the year.

So it's *thriftily* as well as *pleasantly* smart to sail to America's world-famous islands, *only a five-day trip* from San Francisco, Los Angeles, or Vancouver. Thriftily summed up in the low cost. One way First Class as low as $110. Cabin Class, $75.

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Y 3-5--1 X

IN THIS neat bit of symbolism, "Y" represents the future value of money, and "X" the trend of business. What it proves is that the New Deal will fail. It is the creation of one of the Wall Street mathematicians and was displayed in a brokerage firm's weekly tip sheet to the world and its own customers.

THE New Republic is also much interested in the future of the New Deal, but as yet has not devised so neat a formula for determining its success or failure. It listens gravely for the words of wisdom distilled by brokers' economists (see John Flynn's "Other People's Money"), it bends an attentive ear toward Washington (see T.R.B.'s Washington Notes), but it believes also that the words, notions, actions of such unimportant folk as textile workers in New Bedford, machinists in Detroit, farmers in Kansas and stevedores in California are going to have a lot to do with the solution of the equation.

THE effort of capitalists to thwart the plans for their own salvation, the fall elections, the battle within the N.R.A., the activities on the labor front—this is the diverse material which The New Republic reports, analyzes, and explains. Only a weekly can present it when it is timely, and only such a paper as The New Republic can evaluate it in the light of a consistent forward-looking point of view.

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S-11

Colorado, visualizing the great rampart of the ex-Hoover Dam around a bend in the river not far to the north.

We grow impatient to arrive as we fly over the completely arid Mojave Desert, but we are soon rewarded with the sight of San Gorgonio and San Jacinto, the giant guardians of the Imperial Valley.

At an altitude of 13,000 feet we pass Lake Arrowhead, where Californians enjoy their winter sports while oranges are blossoming a few thousand feet below. We head down through the Cajon Pass to the fertile valley of San Bernardino. In the far distance ahead is Los Angeles, and beyond Catalina Island. Again the electric sign flashes, "Fasten belts, please." The passengers begin gathering their coats and bundles. We circle Glendale, and all necks are craned to look for the landing field. We circle once more and come down on the field. We left the East as New Yorkers came home from work; we reached Chicago as they went to the theatre; we left Kansas City as some of them returned to bed; and arrived in Los Angeles as the late revellers dropped off to sleep. The continent in eighteen hours. J. J. S.

The pioneer fathers have long since reached their promised land. The Pony Express is no more. But though the planes sound overhead, the railroad still makes it possible for us of the not-too-expansive pocketbooks to see the old magnificent landmarks in a comparatively intimate and leisurely fashion. A round trip to the coast by train costs, at this time of year $169.90. A trip to California, one way by boat, one by train, costs about $230.

Hawaii

Although the U. S. air mail service this month starts operating between the Hawaiian Islands there are still people, apparently, who put five-cent stamps on letters to Hawaii. Who don't realize that it's as much a part of the U. S. of A. as—well, New York or Iowa, and has been, by its own request, since 1898. It's a big advantage if you're thinking of going there. No change in money. No passport, no customs bother, and yet all the mental stimulation of a complete change of scene. After starting off on completely the wrong tack with a gentleman who comes from there (I am one of those whose infrequent letters to Hawaii carry five-cent stamps and whose mind carries all the misapprehensions about Hawaii which that would indicate), I left his office with my head in a patriotic and enthusiastic whirl.

Centuries before Columbus's three "tiny" boats crossed the Atlantic, Polynesian navigators were calmly and casually covering the two thousand miles between Samoa and Hawaii *by canoe!* They knew wind and current lanes accurately. The legend has it that they determined their course by a water-filled gourd with four holes drilled

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through the neck of it—the Sacred Calabash!

In 1901 the first Pacific cable was laid. It goes from California to Honolulu and from there to the Philippines and the Orient, but between Honolulu and these points a "repeater" station is necessary to speed the messages on their way. The government specifies that the cable can touch only American soil. So on a sand-barren, reef-bound, uninhabited little dot in the Pacific, some 1300 miles west of Honolulu, a colony was planted. Twenty-three people live there in complete isolation. Just four times a year the mail and supply ship comes to the island and every few years the staff is relieved. But those who have lived there have found life very pleasant on Midway Island. At that, there are days when such an island address would be a good thing to have in the little black book. And don't forget. It's Midway Island, *U. S. A.*

The islands are completely air-minded. For years before the inauguration of the present air mail there has been an inter-island service which is almost as busy as the lines from New York to Washington. The landing fields are some of the best this country affords.

And now, if you think I'm going to break into a verbal Hula-Hula about the indisputable beauties **of Waikiki,** you'll be disappointed. You will find all that in the travel books. But there's one important thing I haven't mentioned. In Hawaii, Orientals and Westerners live more nearly free of racial prejudices than anywhere else in the world. Here the twain really do seem to meet, and like it. The atmosphere is rich with friendliness.

Chile

There are lots of things to learn about South America. For instance, in Chile you can buy a Martini for nine cents. A champagne cocktail costs just fifteen cents. A trip of 1000 miles on their splendid trains costs about $8.25. A week's travel through the famous Chilean Lake District, visiting Osorno, Ensenada, Peulla, Pertrohue, Puerto Varas, Valdivia, and Concepcion will cost not more than $75 including everything, trains, hotels, meals, side trips,—everything. All you have to do is to get to Chile. What all this means is that the exchange is twenty-five pesos to the dollar. The price of a trip to Chile varies from $420 for the forty-two day cruise, all cabin class, to $600 for the so-called "de luxe" trip of thirty-nine days on the brand new boats, all outside rooms with bath, etc. etc. Ho for the Southlands!

Any voyage to California via Havana, through the Panama Canal, is bound to be a pleasure. But when you make this 5,500 mile, two weeks' cruise on one of the Round the World President Liners you add a lot of thrills . . . for you make it on a real world-traveling ship. And you make it in the company of people that you very likely wouldn't meet elsewhere . . . entertaining men and women bound in and out of the world's most interesting far-off places.

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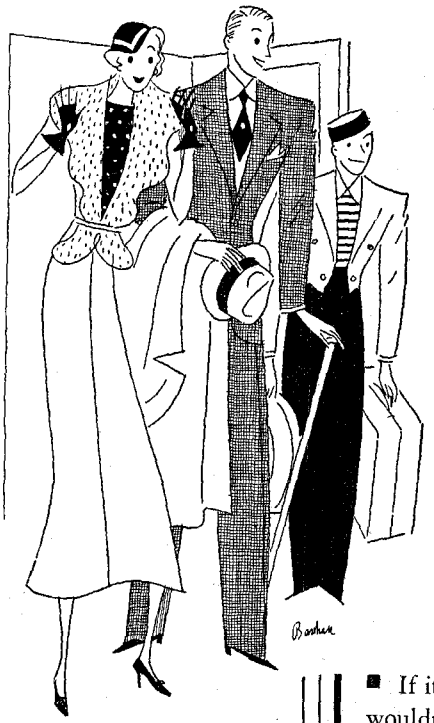

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Behind the Scenes

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

A. A. Berle, Jr., is at present City Chamberlain of New York City, and is taking an active part in the rehabilitation of New York City finances.

"Schools Can Learn to Educate" is the second article by **John Tunis** on the findings of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in a six-year study of Pennsylvania schools and colleges.

The news has already broken that **Thomas Wolfe's** new novel, *Of Time and the River,* is now at the press. A collection of long stories is ready for the printer and will appear shortly after the novel.

Iris Barry was born in England. A lifelong movie fan, she founded the Film Society in London in 1932. She was on the staff of *The London Spectator* until she joined *The London Daily Mail* in 1926. She came to New York permanently in the fall of 1930 and is now librarian of the Museum of Modern Art.

"Fountain of Youth" is the second story of **Barbara Webster's** to appear in SCRIBNER'S.

Lawrence Perry travels all over the country from college campus to college campus and thus is a first-hand authority on his chosen subject—amateur sports, especially college sports.

Since 1914 when he went to Naval War College, **William Puleston** has concentrated on military, naval, and political history. Since 1902 he has served nineteen years at sea. In addition he has served as Fleet Gunnery Officer, Asiatic Fleet, and Assistant Chief of Staff, Battle Fleet, so that he is not a theorist.

C. Hartley Grattan is a publicist with strong literary interests. His point of view is radical but he belongs to no party.

Guy Hickok started his career on *McClure's Magazine* in 1905–10 in the day of Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, Ellery Sedgwick, and S. S. McClure. He joined the staff of *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* in 1914, and went to France as war correspondent in October, 1918 and remained as European correspondent until November, 1933, when he came home to Americanize his two children.

M. O'Moran is a member of a third generation of Californians.

George Dangerfield is an Oxonian who has taught English in Czechoslovakia and Germany, and is the author of *Bengal Mutiny.*

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